Saturday Review

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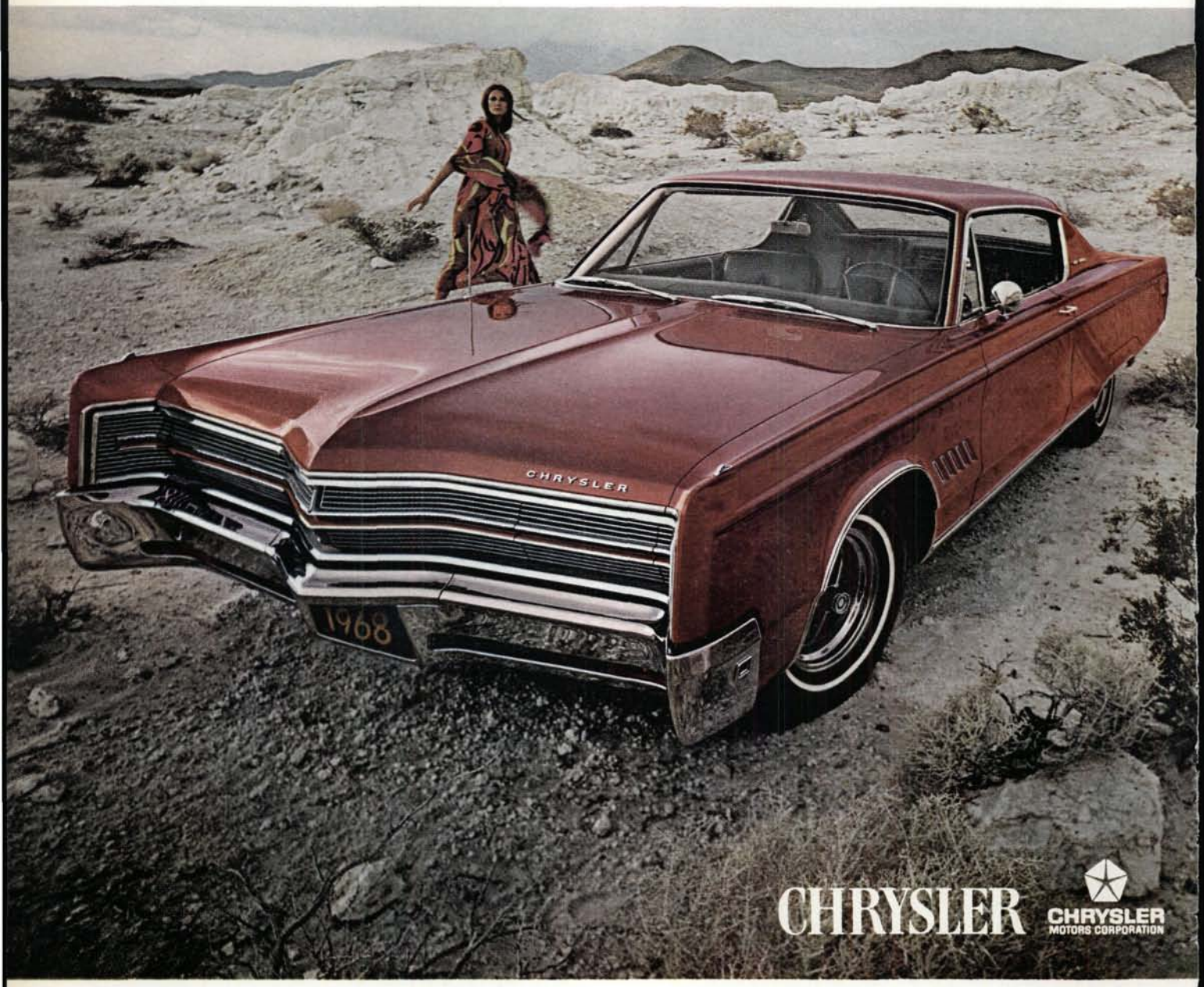

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Still Life in the Ould Turf

"ATOMIC (choice Dublin expletive) energy? And what kind of carry-on is that? Sure, aren't we still burning the turf in the power plants?"

My indignant pub companion was mouthing his disdain for a statement delivered by Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of our own Atomic Energy Commission. Not long ago the AEC was proudly displaying its nuclear wares in Dublin in a gigantic inflated nylon hall that made an impression on the low skyline much like that of a recumbent schmoo. Chairman Seaborg had ventured the opinion that atomic energy would be Ireland's fuel of the future.

The man glowering at me across his creamy "point" knew whereof he spoke. Ireland's major power plants *are* fueled by turf, or peat, a product of the ever-prevalent bog. Peat has been heating the inhabitants of the wondrous green isle for longer than anyone can remember. It burns with a beautiful blue flame, has a peculiar perfume of its own, and gives off a very comfortable warmth. No wonder that even a Nobel Prize-winning American could not destroy his conviction that there's no fuel like the ould fuel.

Still, the country continues to inch slowly away from peat fires to atomic furnaces; Ireland old is becoming Ireland new, and here as elsewhere it is impossible to stop the clock. Sides of beef and lamb carcasses that only yesterday hung in the window of the local victualer now lie dissected in a supermarket display case, plastic-wrapped, terribly sanitary, and not particularly inviting. In the Dublin suburbs there is a mini-car in nearly every garage, and downtown the traffic jams are becoming very maxi.

Signs of progress are everywhere. Out in Connemara, Ireland's wild, wild West, shiny tour buses lurch along narrow roads designed primarily for bicycles and donkey carts. And sometimes when modern bus meets another modern bus coming across the bogs from the opposite direction, they must skirt each other carefully to avoid slipping off the road and sinking hubcap-deep into the source of all that peat.

One such excursion took me into Cong, a quiet little town in the County Mayo that was the scene of the well-known movie, *The Quiet Man*. The bus stopped there to permit the passengers to satisfy their various needs, which ranged from a snack in a tea shop or a pint of the black stuff in a handy pub to a visit to the local abbey.

Verdancy abounded. Cattle moved down the street, the cry of the curlew sounded in the dung-scented air. Then over the hill came a large truck, its bottles jingling on the bumpy road. Emblazoned on the side of the truck in great, gaudy letters was a sentiment that somehow made me think—and think sadly—of the Atomic Energy Commission chairman and his promise of an atomic powered Ireland.

For Cong, the handwriting was on the wall:

COME ALIVE, the letters commanded, YOU'RE IN THE PEPSI GENERATION!

—JOHN F. HENAHAN.

Atoms for Peat

The Winds of Barclay Street

A GREAT DEAL has been written about the new World Trade Center in downtown Manhattan, but I haven't read a word about how it will affect the winds of Barclay Street, a one-way, westbound street that runs on a slight incline from the Woolworth Building at Broadway, opposite City Hall Park, down to West Street and the North River, a few blocks away.

Barclay Street will form part of the northern boundary of the World Trade Center, and all of us who know the street are wondering about the winds, for Barclay is the only street in New York where the wind blows both ways at the same time. People who have never been in lower Barclay Street cannot believe how erratic and violent the wind is, even the mildest breeze sometimes turning into a wind of evil and unpredictable intentions as it crosses West Street from the river and enters Barclay Street in the gap between the old *World-Telegram* building and the New York Telephone building.

I once saw a man's hat whipped off by a gust, and, as he started to chase it up Barclay Street, another gust tore loose his toupee and sent it skittering down the street, where it disappeared into a muddy Consolidated Edison hole. The man backed into a doorway where I halted to gather my strength for the final dash to the smoke, the foul air, the uproar, and the monkeyshines of the *World-Telegram* city room. His eyes were filled with tears of anger and frustration. "That's the third hat I've lost in

(*Continued on page* 8)

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SR 40S

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KLH launches an inquiry into "Subjective Value."

(SURVEY)

Question #1

How much would you pay to keep your wife one more year?

DO YOU REMEMBER the game kids used to play in school where you were asked how much money it would take to get you to sell your country's secrets? (Assuming no torture.) Or your dog?

It was a way of thinking about the value you *really* placed on a thing.

One of the first things you learned was that "features" had very little to do with it. (For example, if your country had had 20 more rivers, or your dog's tail wagged at 86 Per Minute—six less than an "average" dog's—the answer would hardly have changed.)

When KLH began making stereo equipment ten years ago, our founders (K., L., and H.) noticed that grownup manufacturers talked as though features had *everything* to do with value. We hated that. We still do.

"Feature:" Injecting 380 horsepower into cars that have no plausible market save those who commute back and forth over the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Or Again: Advertising 300 watts of power in a high priced stereo console unit to give it the *appearance* of value. (Neglecting to mention that large numbers of watts have nothing to do with hearing the music accurately, or even loudly, both of which depend on what kind of equipment you've squeezed the watts into. 35 watts in good equipment will do far better.)

42-22-36

To define worth solely in terms of features is like determining the "market value" of a wife from her height, age, weight, width of smile, tendency to suntan evenly, and the number of pounds of food she is capable of cooking up in an evening.

It's true enough we all like to have *something* explicit to help our thinking. Even Consumer Reports will sometimes find itself detailing competitive features and statistics; akin to Playboy's 42-22-36 ratings.

But studying the centerfold and accompanying data simply doesn't give us all the information we really need. What does? Well, probably nothing short of a few years in the same house together.

BASEBALL PLAYER

Packard had it right, way back in the twenties, when its advertising rested on the confident slogan "Ask The Man Who Owns One."

(It was a new kind of "testimonial" but it's been watered down since. How is a man today to depend on testimonials to choose, say, his cigarette brand when dozens of equally beloved baseball players can't get together about which is best?)

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Still, the principle of determining value through testimonials makes very good sense:

Economists, for instance, say value can be understood as "some measure of the sense of loss one experiences after being deprived of a commodity or service," or, ask the man who owns one how much he'd dislike losing it. (The boy contemplating his dog's worth figured it out the same way.)

Any other way of measuring value, like establishing a ratio between features and price, is at best only a guess, made *before* anyone could possibly know.

DEPRIVED OF YOUR WIFE

What we propose, then, is a technique of *measuring* the sense of loss as a way of thinking about "Subjective Value;" i.e., what a commodity means to someone who has it.

So. Assume for a moment that you are about to be deprived of your wife. (Substitute husband or "good friend" where applicable.) How much would you pay in dollars to keep her one more year? When you're through thinking about that one, fill in No. 1 and have a look at the rest of the questionnaire.

You see what we're up to here.

We began on this idea because we already have evidence (based upon a comparison of the number of hours owners sit listening to KLH phonographs as opposed to other brands) that our $300 stereo system is cherished somewhat more than at least one $400 system we could name; and perhaps twice as much as another $300 set.

Doubtless the same situation exists among magazines—some are surely valued more than others—or sewing machines, or autos, or toothpaste. Toothpaste? Well, we'll soon see, and if you're interested we will be pleased to let you know what we learn.

QUESTIONNAIRE

If one or more of these questions interests you, then kindly fill in the blank spaces that apply and mail to the address we have listed at lower right. For our part, we will gladly send you a tally of the results of this questionnaire, and others we are doing in subsequent ads, if you also add your name and address. Thank you.

1 (See Headline). _____.

2 Are you a subscriber to this publication? _____. If not, do you read every issue of it? _____. If your answer is yes to either of these, and you were informed that because of financial difficulties the publication might discontinue publishing, how much would you be willing to pay for one more issue rather than be deprived of it? _____. One more year's subscription? _____.

3 Do you have telephone service at home? _____. If yes, assume you now pay an average of $20 monthly for this service. How much additional would you pay, rather than be deprived of it? _____.

4 The automobile you now own was purchased in what year? _____. At what price? _____. What make? _____. Assuming it's in good running order, and that you couldn't get another one like it, how much would you pay to keep it during the upcoming year? _____.

5 Do you own a piano? _____. What kind? _____. How much did you pay for it? _____. How long ago? _____. How much would you pay to keep from being deprived of it? _____.

6 Do you regularly use a particular brand of toothpaste? _____. If yes, which brand? _____. Assuming you were informed that because of financial difficulties your brand of toothpaste might go out of business. How much would you be willing to pay, above its present cost, to have one more tube, rather than be deprived of it? _____.

7 Assume for the moment that an offer was being made for your wife's wedding dress. How much would you be willing to sell it for? _____. What does your wife say? _____.

8 Do you own stereo equipment at home? _____. A console? _____. A one-piece table model? _____. A three-piece system? _____. Components? _____. Which make(s)? _____. How much did it cost you to buy? _____. How long ago? _____. If you were about to be deprived of the set you now own, and knew you could not get another of the same kind, how much would you be willing to pay to keep it? _____.

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Continued from page 4

a month," he said, "and the second hairpiece."

Hundreds of hats are blown off in Barclay Street and most of them are flattened by cars or trucks or vanish into one of the Con Ed excavations. No street has more Con Ed holes than Barclay Street. (There was one near Washington Street that was so old nobody could remember when it was dug. When I questioned a man in the hole one day, he said he remembered his father had worked in the hole years ago. "I'm a second-generation Con Ed man in this excavation," he said, in what seemed to me a boastful manner.)

The Barclay Street-Hoboken ferry disgorges thousands of Erie-Lackawanna Railroad commuters every morning at the foot of Barclay Street. They face the winds bravely, but I have always thought these sturdy New Jerseymen were less alert than the New Yorkers who come into Barclay Street from the subways. In any case, a good percentage of the commuters who wear hats lose them before they have gone two blocks. Sometimes, on very windy days, the air is alive with hats before trucks and cars flatten them or Con Ed engulfs them.

I have seen men and women, commuters and New Yorkers, immobilized by the winds of Barclay Street. Fighting one's way down the final half-block from Washington Street to the *World-Telegram* doorway was a test of strength and endurance hardly ever to be equaled in a man's lifetime. It was common practice for groups of employees to gather on the corner and, holding arms and hands, contest the wind every foot of the way till they reached the shelter of the entrance.

One day as I reached the door, gasping for breath and quite spent, I noticed a rather elderly girl reporter clinging to a parking meter. She was bent forward, waiting for a lull. I watched her turn to put her back to the wind but it swiftly reversed direction. I reported the situation upstairs, and two or three reporters were sent to rescue their colleague. They found her, I was told later, about a dozen meters up the street—parking meters, that is.

For a while they thought she might have been blown into a Con Ed excavation.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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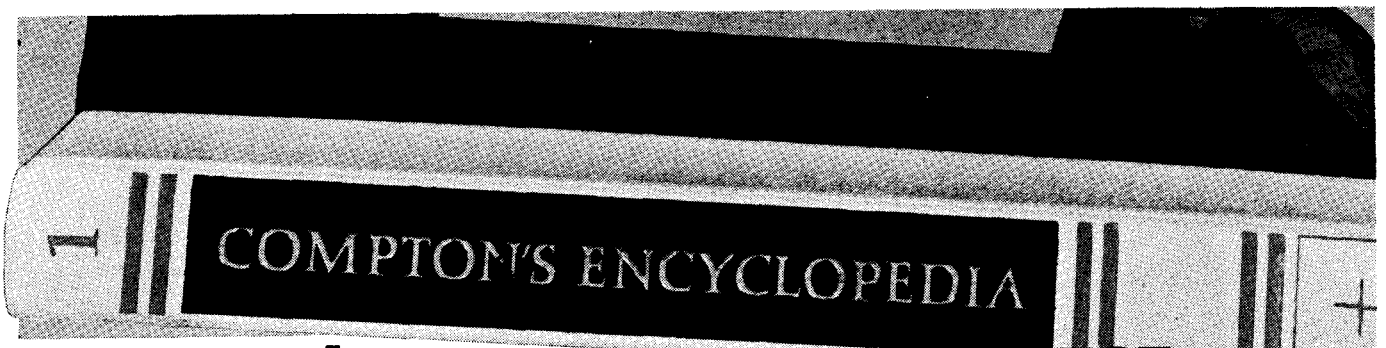

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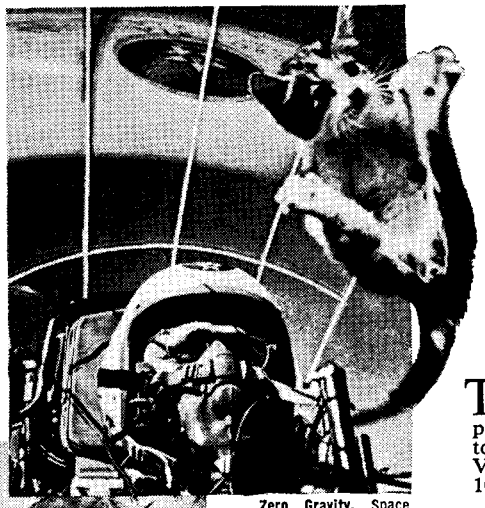

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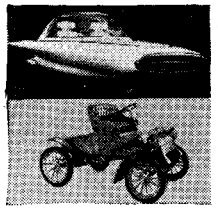

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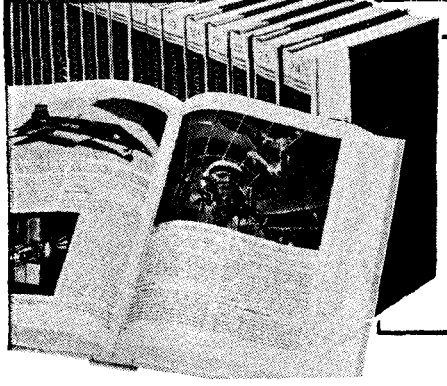

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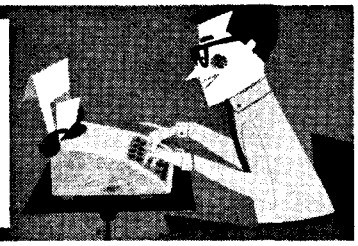
Top of My Head



Until Wealth Do Us Part

IT'S ALWAYS saddening to hear about a marriage breaking up. It's especially distressing when it happens, as it did, to a personal friend. Not that I was surprised, because the day they said they do was the day I knew they wouldn't.

Now, thirty-two years and two children later, they have decided to become just friends at the rate of $225 a week.

But I was particularly shocked when I read recently that a very close friend of mine was being divorced. I have been friends with Cary Grant for many, many years. Of course, he's not a friend of mine because he has never met me. But I've watched him on the silver screen, and from the very first I adopted him at the head of my exclusive list of friends. He always gave a polished performance, precise and understated, but with authority and a rare sense of humor.

I tried being Cary Grant in style of dress and talk. I already had the cleft in my chin, through an unfortunate meeting with a skate on the floor in the middle of the night. I even started walking with a list, until my wife advised me to have a doctor X-ray my hip.

When Cary was married, all my other friends said it wouldn't last. "He's sixty-three years old," they said. But I replied, "Is there a law against being sixty-three?" And my scrapbook was filled with clippings of their every move—Cary and Dyan. And, when their daughter was born, I said cynically to my other friends, "Sixty-three, eh?" And I pasted in my book the picture of Cary holding the little girl.

My triumph ended the day I read that Dyan was charging "cruel and inhuman treatment." In all the years Cary Grant has been my friend I have never seen him cruel or inhuman. Devil-may-care, yes. But never the other.

There were a couple of short paragraphs in the *Times,* which referred to him as the sixty-three-year-old movie star. I read it over and over, hoping to find a clue. It said they were married July 25 in Las Vegas in 1965 and were separated last December 28. Finally I saw it. That was the clue. December 28. Of course! That was it! I even reconstructed in my mind's eye the attendant dialogue that led to the unhappy finish:

"Cary, what are we going to do New Year's Eve?"

"New Year's Eve?"

"Yes, have you made a reservation for New Year's Eve?"

"Only one. I refuse to get mixed up in the whole thing."

"You mean we're not going out? We have to celebrate the coming of the New Year."

"Maybe you do. You're young. I don't get choked up that another year has passed. I'm a sixty-three-year-old movie star, you know. I can do very well without noticing another year's passing me by."

"You don't mean we're going to sit here at home just staring at each other."

"What's wrong with that?" [*Starting his familiar walk, which I love so much, across the living room.*] "A lot of people have paid for that privilege. Like *To Catch a Thief* with Grace Kelly, or *Topper* with Constance Bennett or *The Blonde Venus* with Marlene Dietrich, or *Bringing Up Baby* with Katharine Hepburn. They grossed millions."

"Bravo, Cary," I said.

"Thank you, old boy. And besides Dyan, you don't have to stare at me. You can sit here and look at our infant daughter, for whom you're going to ask a lot of support if you leave me."

"OK, if you want it that way."

"I don't want it that way. Besides, what grounds would you have?"

"All I would have to say is that every night I sit there watching you being charming and walking sideways and saying 'Judy, Judy, Judy, I love you.' It's not only a bad impersonation, which Frank Gorshin and Sammy Davis do better than you, but expecting me to applaud—that's cruel and inhuman. And besides, I'll name Judy as correspondent, whoever she is."

"Well, you don't expect me to walk around saying, 'Dyan, Dyan, Dyan, I love you.' It doesn't make sense. Oh, come on, honey, let's stay home and spend New Year's Eve together. Hmn? [*A long kiss.*] Could Frank Gorshin do that?"

"Well, when you're being yourself instead of Cary Grant, you're irresistible."

So they stayed home. He walked the floor and did his Cary Grant bit. But she didn't applaud.

Now who was being cruel and inhuman? —Goodman Ace.

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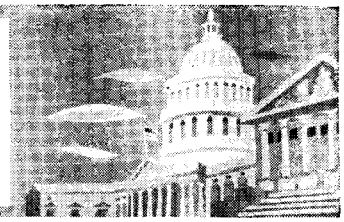
State of Affairs



European Notebook

PARIS.

THE TAXI DRIVERS, the hoteliers, the bar men, the croupiers, and many other Frenchmen on the Côte d'Azur miss the Americans. They seem to have given French summer resorts a miss. "They think that because de Gaulle is anti-American we are, too," one taxi driver in Cannes complained, "but we like them and we miss them." Of course, nobody tips like the Americans, and with the Germans—who, at the slightest sign of economic ill winds at home tend to stay at home—in scant supply, hotels are not as full as they usually are at this time of the year. I ran into many Americans in Paris, but most of them were in transit, staying only a day or two.

Americans these days don't feel welcome in France. On the other hand, it is also interesting that the expectation among many Americans that the compulsory withdrawal of the many U.S. troops from their NATO bases in France would have economic and therefore political aftereffects among those Frenchmen who lost their employment on these bases, or who simply profited from the presence of the American forces, proved to be wrong. A survey by American experts of the last French election results in areas which included American NATO bases showed that the economic dislocation and the resulting unemployment did not substantially influence the voting.

* * *

GENERAL DE GAULLE finds himself in the unusual company of Walter Reuther in trying to force industry to share with its workers the fruits of expansion. The main difference is that in France neither industry nor the trade unions like the idea. Another is that General de Gaulle is trying to impose his will through legislation; Mr. Reuther is trying through negotiations.

To Americans, the idea is not as strange and surprising as it is to Frenchmen, because many American firms have distributed shares among their employees. French industrialists and managers don't think this makes much sense because, they say, it does not affect the standard of living of the workers. And the trade-union leaders believe that it makes the rank and file much less independent of the management. Its moral effect on the employees is also doubted. This distribution of shares would have real meaning, managers and union leaders agree, if it also gave the workers an important voice in management. But this isn't likely to work even in the United States or the Soviet Union. It is impossible to organize industrial concerns along democratic political principles; they are run today by a bureaucratic technocracy. The Renault automobile works in France were nationalized several years ago, but they are still run by the management. Although neither the leaders of industry nor those of the trade unions like General de Gaulle's idea, the French President, in his usual determined way, presses on with his legislation. He thinks that in the end it will be beneficial to all, especially to France and to its position in the Common Market.

* * *

AMERICAN PRESTIGE in Europe today is at its lowest ebb since the end of World War II. The war in Vietnam, which many people feel is fought by the wrong means, at the wrong time, and in the wrong place, is one reason. But in many ways the racial troubles in the big Northern cities have been even more damaging. The *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, which is one of the most pro-American newspapers in Europe, put it this way: "Americans in their missionary zeal have tended to surround themselves with the aura of the most exemplary democracy. The failure, therefore, of their most important and most urgent internal political problem—the question of the coexistence among races, also a question affecting foreign policy in Asia and Africa—cannot be overlooked in the world at large, and not only by those who wish harm."

* * *

THE SWEEPING sympathy Joseph Stalin's daughter generated after her sudden defection and after her first press conference in New York is petering out, at least in Western Europe. It began with press reports that she has been "incorporated" in Luxembourg, and, it is generally assumed, this was done for tax reasons. As a consequence, there is now a feeling that the financial aspects of the book have assumed a greater importance to her than its message. Secondly, it has by now become clear that one of the

(*Continued on page* 112)

"They laughed when I wound up my shaver..."

That's liable to happen to you when you first use the RIVIERA in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver may seem a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

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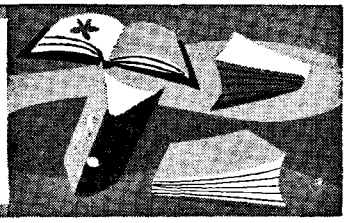
Trade Winds



On August 20, *The New York Times* book review section carried a full-page ad for Andre Dubus's novel, *The Lieutenant*. The headline read: "In the Tradition of *The Caine Mutiny*." Almost immediately following was another full-page ad, for John Winton's *HMS Leviathan*. Guess what? "In the Great Tradition of *The Caine Mutiny*."

So what did our distinguished friend over at Random House do? Put together an ad for the Modern Library edition of *Moby Dick*. Naturally, in the great tradition.

Would it be unreasonable to suggest that when one book seeks to trade on the reputation of another, some small fee be paid to the original author? There's always one you know, that's in the tradition of *The Naked and the Dead*, or *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

Conceivably, some current best sellers could be advertised as follows: Shulman's *Anyone Can Make a Million*, in the tradition of Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It;* Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*, in the tradition of Ogden Nash's *I'm a Stranger Here Myself;* Mayer's *The Lawyers*, in the tradition of Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! The Wind;* Berne's *Games People Play*, in the tradition of Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female;* Birmingham's *Our Crowd*, in the tradition of Margaret Sidney's *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*. The Smithsonian Institution Press is just bringing out *The Medical and Veterinary Importance of Cockroaches*. That could be said to be in the tradition of Stegner's *All the Little Live Things*.

Of course you'll all send in your own.

Until you start to open it, nothing is more welcome in the mail than a brown package containing a book. You put the package on your desk and try to plan a course of action. You look at the nasty little staples driven into the corrugated board, and the strips of glued tape across the top, bottom, and sides. Should you slit across the top, or try to slip a paper-opener into one of the ends so solidly cemented? You will need scissors, of course, and possibly a screwdriver. You jab, and dig, manage to get a fingernail in, then a finger, and then you tug. What comes out? Ugly fluff, a kind of ground-up paper garbage that, for all your care, sneaks away from you and drifts down onto the carpet and nestles itself in.

Then you get to the book, and must blow the gray gook off the jacket before you open it.

I know, not all publishers send out their wares that way, but enough of them do to make you mad.

For obvious reasons, Arde Bulova, the watchmaker, was interested in anything having to do with time. During a dinner party he asked a group of guests to estimate the passing of a minute. After a given signal each guest was to raise his hand when he believed sixty seconds had passed. All hands were raised at least twenty seconds before the minute was up. Try it, and see.

Then he asked for an estimate of how many minutes had passed since the day Christ was born. I guessed the total to be in uncountable trillions, and nobody else came anywhere near. Even today, not many more than a billion minutes have gone by.

It used to take me three days to go by rail from New York to California. Now, by plane, I am there in five hours. In a few years, the time will be cut in half. Still, the fastest conveyance is a train of thought. Last night, in two minutes, I went from Park Avenue in New York to Fleet Street in London.

Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay, who live nearby, are fond of the French crullers our Emilie makes. I took a batch of them over to the Lindsays. Directly across the street is the home of Vladimir Horowitz, and immediately I remembered a day on Fire Island, when Horowitz spent a summer there, and people stopped outside his house to listen to him at his piano. In the same twirl of mind I could see a man named Ernst (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, who once was Hitler's pet and played piano while the Fuehrer dreamed beautiful dreams.

In another second I was back in 1939. Hanfstaengl had fallen out of favor and had fled from Germany, taking up residence in England. I had heard he was writing a book, and arranged to meet him in a Fleet Street office in London.

Hanfstaengl interrupted our conversation twice by moving stealthily to the door, opening it suddenly, and peering cautiously along the corridor, to be certain no one was listening. A little overdramatic, it seemed, but interesting.

He had, he said, written his memoirs. At last the world was going to know all

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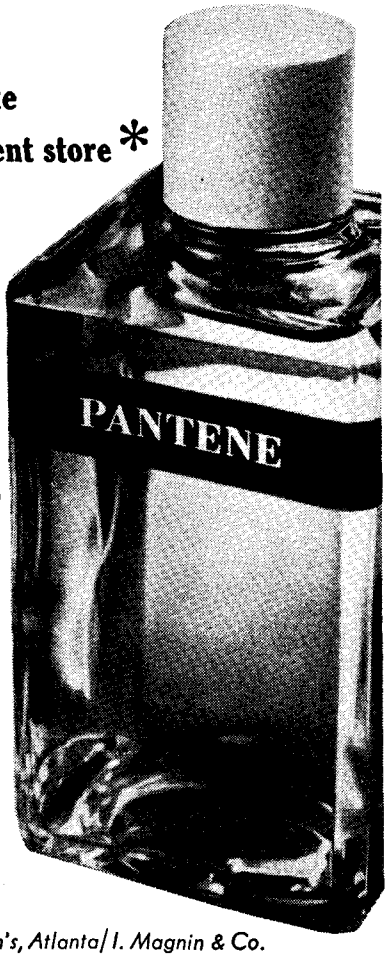

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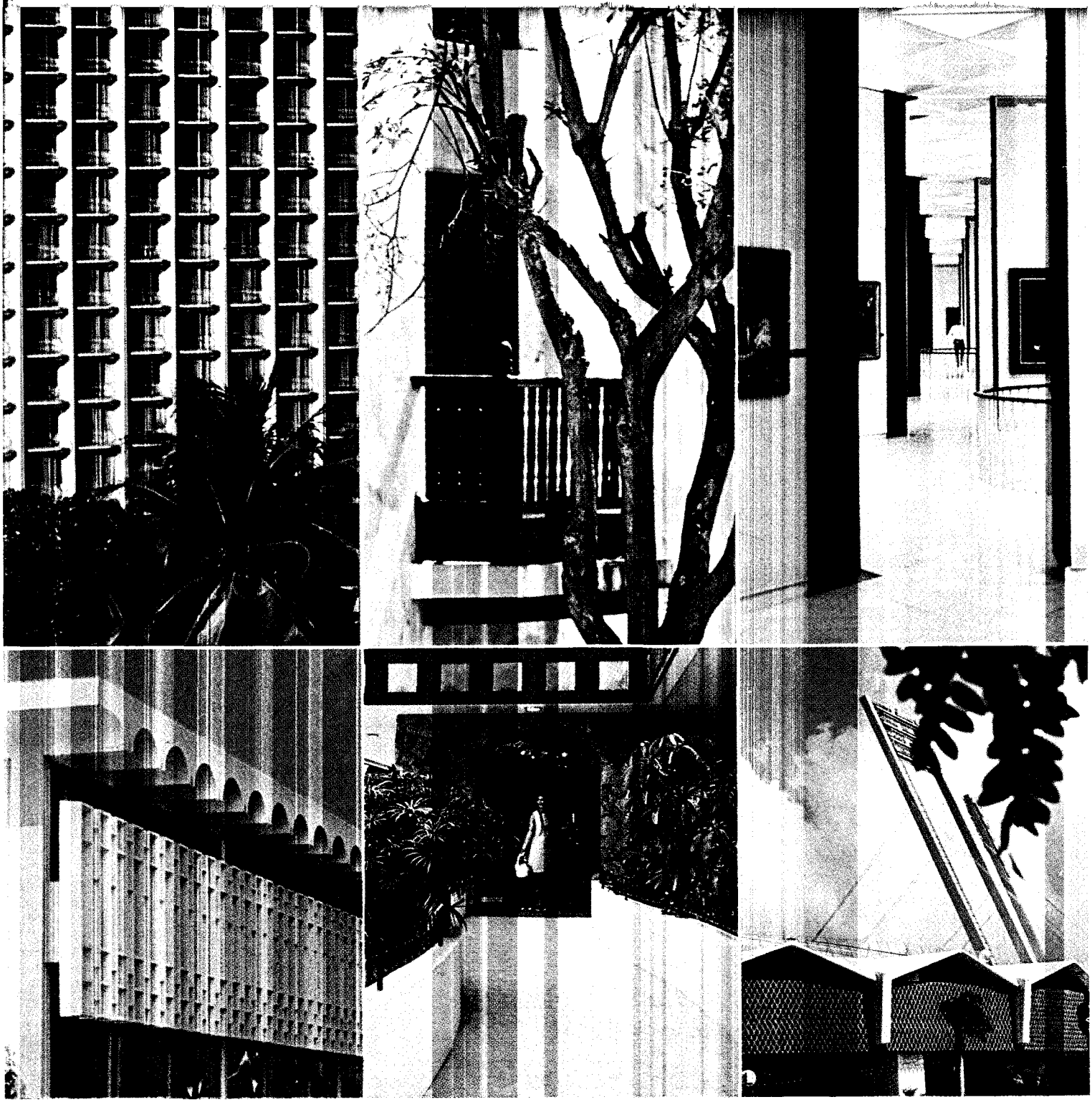

Top *(l to r): Hotel Americana, restored town house, San Juan; Museum of Art, Ponce.* Bottom *(l to r): Kodak offices, Howard Johnson Hotel and Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan.*

How today's Puerto Rico is changing the face of the Caribbean

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN to San Juan in a few years, today's skyline may surprise you.

Skyscrapers leap up from sun-spangled surf. Expressways head out to the beaches and the mountains. Instead of a somnolent tropical town, you see a wide-awake, 20th-century city.

Puerto Rico is now spending at the rate of one million dollars *every day* on new schools, new homes, new hospitals, new hotels.

But the end result goes much deeper than the architectural niceties above. These buildings are proof of the progress that can come when people set out to hoist themselves up by their own bootstraps. While Puerto Rico is changing the face of the Caribbean, it is also changing the *spirit* of the Caribbean.

This sunny Commonwealth has been called a "showcase to the new nations."

A showcase of hope.

This is the real promise of today's Puerto Rico.

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about Hitler. In the event anything untoward happened to Hanfstaengl, a bank, which held a copy of the manuscript in its vault, was authorized to release it for publication.

Would I want to buy it? I would. Well, for an advance of $25,000 in cash, to be paid immediately, a copy of the manuscript would be sent to me.

I explained I rarely carried that much money with me, except when going shopping with Mrs. Mayes. He didn't seem amused. Surely the Hearst organization had accounts in London? True enough, but I was not authorized to pay anything, or conclude any arrangements, without seeing the story. That, my friend said, was out of the question. Money had to come first. The manuscript would be delivered to me at the Dorchester.

Silly? He was a silly man, Harvard graduate or no. Of course I never saw a word. I don't think anybody else did, either. I don't know that a single word was written.

I think Putzi died some years back. He made a quick trip from his art gallery on West 57th Street to being Hitler's toady in Berlin, to being a refugee. Not as quick, however, as a train of thought.

The Open Court Publishing Company, now responsible for the *Library of Living Philosophers* (Dewey, Karl Jaspers, Einstein, Russell, Santayana, among others), recently issued *The Philosophy of Martin Buber*, a huge volume—probably 325,000 words—that sells for $15. I have gone through a third of it, being fascinated by the opening section called "Autobiographical Fragments," and totally frustrated and sunk in trying to understand the first ten of thirty critical essays contributed by various scholars. No student of philosophy, I don't know how to evaluate a book of this kind. Until now, I had no concept—which is still meager—of Buber's "philosophy of dialogue." For students of philosophy, I have a feeling that this offering is a must. For myself, I wish I were bright enough to be able to grasp even a fair portion of it. For $15 you can match your understanding against mine.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

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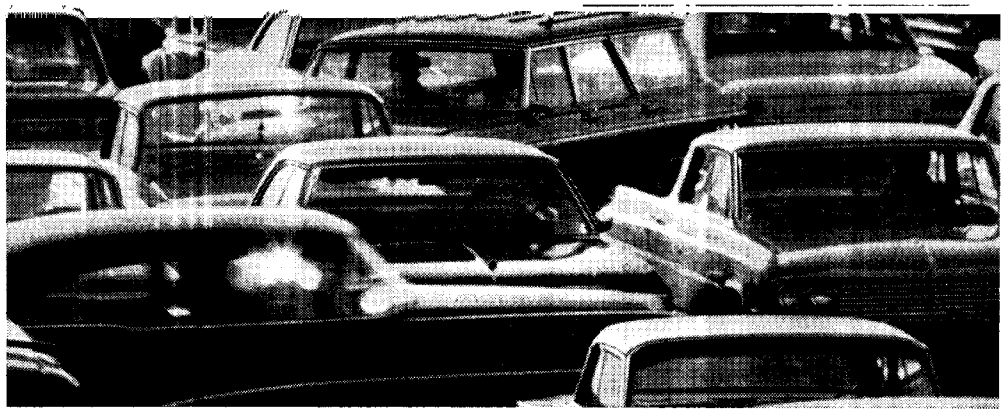
(Merrill) Cody:

HEMINGWAY'S PARIS

"In singing the song today so many people speak of Frankie's 'forty-four gun'! It should be 'forty-one gun,' because in those days Colt manufactured something between a thirty-eight and a forty-four. A forty-one is just about the kind of a gun a gal would carry."



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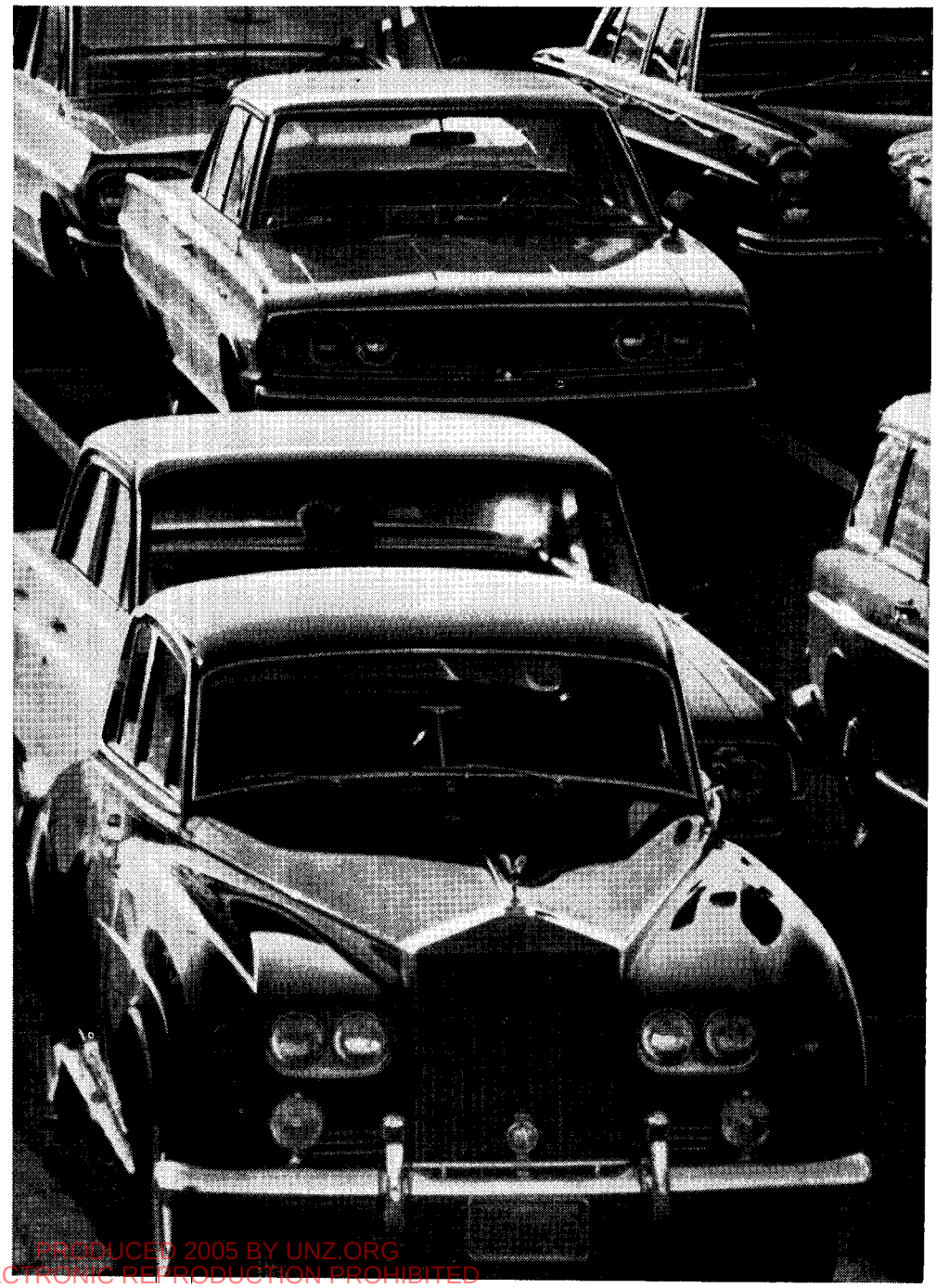

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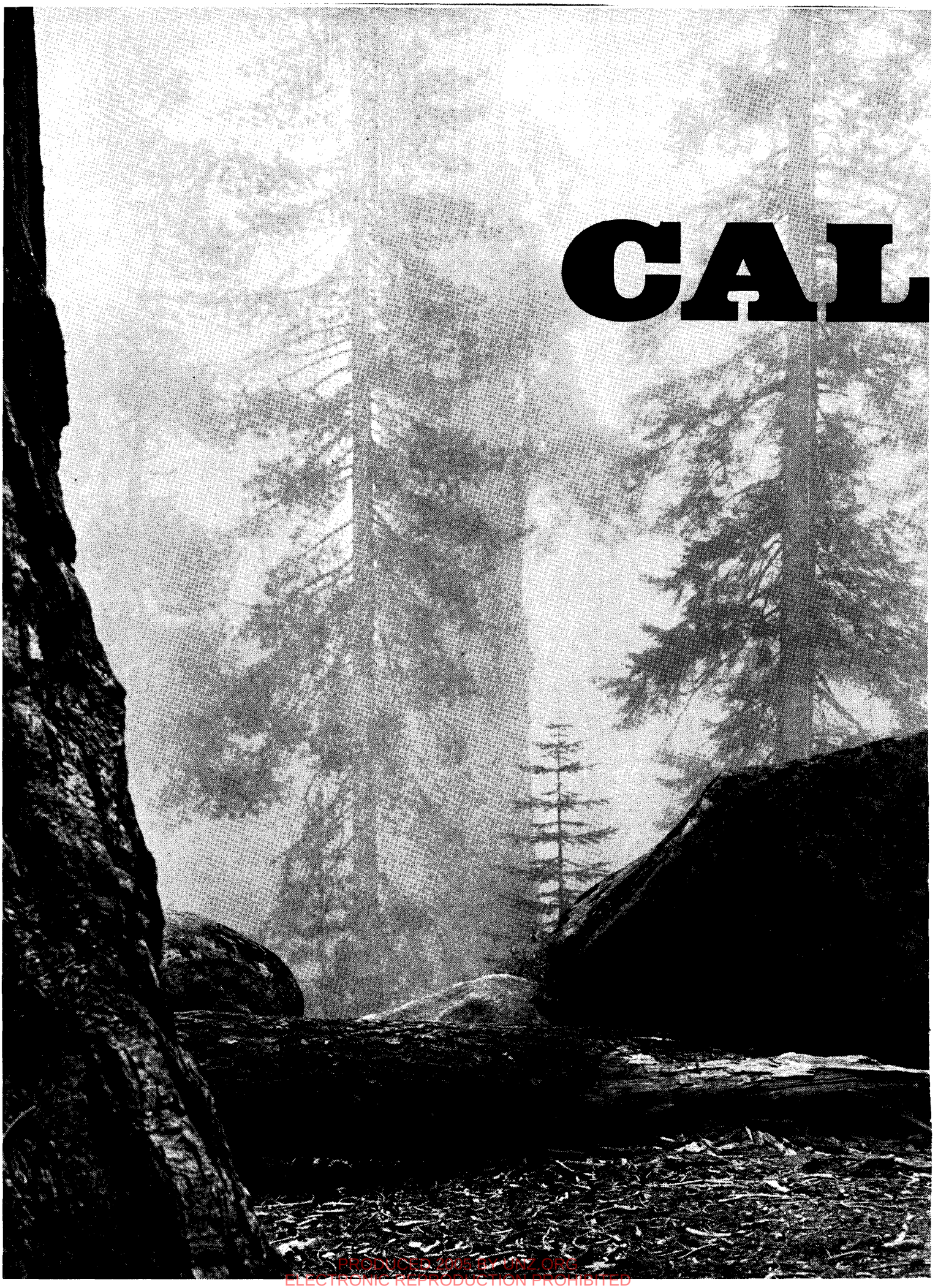

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IFORNIA

THE NATION WITHIN A NATION

"These barbarians lounging on the beaches may be modeling the image of a future culture . . . ," Camus once wrote of a seaside society. The new California is too busy for lounging, too civilized for barbarism. Goldland, fruitland, filmland, lotusland, cerebral fountainhead, Pacific threshold, doorway to space, empire, nation, it may well be a preview of the American future. It is in this foretaste of tomorrow's culture, so Camus hoped, that the greatness of man may at last be discovered. Few developments in American history have as much significance as the emergence of California as a major force in the national culture and economy. The editors devote this special issue of Saturday Review to California's promise and problems.

By NEIL MORGAN

NOT LONG AGO, when Bishop James Albert Pike headed the Episcopal diocese in San Francisco, I sat in his chancellery for an afternoon and we tried to fit together some of the things we believed, at that moment, about California. At one point he told how in his sermons he cited San Francisco as so often leading the cities of America in the end products of frustration and despair: alcoholism, suicide, drug addiction, homosexuality, and divorce. "I reel off these statistics," he said, "and I listen to myself, and sometimes I have to say to myself: 'Pike, you sounded proud!' "

It is a poignant memory for me of a friend whose own familial life has since been touched by suicide and divorce. Now in a kind of intellectual sanctuary at Robert Hutchins's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, Bishop Pike is himself a hallmark of contemporary California. He epitomizes the restless, mobile, innovative, probing, driven individual who proposes new approaches to the world around him and asks, *Why not? Mustn't there be some better way?* In his candid discussion of sociological problems, he touched a nerve: We Californians are so accustomed to bigness that we seem quite ready—almost eager—to claim the biggest problems. We add hastily that in our flexible, adaptable society we will be the first to come up with solutions. The record does not always support our euphoria, but then we *have* been busy. Ours is a putty culture—yeasty, swollen, penetrable, unshaped, and it is all we can do to keep it from surging

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out of control while we seek to give it form and to add hardening agents.

It has always been marvelously simple to be disenchanted with California. There *is* something different about California, and it is a viable target of derision. We are an unusually motivated people in a unique region, and as a result our behavior is variant. There are times when it seems hopeless to think that California will point the way to anything noble in the future; yet I must declare myself among those who believe that the California we have hoped for is not lost. It belongs to a world almost everyone has sometime hoped for and despairs of finding. The California of today may still be as *relatively* bright with prospect as ever.

We have found ourselves in so many incongruous roles in so short a history, we Californians, that we answer these days to almost any name. Once we were the western frontier; now we are the near shore of the Pacific basin. This is lotusland, but our technological centers are the threshold to space. It is the center of the great outdoor leisure boom, and it is the most urban state of America. Here in California have gathered belligerent individualists, and a number who have slid past that point and are simply nuts. We have been the promoters' valhalla, a sanctum for fleecers. We have shown America the first dandy working models for campus anarchy, for race rioting, for hippie heaven. No teeny-bopper is genuine without the California label. We have gone from an economy of gold to wheat to cattle to cotton to fruit to film-making to manufacturing to space and now God-knows-what-else over on the other side of that freeway there.

CALL California an empire, a nation of its own, and its economy would rank sixth among world powers. In gross product, California is exceeded only by that of the United States, the Soviet Union, West Germany, the United Kingdom, and France. Its per capita income exceeds that of any country, including the United States. In manufacturing, California would vie with Japan for fifth place in the Free World. The total value of its import-export trade outranks a hundred nations, it is more populous than 111 nations, and larger in area than ninety-two. It has more telephones than any nation except the United States, and it ranks only behind the United States, France, and the United Kingdom in number of motor vehicles. The agricultural domain of California, with a $4 billion annual production, provides another wearying barrage of superlatives.

Everyone knows how we have pioneered in the mergers of show biz and politics, a phenomenon that has been in the wind since TV covered its first Presidential conventions in 1952. In California the trend was pushed along by the early successes of political management firms, a California innovation that seems to be spreading around the nation as rapidly as the ranch house. We are also a center for the organized protest. In the old days, a break-in meant two weeks in New Haven. The producers of today's social upheavals may not think they can always be heard above the babble of California, but they know it's a swell spot for a tryout.

We had the first blinding, suffocating, citywide smog, and although we keep losing statistical honors to other cities that don't get talked about as much as Los Angeles, we're sure we can come up with some new horror to flash to you in a day or two. You don't need to give us time. We don't use it. This is tomorrow already in California and keep moving along there, buddy, your seat is up front.

CALIFORNIA is where you can't run any farther without getting wet, a condition that can be discussed most readily in phrases: westward tilt; putty culture; the restless edge. If you are a California writer, you may find the lines you wrote five years ago turning up these days in the Sunday *Times*; by now they are accepted truths about California and already they sound a little ridiculous to you, and you begin to wonder if California is really all that different from anyplace else. In California you are not certain about today, only about tomorrow. Tomorrow will be worse and better but mostly bigger. More crowded and a little less like the California that all of us help to destroy by becoming part of it.

Some suspect that we don't know who we are, but we do. At least we keep reading about ourselves. If the rest of the world grew as tired of reading about California, they would stop coming this way. You get the fleeting idea that maybe they *haven't* read about California, maybe they *don't* read, and that's why they keep coming. But that theory won't hold up. The bright ones are pouring West these days, and for the boosters, P. T. Barnum was right: Write what you want, but spell the name right. CALIFORNIA. Now a California writer is a pariah in California if he writes pleasantly of his own region: *"Tell them all about the high taxes and the smog and the crowded freeways and parks and beaches. Maybe they'll keep away."*

Of course, California has always been pawed over excessively by writers. There was Hubert Howe Bancroft, an early gold-miner who turned bookseller; he hired a loft in San Francisco and two dozen respectable researchers and writers and produced thirty-nine volumes of Western history. His star performer was a Dartmouth graduate, a librarian named Henry L. Oak, whom Bancroft paid $200 a month plus lodging, and who himself wrote about one-quarter of these books—producing history, as Bancroft freely admitted, at a cheaper cost per page than any of his other protégés. Worse pap than this has been written about California since then, and the points of view that gain credence are the extreme ones, for that is what the world seems to want to believe about California.

THE truth is that the Spanish caballeros of early California were a fairly somnolent bunch of cattlemen, that Hangtown wasn't all *that* sinful in 1853, that a lot of buildings survived the San Francisco earthquake, that Senator Hiram Johnson's earnest reforms as governor opened the door for most of the political idiocy of the past fifty years in California, that Aimee Semple McPherson died in 1945 from an overdose of sedatives, that Hollywood is a dull place, that you can still drive forty miles in California without seeing another human being, that Southern California is not likely in this century to become a single megalopolis from Santa Barbara to the Mexican border, and that grandsons and granddaughters of the Okies whom John Steinbeck depicted in *The Grapes of Wrath* are now driving sports cars around California university campuses.

Even the labels of California bigotry and extremism are open to challenge. No one has yet demonstrated that Californians in the mass exhibit these symptoms to a greater degree than other Americans; after all, Earl Warren was the only three-time governor in California history. The California electorate usually behaves in the self-serving, play-it-safe fashion of an upper-middle-class provincial, a *nouveau riche* whose first thought is to protect his wealth and fend off regulation, to maintain the status quo. The winning candidate is usually the nice guy who has managed to seize the defensive. The California electorate stands indicted less for what it *is* than for what it *is not*. That is about the way it is in most places.

We know a few specifics about Californians, and they do not all fit the popular image. Californians are more prosperous, longer-schooled, and much more mobile than the American norm. They have high rates both of leisure and production, relatively little interest in formal churchgoing, and only mild interest in social status or tradition. They have high rates of suicide, divorce, and crime. They are a young population, much as they were in the days of the Gold Rush, and for not dissimilar reasons; the percentage of Californians over sixty-five years of age is below the na-

Neil Morgan, a Carolina transplant, lives in LaJolla, California, and writes a column for the Copley Newspapers.

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tional level. They buy more household appliances, frozen foods, and foreign cars, and their families are smaller. They drink more bourbon, rum, wine, and vodka but less gin, blended whiskey, and Scotch.

THE level of permissiveness is high. In an era of sexual emancipation, California is at the forefront. Racial violence came early to California cities, and reaction set in early. The Californian is paying record high taxes; about half go to education. Despite the storms over Berkeley, it remains possible for a California student to ascend to the most esoteric levels of study at public expense in the immense nine-campus, 90,000-student University of California. Some may see Mario Savio as a martyr and others put Clark Kerr in that role, but almost everyone in California seems willing to admit that the University of California has weathered its recent storms with a tenacity that may foretell its continuing greatness. Despite their wild resentment of some university events of the last several years—like the Savio-led Free Speech Movement and the so-called Filthy Speech Movement—Californians are bound by an almost mystical faith in higher education. In their quest for the full life, Californians look to their campuses to do more than to educate their sons and daughters; to them, education is the talisman that will lead California society and technology to some exalted state and fulfill the old dream that Walt Whitman expressed:

> The new society at last, proportionate to Nature . . .
> Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true
> America, heir of the past so grand,
> To build a grander future.

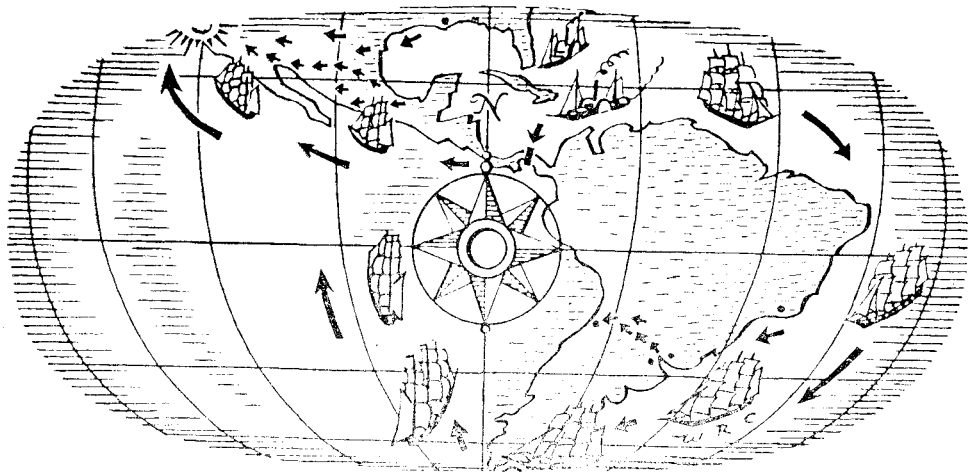
Such wispy hopes have hung on the California horizon since the Forty-Niners came for gold. Has some mystique actually developed? I think so. Some of it can be documented.

To the sociologist, California is a selective migration to a region of opportunity and laissez-faire, resulting in an open, unstratified society made up of communities of strangers. The sociologists' favorite word for the California condition is *anomie*, a state in which the human being finds himself uprooted, drifting, and unfocused. The economist sees California as an exploitation of a region of extraordinary natural resources by a people of aggressive, inventive nature who are not afraid to try to live by their wits. In either view, the two interacting factors are present: the *place* and the *people*. In California, both place and people have distinguishing characteristics that have imparted distinctive traits to the society that tries to emerge.

Can the people of a single state, you wonder, actually be so different from other Americans? History suggests that they can be. The Forty-Niners were typically young, male, single, and from the Eastern seaboard. More than half of all Californians in 1850 were in their twenties. Historians make much of tracing a line from them toward the present.

"Selective forces were at work," wrote J. S. Hittell, a historian of early California. "The immigrants were by and large well educated. They had essentially the same traits as other Americans of the period, but the traits were more striking, because the immigrants made up—not a cross-section, but a *selection* of the American people." The contemporary historian Earl Pomeroy adds: "In their imprudence, their enthusiasm, their success, the Forty-Niners justified improbability and anticipated the shape and tenor of the [West] coast in the century to come." In the opinion of the historian John Caughey, California is the only place "where a rush for gold was made to serve as the base for an ever-widening superstructure of attainment."

It is a common phenomenon in migration that selective human characteristics are accentuated by numbers. The pyramid rises. Migrants attract like migrants. California quickly established its reputation as an unorthodox land that was open to suasion—a place where a man could swing whatever he had to swing. If you exclude the migrant workers and the continuing Negro move West, Californians have by and large been people who have left a relatively good life in search of a better life. They are Americans exercising self-option without outer pressures. Persecution and famine do not figure in the California migration. It is a purely American phenomenon that in a nation so prosperous and mobile, millions have found themselves free to go in search of the millennium. They are not finding it in California, but the net migration figures suggest that they are finding life enough better that they do not go back where they came from. California has grown on waves of migration since that relatively small one set off by the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill.



—*From "Gold Is the Cornerstone."*

Sea Routes to the Promised Land—"Can the people be so different?"

But without the distinctiveness of the *place*, California would not work. Part of the lure is that nebulous attraction of the far western shore of the continent; the urge to wester is not yet dead. Climate is usually exaggerated as a factor, but it is nevertheless strong; it provides diverse settings for year-round outdoor leisure and it is less likely to intrude with the harshness of hot or cold on the movement of Californians. The California sun coaxes out buds on orange trees and tourists on Highway 66. The benign climates of California do not seem to figure prominently in our daily lives until we are away and miss them. It has fascinated me how many migrants to California move "back home" after a

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—Robert Smith, Black Star.

CALIFORNIA CHARACTER

MEMOIRS OF A RECENT MIGRANT

By HERBERT BRUCKER

IF YOU want to know what the United States will be like in 1984, don't consult George Orwell. Instead, look at California. Today this third-largest and most populous state sums up within itself much of the good—and the bad—that other states will experience in the future.

That, at least, is how California strikes one wide-eyed newcomer of a year's standing. Nor am I alone. Last year the BBC produced a television program called *California: 2000 A.D.* Its message was that the shape of the computerized world of tomorrow is, in large measure, already here in California.

Herbert Brucker, a former president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, was for nineteen years editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, *Courant*. He now is director of Professional Journalism Fellowships at Stanford.

It's not that California is alien to the rest of the union. Not long ago an *SR* cartoon showed a roadside billboard with the legend: YOU ARE NOW LEAVING CALIFORNIA. RESUME NORMAL BEHAVIOR. There is just enough truth in that to give it a bite. But the fact is that California is at one with the rest of the country in struggling with what are best defined as people problems. The difference is that California has many of them in acute form. It has advantages that other states lack, and that attracts both people and their problems.

Characteristic of the whole is the budget adopted by the 1967 legislature, In 1966, Governor Ronald Reagan campaigned and won on a promise of economy. Nevertheless, in the teeth of his efforts to pinch state services such as those for mental health and higher education, he had to urge a tax rise of $864.9 million—only so could he balance a gargantuan budget of more than $5 billion, the largest ever. A single statistic gives the picture: California is spending almost $1 billion on welfare this year for 1,166,000 of its people. This is more than one in every twenty persons in the state.

On the brighter side, California is ahead of most states in offering free public education all the way from the first grade through the Ph.D. Though Governor Reagan has threatened tuition at the State University, California has offered a free university education, except for modest fees, for ninety-nine years. In today's technological society this pays off. The state has attracted all kinds of electronic and aerospace industries, and as a result gets almost 40 per cent of the annual Pentagon pie.

California's children, with tanned, cheerful faces under often sun-bleached hair, seem to be oncoming specimens of tomorrow's perfect man. They exude the glow that comes from practically year-

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round outdoor tennis and swimming. And they live in towns from which a one-day drive, with return the same night, offers either surfing in the Pacific or skiing in the Sierra.

From this, one can go all the way through the spectrum. Recently the *Ladies' Home Journal* devoted a special section to the theme that the California woman is a creature apart from and ahead of her sisters in other states. One article noted that California had bettered the national average in divorce—one for every two marriages, as against one in only every four for the nation as a whole. Again, according to an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, California—Southern California, that is—is the smut capital of the nation. Why are there these extremes? And what golden magnet draws the people who rush in from all over with the best and the worst?

It was in 1542, only a half-century after Columbus, that Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a "navigator of great courage and honor and . . . thorough seaman," set sail from Navidad on Mexico's West Coast to explore what is now California. There followed a long, mostly somnolent history under Spain and Mexico. But today California is as American as any other state. What shaped it was not its Spanish heritage, still evident in its missions and place-names. Rather it was a single quarter-century that united California with the Westward-bound East. The big change came in the years from 1846 to 1869. They brought the Mexican war, gold, the Union Pacific's golden spike, and all that came with them.

Perhaps more powerful than the lure of fortune in attracting immigrants through the years has been the dream of the Golden West, whose chief material manifestation is benign weather. A Mediterranean climate blesses the 700 miles of California between Oregon and Mexico. It is said that such a climate is to be found in but 1.5 per cent of the earth's surface. After considerable exposure to the San Diego-Santa Barbara region, Cabrillo's men called it a "land of endless summers." After 400 years it still is.

IN most of California it doesn't rain most of the year. Earlier agricultural societies had to let it go at that, and stay where God's rain fell. This wasn't so in California. It adopted a direct cure—just bring in water, no matter from how many hundred miles away, and no matter what the cost. Then you can have it both ways—all the sun you want, and all the water, too.

This, among other things, explains why California is first in the nation in agriculture. It is also, according to J. Edgar Hoover, first in crime, in that a new and higher crime rate in Los Angeles leads the nation.

If one thing more than any other embodies both the promise and the peril of the American future, it is the population explosion. Today in California the population is not only exploding but undergoing a chain reaction. Every day when the sun sets over the Pacific there are 1,500 more people in California than there were the evening before. Roughly 900 of them represent the net increase of immigrants over emigrants, while 600 represent the net increase of births over deaths. This explains why most Californians aren't really Californians at all. By now only one in every four was born in the state.

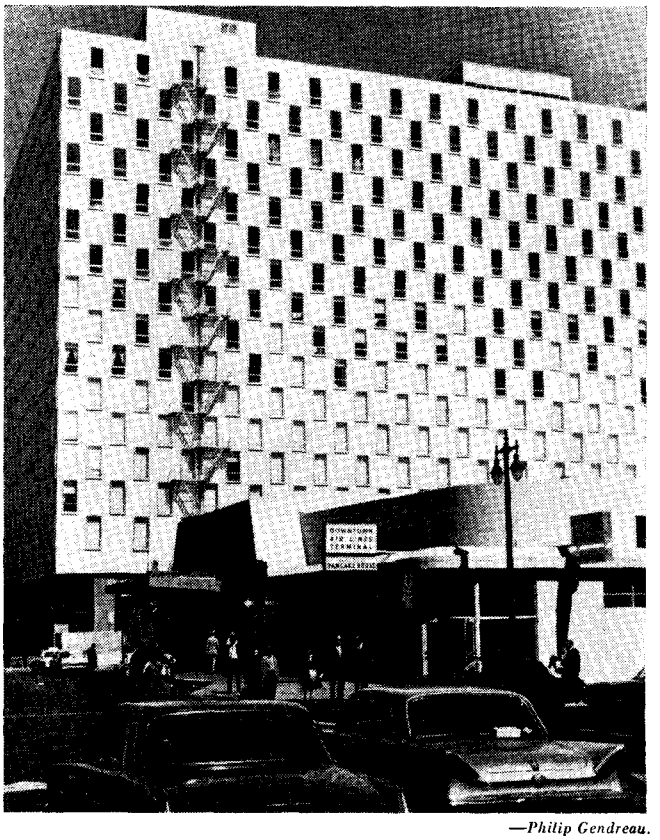
Inevitably, the pressure of population makes the state visibly crowded. It still boasts vast open spaces, of course. There are the majestic, outwardly untouched Sierra. There are also deserts, a spectacular and often unspoiled coastline, and enormous empty counties stretching north from San Francisco toward Oregon. But the roaring freeways and the endless, teeming suburbs are something else again.

NO doubt one reason California seems crowded is that almost half of its 100 million acres are owned by the United States Government. If some of this is urban property, most is mountain, forest, and desert. This puts a premium on what is left. And that explains why houses in residential districts—as elsewhere in the West—are, to an Easterner, huddled together. Neighbors in wealthy La Jolla sometimes have to put high board fences between their houses for privacy – a crowded condition that would not be

(*Continued on page* 106)

—*United Air Lines.*

Queen Anne Cottage, Los Angeles—"Why these extremes?"



—*Philip Gendreau.*

Air Lines Terminal, San Francisco—"What is the magnet?"

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POLITICS IN THE PALMLANDS

By HORACE SUTTON

1. Ronald Reagan: *Lancelot Out of the West*

—*Wide World.*

"No worse than an even choice for Republican nominee."

IT WAS only half past 9 of a summer's morning, but the heat hung heavy amid the huge evergreens and the shady old elms in the leafy park that spreads in a great green apron around California's capitol. In the late afternoon it would reach 104, but there was no discomfort in Room 1190 of the air-cooled new wing, only a certain sang-froid amid the bustle. It was Tuesday and the press was lined up in four massed rows awaiting the arrival of the Governor. He came in briskly and took the podium, fielding the questions with a cool expertise. The pointed finger jabbed quickly out of the white French cuff pinned with the gold link, and the gold wristband glistened in the TV lights. The manner was somewhat reminiscent of Jack Kennedy, handling the hot ones with smoothness and skill and moving rapidly on to the next inquisitor. The face was handsome and pink of cheek, the hair oiled and gleaming, and carefully combed. The riposte was sure and the smile flashing. It was Ronald Reagan, the featured player in a postwar epic about a citizen-politician, dressed in the padded-shoulder clothes of the period, come to clean up the government.

To many Californians and to an increasing number of Republicans across the nation Reagan is emerging as a combination of the White Knight, Prince Charming, and Mr. Clean. He is against big government, in favor of increased state income taxes, against withholding taxes, in favor of decisive action in Vietnam, against free education.

As seasoned a politician as Jesse Unruh, Speaker of the California Assembly, calls Reagan "no worse than an even choice for the Republican nominee. The only way he can be stopped is if the Republican moderates decide they will accept Nixon. If he gets the nomination he'll be a tough candidate, perhaps the strongest the Republicans can field."

This proximity to the Presidency of a man who only two years ago was a politically conscious movie star—and a star of a secondary constellation at that—has given the shivers and the frights to all ranges of political castes from Democratic liberals to Republican moderates. One prominent California Republican said flatly, "The man's a menace. He is adroit politically, but he is dogmatic to the point of being totalitarian. He has sweet-talked the people, and now he has a damn good chance of being President. I may be wrong but there's a smell of self-appointed savior and ruthlessness about this man that scares me more than anything I have seen in California political life in thirty-five years."

He has alarmed the liberals of both parties—and particularly the traditionally liberal, and traditionally sensitive Jewish community—with his refusal to

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disavow the John Birch Society. Many of Reagan's broad political themes fall in line with Birch concepts. He was a toastmaster at a political rally for Congressman John Rousselot, who in 1962 had a paper entitled "Beliefs and Principles of the John Birch Society" read into the *Congressional Record* of the 87th Congress. Rousselot later became public relations director of the Birch Society—a position he left this June—and as such was the mouthpiece for Robert Welch, president of the Birch Society, who has labeled General Eisenhower a knowing tool of the Communist party and called for the impeachment of Earl Warren.

A Jewish member of Reagan's inner circle of advisers has suggested that anti-Reaganism, particularly among the Jewish community, was deliberately stirred by key Democrats in order to dissuade Jewish money from Reagan's campaign coffers. Reagan's political biography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, cites a number of anecdotes about his life which show his friendliness for Negroes and Jews. His adherents like to recall how he resigned from the Lakeside Country Club after he found it was restricted. Although he appeared at an Israel rally during the June war, he did so only after checking with Senator George Murphy, his old show biz friend, to determine the government's position. His speech didn't send any hats in the air; he asked for help for the American victims aboard the U.S.S. *Liberty*, asked for statesmanship on behalf of victor and vanquished, and condemned Soviet Russia as the real villain "who stirred the witches brew until it boiled over into war."

IT IS inaccurate and unfair to pin any anti-Semitic label on Reagan. It is neither irrelevant nor incorrect, however, to point out that his supporters include a mixed bag of arch-conservatives, among them:

► The late A. C. Rubel, president of Union Oil of California. A finance chairman of the Friends of Ronald Reagan, he was a member of ultra-conservative Freedoms Foundation and contributed to the Congressional Campaign of H. L. Richardson, a Birch Society member. Before his death this spring, Rubel was listed by the Los Angeles *Times* as one of the ten members of Reagan's "kitchen cabinet."

► Henry Salvatori. Also listed as one of the ten kitchen cabinet members, he was a sponsor of the Fred Schwarz Christian Anti-Communist Crusade.

► Dr. Joseph Ludwig. A finance committee member of the Friends of Ronald Reagan, he is a member of the ultra-conservative Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, which is against income tax, federal aid to education, and free hospital and medical care as part of social security, and presses for the United States to resign from the United Nations.

► Gerald L. K. Smith, the renowned anti-Semite. He declared in the March 1965 issue of *The Cross and the Flag*, "America needs Ronald Reagan. He should be governor of a state. He should be a member of the United States Senate, or he should be in the White House. He has the attributes of greatness."

Reagan's inner circle of official aides and the Governor himself do make a carefully worded case for his position in the Birch matter. Lyn Nofziger, one of his two policymaking aides, thinks that "Birchers who want to subvert the Republican party ought to be thrown out. People who voted for Reagan were accepting his philosophy. He would disavow the Klan and he wouldn't want to back anyone advocating racism."

WHEN I met with Reagan in the Governor's Suite at the St. Francis Hotel this summer he spelled out his own position: "If I had disavowed the Birch Society I would have been accepting the Birchers as a Republican problem. Its membership is half Democrat and half Republican. It was a trap to make us accept it as our problem. Besides, a blanket indictment would have been guilt by association, the very thing the liberals try to use to defend Communists. The most prevalent fault of the liberal side is their inability to see the Communist menace when they are the first ones to recognize the great menace of Nazism."

While Reagan views a disavowal of the Birch Society as a political trap, the position of the Birchers themselves is quite different. In a long session at the Society's beige brick building in San Marino near Pasadena, Rex Westerfield, the Birch public relations director who took over from Rousselot in June, made these points to me:

► It has become political suicide to attack the John Birch Society, and such anti-Birchers as ex-Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho and ex-Governor Brown of California are now unemployed politicians.

► The Birch Society is an organization to bring about less government and more individual responsibility.

► The same forces that destroyed previous civilizations are at work here. They always enter the scene under the name of humanitarianism, and yet always bring about a welfare state with the citizens being dependent upon the state and the state in control of the citizens.

► The Birch Society has become the hub of the conservative wheel. A politician could be a genuine conservative and agree with our principles whether a member of the Society or not. Or, he could be an astute politician who detects a grassroots uprising that has been created by us, and then campaign on those principles and be elected.

While he refuses to disavow the Birch Society which promotes this credo, Reagan's own political philosophy similarly includes a virulent distaste for public power and the TVA. He abhors social security in its present form, has no use for Medicare, thinks we are subordinating American interests by membership in the U.N. He is in favor of school prayers and highly critical of foreign aid.

His fundamental politics include these pronouncements:

> It is in the area of social welfare that government has found its most fertile growing bed. So many of us accept our responsibility for these less fortunate. We are susceptible to humanitarian appeals.
>
> I think we are telling our senior citizens that no one in this country should be denied medical care for lack of funds but we are against forcing all citizens into a compulsory government program regardless of need.
>
> We are for an international organization where the nations of the world can legitimately seek peace. We are against subordinating American interests to an organization so structurally unsound that a two-thirds majority can be mastered in the U.N. General Assembly among nations representing

RONALD REAGAN, California's thirty-third governor, was not the first to be elected with no previous experience in public office. Henry Huntly Haight, a native of Rochester, New York, and a Yale graduate, who was drawn to California in the gold rush, became the tenth governor (1867-71) after a career as a lawyer and newspaper editor.

Leland Stanford, the railroad baron and California's first Republican governor (1862-63), barely escaped the no-experience category. Likewise a native of New York (Watervliet) and a lawyer-turned-merchant, he had been a justice of the peace in the gold-mining hamlet of Michigan Bar on the American River.

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less than 10 per cent of the world population.

The specter our well-meaning liberal friends refuse to face is that their policy of accommodation is appeasement, and appeasement does not give you a choice between peace and war, only between fight and surrender.

Reagan rode in on a wave of reaction against the speed of California building, on tired-of-Brownism, and on the rolling comber of a Berkeley backlash. He promised to clean up the university system that permitted students on public education rolls to rollick in undisciplined demonstrations, and many Californians charge him with engineering the sacking of Clark Kerr. He has brought in efficiency experts from big business to advise him without pay on ways to cut expenses. The economy cuts slash across the huge University of California complex with its nine campuses and its annual billion-dollar budget. They invaded such hitherto sacrosanct areas as mental health, where Reagan proposed separating 3,400 employees—from attendants to psychiatrists—from the state payroll.

Despite his headlong collision with these fragile issues, his popularity seems not to waver, and his highly advertised charisma is creeping across state borders. Wrote Rowland Evans and Robert Novak in July: "After six months in office Reagan has antagonized nearly everyone in California but the voters." A June poll among California Republicans still showed a preference for Nixon as Presidential nominee, but Romney's second-place lead had dropped from 27 per cent to 23 per cent and the preference for Reagan had more than doubled. Fully a third of the same Republican voters, asked for a preference as Presidential candidate should neither Nixon nor Romney be available, went for Reagan, whereas only a fourth chose Rockefeller. Percy got 12 per cent, Hatfield 10 per cent, and Lindsay 8 per cent. At the Republican Governor's Conference at Jackson Hole this summer, he was appraised as the brightest hope in the Republican array of contenders.

IF he is thrust on the national scene, as he is certain to be, Reagan will be no less obliged to explain his politics than his position on education. Before he decided to run for office Reagan's supporters sent him on a trial run around the state. At every appearance he probed for issues which were disturbing the voters. One subject that surfaced time and again was Berkeley. The public had equated beats and hippies with the student body at the Berkeley campus of the University of California. There was deep public resentment against what a Reagan adviser calls "waste in spending on elaborate educational plants." Says one of his kitchen cabinet: "Ron doesn't think academic freedom means that dissenters should walk through the library beating drums. He made Berkeley a campaign issue, but he was only trying to stop the beating of drums in the library, not restricting free thought and speech."

Reagan thought the giant University of California was being mismanaged. As governor of the state he is a member of the Board of Regents, a governing body largely composed of leaders of California's industrial society who are appointed for sixteen-year terms. This board, with its sixteen appointed members and its eight ex-officio members, voted in secret two years ago and agreed to keep Clark Kerr as president of the university. At a meeting on January 20 with Reagan, Lieutenant Governor Robert Finch and Reagan appointee Allan Grant of the State Board of Agriculture leading the way—and Reagan lending his aura of office to the anti-Kerr sentiment—the president was removed. The vote was 14 to 8. After less than a month in office, Reagan was hung in effigy on campuses all over California. Shops in San Francisco's North Beach bloomed with buttons and bumper stickers proclaiming RONALD REAGAN IS AYN RAND IN DRAG, and, less charitably, HITLER IS ALIVE AND LIVING IN SACRAMENTO. Actually, his contretemps with academia had begun as early as January 3 and 4 during his first week in office. On those memorable days, which resulted in an emergency meeting of the Regents, Reagan announced a policy of tuition fees. In a state with a long and cherished tradition for free education, the shock was immediate. At the same time the new governor announced sweeping budget cuts in education that were sure to curtail long-range plans of the university.

THE July Regents meeting was filled with acrimonious debate. The Governor, in his black Cadillac, arrived for the second day of the two-day session, greeted Mrs. Hearst warmly at the door, and took his seat at the big oval table with Nofziger and Philip Battaglia, his administrative assistant, sitting behind him. Regent Roth, busily reading Herb Caen's column in the *Chronicle*, didn't bother to look up.

Reagan was dressed in a light tan suit, the shoulders cut wide, white handkerchief squared off at the pocket. Out of reach of television and camera he put on big black-rimmed glasses. His lips compress when he concentrates, and the lines of his fifty-six years—which do not show on TV—appear like parentheses around his mouth. At Berkeley he was no longer the glad-handing good guy. He was The Movie Actor in Academe, and he was often at bay.

The Regents argued among themselves whether to accept the Governor's proposed budget cuts as an expression of the people of the state or whether to adopt a wait-and-see watch on the Capitol. Norton Simon said, "The Governor's proposal [for a cutback in spending] is so far from our master plan it is a shock. Under the Governor's program we are an entirely different-sized university and if we follow it the time to stop expanding is right now. The Governor has so many times declared that we should go on a pay-as-you-go basis. We are on notice to cut this down to a smaller university." Edward Carter, president of Broadway-

(*Continued on page 87*)

Reagan and the Liberals

On his early days: *"I was a near hopeless hemophiliac liberal. I bled for causes . . . ."*

On his father-in-law: *"a true humanitarian, not the sticky bleeding heart kind . . . ."*

On meeting his present wife: *"We took up the business of her name and what to do about it showing up on those bleeding heart lists."*

On George Murphy: *"I owe a great deal to this cool, dapper guy who had to deal with me in my early white-eyed liberal daze."*

On Alger Hiss's appearance on television criticizing Richard Nixon: *"an event equivalent to Benedict Arnold being given time to denounce John Adams."*

On a picture that flopped: *"another thing against the picture was the reluctance of extreme liberals to enthuse about anything that upset their illusions about 'agrarian reformers.'"*

On his political transformation: *"I was beginning to see the seamy side of liberalism. Too many of the patches on the progressive coat were of a color I didn't personally care for. Something the liberal will have to explain and stand trial for is his inability to see the Communist as he truly is and not as some kind of Peck's Bad Boy of liberalism who is basically all right but just a bit overboard and rough-edged."*

—FROM *Where's the Rest of Me? The Ronald Reagan Story*, BY RONALD REAGAN WITH RICHARD G. HUBLER.

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2. Jesse Unruh: *The Scholar as Ringmaster*

THE PERIOD that was to change California dramatically and permanently came during the Second World War when the state became a huge base for operations in the Pacific. Masses of servicemen stationed for a time in California on the way to war and on the way back had a chance to grow appreciative of the weather and of the way of life, and knew they could never again live in the less felicitous climes of the country. Many of them stayed to study at California universities, later to marry, raise families, and create vast new markets and a giant manpower pool.

The prime individual example of this major sociological shift, says Norman Topping, president of the University of Southern California, is Jesse Marvin Unruh, who came out of the Midwest as a $20-a-week sheet metal worker, joined the Naval Air Corps as an aviation metalsmith first class, and spent two frosty years in the Aleutians. Thawing out at USC after the war, he became active in student politics, first standing for office when he was twenty-four. It took him seven years to get elected. Unruh, USC's alumnus of the year in 1963, has been Speaker of the California State Assembly since 1961. He is considered the most powerful state legislative leader in the United States, and some think him the nation's most brilliant politician.

When he first became a political force, Unruh looked and perhaps acted the part of the backroom wheeler-dealer. He was large of girth, smoked big cigars, and was called, inevitably, "Big Daddy." That sobriquet seemed odious to the man on whom it was tagged, and he ultimately starved himself to a reasonably svelte figure, assembled a new and stylish wardrobe, and threw away the cigars.

Long before Reagan, Unruh warned about a public sentiment to check California's headlong rush to build and spend on so grand a scale. Even though they were of the same party, Unruh held former Governor Brown's programs in rein, an action that has rankled deep in Brown's memory. The ex-Governor has called Unruh "the principal architect of our defeat." Unruh would like to see a legislature that would not stoop to drawing party lines. The statesmanlike terms of Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren are still recalled with nostalgia there.

So far, Unruh has handled Governor Reagan with deference and care. Political observers like to point to the relationship in the 1950s between President Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson, then

—*Wide World.*

Unruh—"If they make some mistakes down there . . . ."

the Senate Majority Leader. Although Unruh, like the Governor, is a member of the Regents of the University of California, and even though he attended a breakfast meeting with a number of the chancellors and Regents which preceded the Governor's appearance at the Regents meeting in July, Unruh did not appear at the meeting itself, one at which the Governor once more tilted with the academic community.

Although he thinks California is an impossible place in which to plan a future, he unabashedly eyes the governor's chair. "If they make some mistakes down there," he says, indicating the Governor's ground-floor office, "and if Reagan runs real hard for President and misses, then by that time the people might reason that the placebo nongovernment isn't meeting the problems and cutting the costs. At that point they might decide a man of experience would be properly fitted for the job."

Quick of mind, jowly of jaw, Unruh flashes humor that strikes like lightning shafting out of a cloudless sky. Married at twenty-one, he has five children, professes few dreams of Washington. "I'm considerably more oriented towards the governorship. I think we have far and away the most sophisticated state legislature in the nation, even more so perhaps than the Congress. It is well staffed, well officed, and well paid."

The reception room to Unruh's suite of offices bustles with conviviality and purpose. A radio plays softly. A Negro secretary serves coffee to waiting callers. The Speaker's own domain is hung with the art of experimental modernists, but he himself is the centerpiece, dipping and wheeling in a high-backed swivel chair.

Unruh sees himself as a "chronic problem solver," one who is "less concerned with ideologies than solutions." Still, he regularly visits campuses, where he expounds political theory and practice. He gives ten to twenty university lectures every year. This year's tour will take him to Connecticut, North Carolina, Indiana, Johns Hopkins, and Emory. And he gives half a dozen lectures a year at Rutgers. A few years ago he was Chubb Fellowship lecturer at Yale, and the State Department has sent him on a lecture tour of colleges and universities in Asia.

Were he to leave public office, Unruh thinks he would find a home in the university community. At forty-four, with a sharply honed mind, and a trim new figure, Jesse Unruh seems hardly ready for campus retirement.

3. George Murphy: *The Old Soft Shoe*

NO LESS jaunty at sixty-five than he was when he danced with that other California politician, Shirley Temple, in a picture called *Little Miss Broadway*, George Murphy, the junior Senator from California, is a Yale man "Class of '25, Sheff.," he says. He made the short run from New Haven, where he was born on July 4, 1902, to Broadway. A year after graduating from such a revered temple of learning, he was dancing in *Good News*, and later in *Hold Everything*, *Roberta*, and *Of Thee I Sing*. Ten years after college he was appearing with Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, and Ann Sothern in a film called *Kid Millions*, his first picture. Commenting on his duet with Miss Sothern, Louella Parsons wrote, "Crosby had better watch out." It was the only clipping Murphy ever saved.

Although he never retired Crosby, Murphy in 1964 made short work of the political career of Pierre Salinger, a candidate with a national name, international experience, and a strong Kennedy tie. Like Governor Reagan, Murphy is a party switcher, having flipped from "dormant Democrat to active Republican." He was attracted to politics by Frank Murphy when the former Michigan governor became Attorney General of the United States in 1939. In Hollywood, George Murphy came to the conclusion that the nation was veering toward a socialist system of appointees and away from duly elected representatives. "The Executive [Branch] was

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taking over the prerogatives of the Legislative," he said. Now, as a Senator, he sees bills come from the White House with strict instructions to the Majority Leader that they must in no way be altered, and, though many bills are altered, he feels his suspicions are confirmed.

With a number of Republican friends in Hollywood he organized his first political committee, a group called "We the People for Wilkie." Since then he has been a delegate to five national conventions and "in charge of two and a half." The half derives from one convention at which the lady in charge told him, "Thank goodness you're here," kissed him fervently, and disappeared from the hall.

As soon as the mourning period for President Kennedy was over, Murphy piled into his station wagon with his twenty-seven-year-old son and they toured the state, going from the primary fight right into the Senatorial campaign. "I was no longer a reticent flower waiting for someone else to do it," he says. Walt Disney, a close friend and backer, had told him that if he could talk to enough people he would be elected. He campaigned on broad issues: "The government belongs to the people and elected representatives are there to work the will of the people"; "foreign aid ought to be cut by one-third and a new system organized to make sure aid money goes to the purposes for which it was intended." He does not favor abolishing the U.N. or even withdrawing from it, but he thinks the members ought to obey the rules under which it was set up.

While he doesn't like political labels, his views are in complete accord with those of Ronald Reagan, whom he preceded as president of the Screen Actors' Guild and whom he persuaded to enter politics. His voting record in the Senate, judged recently by computer, revealed that he voted with the majority opinion of Republican Senators more than any other Senator. "That makes me Mainstream Murphy," he says, "Jack Javits notwithstanding. Javits likes to call himself the enunciator of moderate policies."

What he has seen as a Senator only bears out what he feared as a politically conscious actor, says Murphy. "Some records read like Gilbert and Sullivan. We build grain elevators three miles from any road and then have to give them another $5,000,000 to build the road to get to the grain elevator. We build hospitals where the ground is underwater six months of the year." He would be in favor of giving engineering expertise along with foreign aid and then installing management to oversee the spending.

There are many rumors that Murphy is incurably ill. He did undergo a cancer operation under his left vocal chord late last winter. It left with him a white scar and a hoarseness which his doctors assure him will disappear. He is jaunty about that, too. The hoarseness is handy, he says: "Now I can imitate Dirksen. It may also eventually bring about wiring the Senate chamber for sound."

There is no question that actors who have been in the public eye benefit from their exposure—"an influence," as Murphy readily admits, "that could be for good or evil." Of his dancing partner of thirty years ago, Murphy has wistful memories and fond hopes. "God, she was cute and smart," he says of Shirley Temple. "If she runs for Congress from San Mateo, I think she'd be very good."

Murphy and Temple—"If she runs for Congress, I think she'd be very good."

4. Thomas Kuchel: *The Middleman*

IT IS a peculiar irony that Thomas H. Kuchel, the Senate Republican whip, was born in Anaheim, the center of California's Orange County radical right. The senior Senator, who is up for election next year, is a middle-of-the-road moderate—some would call him a left-of-the-road liberal—and, as he himself puts it, "there are certain self-styled California Republicans to whom I am anathema."

Senator Kuchel has not always played the party game. He refused to endorse Barry Goldwater, gave no support to George Murphy in his successful run for the Senate, and backed George Christopher, ex-mayor of San Francisco, over Reagan in the primary. There were those among the architects of the Reagan blitzkrieg who will never forget or forgive, and even though Governor Reagan has called for a détente and for party unity, there is certain to be a sharp fight for Kuchel's seat next year. A leading contender may well be Max Rafferty, the right-leaning state education director [see page 63], on whom Kuchel lavishes little affection. If Rafferty is the candidate, he will surely have the support of the Orange County ultras. Of them Kuchel says, "There are some supernationalists who want to repeal the federal income tax, and who want to get out of the United Nations. They say they are Republicans and they criticize me for my Republicanism. I say they are not Republicans."

The question will be whether California has truly shifted to the right in the five years since Kuchel was last elected, and whether a California Republican in the Hiram Johnson-Earl Warren mold can still carry the state.

While he does not wish to make a premature announcement of candidacy, it is no secret that Kuchel would rather be in the Senate than in almost any other position, private or public. A year ago, he was offered the presidency of the Motion Picture Association, a plum later plucked by former Presidential assistant Jack Valenti. The job pays $175,000 annually for ten years. Kuchel turned it down to stay in the Senate. "I have enough money to get along with," he has said. "That's no problem. The work I do in Washington is stimulating. I don't think there is a better occupation for any man than being in the United States Senate."

A graduate of the University of Southern California, a lawyer and former na-

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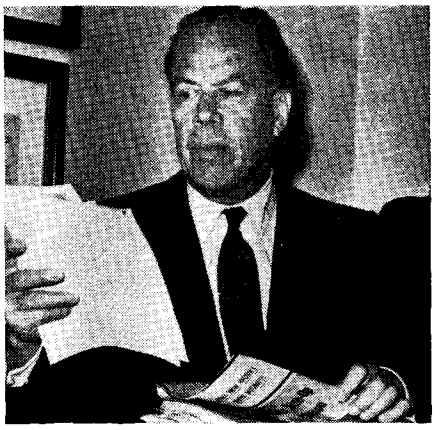
val officer, Kuchel was a state assemblyman from Orange County at the age of twenty-six, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee at thirty, the youngest man ever to hold that key position. He was first appointed to the Senate by Governor Warren to fill a vacancy in 1953. The following year he was elected to the office, and in 1962 he carried all of California's fifty-eight counties and ran up a majority of more than 700,000 votes.

Although the Senator contends that the polls show him maintaining his popularity, he admits, "There is room for improvement in Kuchel as a politician." It is certainly a legitimate worry to his adherents whether a state that has so recently elected such an avowed conservative as Reagan can, so soon afterward, return to the Senate a Republican of Kuchel's middle-roading position.



—*Wide World.*

Kuchel—"some to whom I am anathema."

5. Samuel Yorty: *Maverick Angel*

AT THE MOMENT nothing would be more likely to persuade Sam Yorty to stand for a third term as Mayor of Los Angeles than the announcement that Otis Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, had decided to enter the race. The *Times*, which in its time has both backed and opposed Yorty—and has lately nipped him about the ankles—is not a popular subject at the Mayor's press conference in the tall, white city hall not far from the newspaper's offices. "Otis could bring his pal Bobby Kennedy here and I'd welcome that," he was saying not long ago. "I did not know they were so palsy-walsy, shooting the rapids together, and Bobby being a house guest. That supplies a missing link."

In addition to his vendetta with Chandler and the *Times*, Yorty thinks less than kindly thoughts about Bobby Kennedy, who, with Abraham Ribicoff, severely criticized Yorty at a Senate subcommittee hearing investigating big-city problems. Yorty, who holds favor with President Johnson and has even been suggested as his next running mate, thought he was being caught in a crossfire between Kennedy and the President, and said so at a press conference. Other observers, perhaps less charitable or more realistic, remembered that, though a Democrat, Yorty in 1960 endorsed Richard Nixon over John Kennedy. Yorty felt that Nixon would have had California's best interests at heart, and he supports that theory today by recalling that Kennedy placed some of NASA's contracts in Boston and contributed to the new NASA eminence in Houston.

—*Wide World.*

Yorty—"It all depends on next year."

"We are always having our defense contracts challenged by people who want them passed out on a dole basis rather than on competitive bidding," Yorty points out. "It's a more important matter to the economy of California than any other state in the union." While he may have favored electing a California President, Yorty's pro-Nixon stand in 1960 came only after Johnson lost the nomination to Jack Kennedy. Yorty had been a strong Johnson booster, a fidelity that derived from his warm friendship for Sam Rayburn which had flowered during Yorty's term in the Congress.

An avowed maverick who warms to political scrimmage, Yorty has been both a state legislator and a Washington Congressman. In one role or another he has supported such diverse legislation as the establishment of a state un-American activities committee and an investigation and an attempt to exclude alien Japanese fishermen from California waters before Pearl Harbor. Just before the war he ran for the Senate on a platform that called for immediate intervention in the war against Hitler. Called a warmonger, he was beaten by Hiram Johnson, the incumbent. In the war Yorty became an intelligence officer in the Pacific, and the photograph of him in Groucho Marx moustache standing behind MacArthur the day the Japanese surrendered aboard the *Missouri* remains a prized memento in his office.

After he had won a seat in the House, he abandoned it to race against Republican moderate Thomas Kuchel for the Senate. It was the year Goodwin J. Knight swept in on a Republican landslide, and Yorty was 200,000 votes short of his opponent. When he beat Norris Poulson, the Harold Lloyd-looking incumbent who almost sent Khrushchev home in a fury during the Soviet Chairman's American tour, Yorty became the first Democratic mayor the city had seen for forty years.

Conscious of his TV image, Yorty has shaved off his moustache, looking, with his high cheekbones and handsome rugged face, like a Marlboro man who has come in from the mesquite and been tamed in city ways. Short, well-groomed, and perfectly tailored, he roams the world widely, coming home to dote on all the Rotarian-like trappings of meeting and greeting which his office entails. In a bizarre city of an often bizarre state, it perhaps is not unusual that the Mayor should have his own TV program. It is aired weekly over KHJ, a local station owned by RKO. His million viewers tune in each week to see His Honor interviewing Phyllis Diller, Cassius Clay, John Wayne, or Danny Thomas—all of whom have appeared on the show. There probably has been nothing like it since Fiorello LaGuardia read the comics over the New York radio.

Next year the Senate seat which Yorty lost to Kuchel becomes open again. It has been said that Kuchel may have to battle Max Rafferty, a right-wing educator who is supported by William Penn Patrick, a cosmetic manufacturer himself nominated for Vice President on the Patriotic Party ticket. The nominee for Patriotic Party President is George Wallace.

Yorty weighs all that and wonders. He made a halfhearted try for governor last year, entering the primaries against Brown and polling a million votes to Brown's 1,300,000 without even leaving the city overnight. Even Sacramento, with its relative nearness to his comfortable hilltop house (once owned by Mickey Rooney) in the San Fernando Valley, doesn't seem to have much more attraction than Washington. Yorty has lived in both.

"It all depends so much on what happens next year," he says. "From a personal standpoint I question the idea of going back to Washington. I like it much better in Los Angeles. Besides, in Washington I would be one of a hundred U.S. Senators, and a freshman at that." The warmth of Southern California was still working its wonders, even for the Mayor of Los Angeles.

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California: The Experimental Society

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Wallace Stegner, who contributes the editorial for this special issue, is the well known novelist and professor of creative writing at Stanford.*

"A PUTTY CULTURE," as Neil Morgan calls it in this California issue of *SR*, is Innovationville, not Traditionburg. Its motto, "Why not?"—a question that one of Arthur Koestler's heroines asks herself while wearily submitting to rape—applies even in her sense; but in California the question is more often hopeful or exhilarated than weary. Why not? It might work.

In this experimental society nothing, as William Wilson remarks in his perceptive essay on California art, is forbidden; by the same token, nothing is formed. If the history of America is the history of an established culture painfully adapting itself to a new environment, and being constantly checked, confused, challenged, or overcome by new immigrations, then the history of California is American history *in extremis*.

Like the rest of America, California is unformed, innovative, ahistorical, hedonistic, acquisitive, and energetic—only more so. Its version of the Good Life, its sports, pleasures, and comforts, are increasingly copied by the envious elsewhere. It creates an art and literature as nervous, permissive, and superficial as itself. It has its own intensified version of the Brain Drain, borrowing both ideas and the men who generate them.

It borrows from everywhere—in nothing is it so American. And in one of its more recent borrowings it fulfills a continental promise. It is the last leg of the journey of Europe toward Asia.

A hundred years ago the geopolitical Manifest Destinarian William Gilpin cried exultantly, "Asia is found and become our neighbor!" Neighbor indeed. It has been our enemy three times within a single generation, and it is also our guru, under the California bo tree. Asian influence is no longer confined to an occasional swami such as Sri Pravananda or Krishna Murthi. Now whole blocks of Hippieville devoutly read the Tibetan Book of the Dead, Alan Watts interprets Zen to the willing, the poets Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder walk each his version of the Left Hand Path, there is a Zen house of contemplation in the Santa Lucia Mountains near Tassajara Hot Springs. One of my recent students is a monk there—an immigrant Californian from Ithaca, New York.

Distaste for Puritan and industrial society is nearly universal among American youth. In California it is closer to hatred—and it does not matter much whether the extremists are Activist or Hippie, New Left or Far Out. The important fact is that California was an early hotbed for both, and remains so. The thousands of teen-aged runaways flocking to San Francisco in the summer of 1967 are a testimonial to that continued attraction, as well as a demonstration of how sadly social the ills of an antisociety can become. Haight-Ashbury has every ghetto ill—poverty, malnutrition, illegitimacy, drug addiction, suicide, mental disorder, and venereal disease, which youth has made into California's No. 1 public health problem.

The hippie aberration, which anyone with a sense of history has to see as a newer, younger variety of romantic bohemianism, is only one response—an overpublicized one—to California's extreme permissiveness. It is common for immigrants to try to mold themselves to the new conditions, with a desperate yearning to be in, to belong. But when the new condition is as unstable as a dust devil or a strobe-light happening, then many immigrants are going to be thrown back on the conventional and the known. The more experimental and permissive the moral, artistic, political, and social Left, the more the Right backs up in its ruts, high-centering itself on attitudes hallowed by the example of Ulysses S. Grant and Mrs. Grundy.

The man in the middle may be tempted to cry a curse on both their houses, for both extremes hinder the growth of a tradition that might stabilize the society and foster a sense of community in its swollen cities and its creeping slurbs. (William Wilson thinks of them as crabgrass; I have always thought of them as a sort of impetigo.) Having welcomed unlimited growth, the state has the most acute growth problems anywhere. Some Californians have begun to look on growth not as a good but as an active evil, ruinous for people and land.

Like other civilizations that have set out to build a future, California will eventually discover that it has created a past. When it does become aware of its past, which it will not do until its growth is drastically slowed, then it will also find that it has at least a rudimentary tradition, linking it to much that in its brash youth it rejected. Awareness of a tradition is an automatic brake on permissiveness—and restriction and limitation are as basic to civilization as energy and daring.

It will be tragic if social order and stability are imposed by the Raffertys, the Reagans, and the lockjaw Right of Orange County. It could be equally unfortunate if the Gary Snyders succeed in their aim of leaving not one value of the old order standing. In the experimental society everything is permitted, but not everything works. When that discovery is made, the society has tempered innovationism with tradition, even convention.

Meantime, California is a state in which it is at times almost intolerable to live. I know people who are moving out rather than rear their children there. Yet other places, by comparison, seem lesser, smaller, duller, less promising, less exciting. For this is indeed where the future will be made—is already being made, with all the noise, smog, greed, energy, frequent wrong-headedness, and occasional greatness of spirit that are so American and so quintessentially Californian.

—WALLACE STEGNER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Perils of Population

THANK YOU for Stewart Udall's long-overdue article, "Our Perilous Population Implosion" [*SR*, Sept. 2]. At this moment when some believe the time of decline and fall of the United States is at hand, it is gratifying to learn that someone in Washington is concerned about our society.

But what can my neighbors and I possibly do to help when governing policies, both social and political, seem entrenched in the very opposites of Mr. Udall's concluding statements: "Bigger is not better; Slower may be faster; Less may well mean more." Have we reached an impasse?

THOMAS R. PULSIFER.

New York, N.Y.

SECRETARY UDALL'S sensitive and moving plea for a conscious management of one of our most pressing social problems raises the question of just how much mankind can master social forces which bring about cultural change. In spite of all we know about social change, we are faced with two basic questions:

1) To what extent can modern social science, with its somewhat ponderous equipment, maintain the flexibility of application which is necessary to deal with unexpected emergent forces in social change? The events of the past summer have shown us the necessity of both flexibility and sensitivity—neither of which we were prepared to demonstrate.

2) To what extent does the would-be changer become himself changed in the process of society's development? Planning involves a certain assurance that given values and goals are durable and valid.

There is no question that all of us are involved in a process of change with which we must interact, whether consciously or not, and which will change us and our culture whether we plan it or not.

RUTH C. WEST.

Princeton, N.J.

SECRETARY UDALL'S ARTICLE on population implosion was easily the best analysis of the problem I have read. Far and away the most pressing problem of man is his number.

There will have to be a radical change in man's attitude toward his—and his fellow man's—family size. A vastly greater share of national resources will have to be channeled in this direction by every government before we can begin to master the situation.

INAYAT LALANI, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

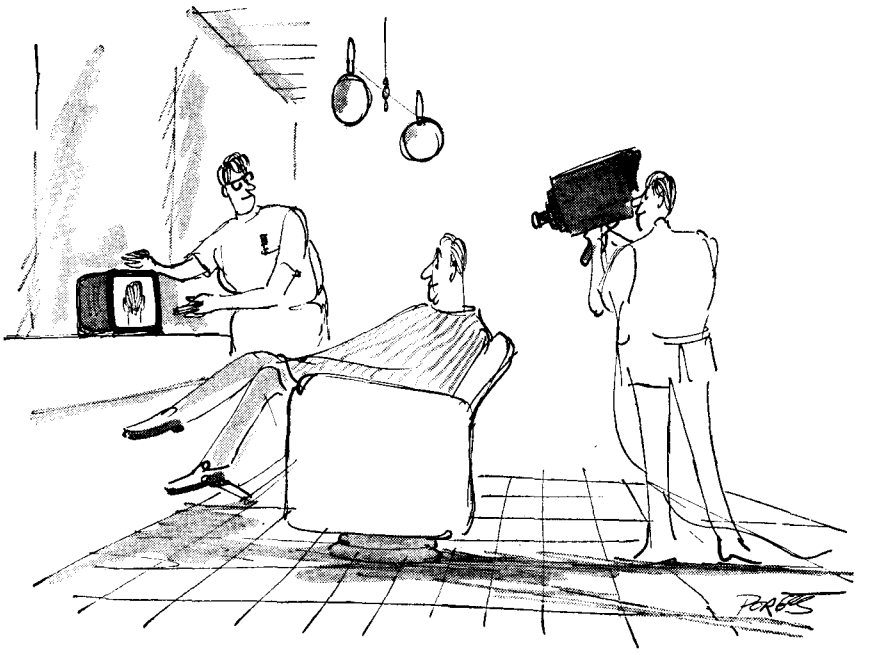
SECRETARY UDALL has sparked a little flame of hope for us all with his suggestions, but they will be useless unless people are willing to change, and quickly.

SEAN DUDLEY.

San Jose, Calif.

Is It Art?

AS AN ARTIST, I am moved to say bravo to Sylvia Angus for her excellent definition of art in her article, "'It's Pretty, But Is It Art?'" [*SR*, Sept. 2].



She has done all serious creative artists a service by defining clearly the fact that art, to be art, must be a controlled product of the artist's experience and that the artist's every experiment (although experimentation is of paramount importance) need not be imposed upon an already nervous and suspect public.

ROSA ARCHIBALD.

Cincinnati, O.

AS MRS. ANGUS is aware, it is not easy to define art in the twentieth century. I would suggest that her particular esthetic perspective is a severely limited one, and will no doubt serve as ammunition for the hordes of philistines and artistic reactionaries who so often impede genuine creativity.

Quite rightly, she points out that her definition of art excludes most of the contemporary art scene in America. But it is absurd to conclude from this that our artists are not producing "art"; it is the definition which is in need of repair.

Art is not merely "experience"; no one has ever claimed this. The experiences of everyday life are far too utilitarian in nature to be called art. An artistic experience is an essentially creative one, which is initiated as an end in itself. Delimited definitions such as Mrs. Angus's are actually repressive.

DAVID PAUL GONTAR,
Lake Forest College.

Lake Forest, Ill.

Contracts Declined

THANK YOU for N.C.'s editorial, "Research and Re-sensitization" [*SR*, Aug. 5], and for the many good and important editorials in preceding issues.

It is unfortunate that he mentions two contracts held by the University of Pennsylvania *after* all the soul-searching done by the University's administration and faculty, and after the decision (made by the trustees of the university) not to renew these contracts and not to sign any new ones.

GORDON HUBEL,
Director,
The University Press,
University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Food from the Sea

I HAVE JUST READ with greatest interest R.L.T.'s editorial, "Plankton, Sardinella, and the Monsoon" [*SR*, Sept. 2].

For myself, and on behalf of my organization, allow me to express our appreciation of your continuing interest in the struggle to free men everywhere from hunger.

HAROLD A. VOGEL,
North American Representative,
Food and Agriculture Organization
of the United Nations.

Washington, D.C.

Wrong Affiliation

I WAS quite pleased to see my comments on the New York lottery in AS OTHERS SEE US [*SR*, Aug. 12]. Unfortunately, I have a complaint to make. I am the correspondent in New York of *El Espectador* of Bogotá, Colombia, and quite proud of being so. But you had me as belonging to *El Tiempo*, our principal competitor in that country.

MYRIAM LUZ,
Associate Editor, *Buenhogar.*

New York, N.Y.

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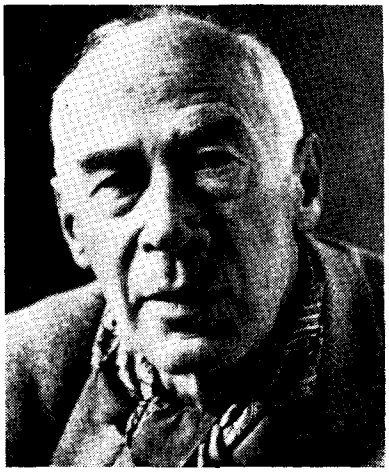
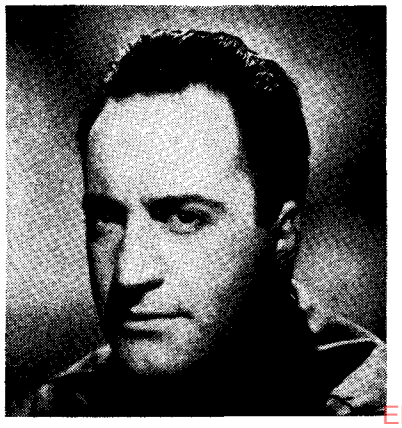
Britten

Miller



Schoenberg

Saroyan



Creators in a Creative Society

By HENRI TEMIANKA

I FIRST moved to Los Angeles sometime during 1943, after living in San Francisco since the outbreak of World War II. Los Angeles at that time had no freeways, no smog, no TV, no jets, no modern airport, no Disneyland, no Music Center, no giant electronics and space industries, and no civic pride. There were very few native Angelenos or even Californians. The standard joke described Los Angeles as "six suburbs in search of a city." What the joke revealed more than anything was the small thinking of the jokesters, none of whom seemed to realize that a megalopolis of 100 suburbs was about to explode right underneath their feet.

In that antediluvian Los Angeles of only two decades ago there lived many notable exiles, like Candide, quietly cultivating their little gardens and contemplating the vast cultural vacuum around them. They were *in* Los Angeles, but not *of* it. Otto Klemperer, the great German conductor, in his less poetic moments referred to Los Angeles as "a toilet in the desert." Like Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and a host of other musicians of varying degrees of eminence, he lived, or vegetated, in Los Angeles. Almost all were exiles from Hitlerism or war, drawn to the beatific somnolence, the eternal spring of Los Angeles, perhaps because of its very contrast with the cataclysm that had engulfed the world outside.

The sunbathed hills of the western suburbs, including Santa Monica and Pacific Palisades, were dotted with the homes of writers whose books had been burned in Germany: Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Bruno Frank, Bertolt Brecht, Lion Feuchtwanger, Emil Ludwig, and Heinrich Mann, the elder brother of Thomas. There was also an English colony that included such luminaries as Aldous Huxley, Charles Laughton, and Charles Chaplin. They were exiles of a different kind. And there were other cultural ambassadors in exile from a dozen countries, if not more: Bruno Walter from Vienna, the Spaniard José Iturbi, Artur Rubinstein from Poland, and a whole covey of Frenchmen spearheaded by Charles Boyer and Jean Renoir.

It is one of the bitter ironies of history that Los Angeles, only twenty years ago, had neither the necessary cohesion nor the sense of purpose to make creative use of the great minds who had come to seek shelter. If Los Angeles had any characteristic at all, it was its unlimited indifference and passive benevolence toward anything and anybody.

Schoenberg for a while taught at UCLA, but ceased to be useful on his sixty-fifth birthday, in accordance with time-honored academic usage. Heifetz, according to a story that was widely circulated at the time, wrote to UCLA expressing his interest in teaching there. In reply, he is said to have received a routine communication stating: "We regret to inform you that we have no vacancies in our music department at the present time."

Los Angeles did not have all the talent. There was Benjamin Britten in Escondido, Robinson Jeffers in Carmel, Henry Miller in Big Sur, Ernest Bloch in Berkeley, Darius Milhaud at Mills College in Oakland, Yehudi Menuhin in Los Gatos, Isaac Stern and Pierre Monteux in San Francisco.

OUR Los Angeles exile was the most delightful exile imaginable. Every Sunday, around 4 o'clock, we met either at Charles Laughton's house or ours. Laughton had only recently become interested in reading the Bible, Shakespeare, and Dickens, motivated in part by an almost obsessive fear that his fame as a movie star might not endure. There were Gargantuan feasts of great literature, music, good fellowship, food and drink, and discussions that went on until 3 and 4 in the morning. Laughton, addicted to patched blue denims, sat cobbler-fashion in a big overstuffed chair, a martini in one hand and a book in the other. Or he might lie on the floor on his ample belly, or stand by the fire and toss off a few lines of gallant French verse. He also had the best Danish cook in town.

We played late Beethoven Quartets, occasionally joined by violinist Joseph Szigeti, who drove in from Palos Verdes, one of Los Angeles's more remote suburbs, but not as remote as his native Budapest. Thomas Mann and Feuchtwanger occasionally read from their manuscripts. Once, the dining table was

Founder and director of the California Chamber Symphony, Henri Temianka has appeared as violin soloist or guest conductor with major orchestras in Europe and the Americas. He also is professor of music at the California State College, Long Beach.

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pushed aside to make room for a dancing display by Paul Draper, who unexpectedly dropped in. And one Sunday afternoon at the Feuchtwangers, Charlie Chaplin held the floor explaining his concept of Hamlet.

We were living in a Shangri-La of our own making. And the Los Angeles of twenty years ago and its celebrated exiles have vanished like a mirage. Most of them are dead. A few, like Chaplin, bowed out during the McCarthy era. The indestructible Stravinsky is one of the few remaining landmarks of that bygone era.

Today, those who do not live in Los Angeles, and even those who do, have difficulty in understanding the difference between what is and what was; among other things, the fantastic growth and the curious split and distinction between the city and the county of Los Angeles. The latter includes the former, but there is a considerable amount of overlapping, intertwining, and rivalry. The county covers an incredible smorgasbord of formerly isolated communities—it would be more realistic to call it Greater Los Angeles. The creation of this monster has proceeded in reverse order. The communities came first, and the umbilical cord, in the form of the all-ensnarling freeways, came last.

AS a result of this revolutionary reversal of the normal biological procedure, it is hardly surprising that the inhabitants of Greater Los Angeles, or rather Los Angeles County, have no overwhelming sense of obligation or loyalty toward their habitat, particularly as so few of them are natives. The prevailing attitude is not "What can I do for my county?" but "What can my county do for me?" The results speak for themselves. The total anarchy of Los Angeles's previous "architecture" has been followed by an equally horrible conformity, imposed by the ruthless builders of communities of tract houses. The mechanized rape and onslaught by armies of bulldozers has laid bare the hills and the countryside, uprooting thousands of stately trees. No city I have ever seen has proportionately so few public parks and playgrounds. No civic master plan seems to be in effect other than the spawning of more freeways to enable more automobiles to produce more smog until the entire population will have to wear gas masks, or die.

The two decades since World War II have witnessed a revolution of cosmic proportions. Gone are the fears and beliefs embodied in the pithy limericks of the fainthearted Forties:

> There was a young lady named Wild
> Who managed to stay undefiled
> By thinking of Jesus,
> Contagious diseases,
> And the danger of having a child.

Contagious diseases are now controlled by antibiotics; the prospect of pregnancy by the Pill; and confidence in the existence of a heavenly Pentagon has been badly shaken by both of these developments plus spatial exploration. But it is not merely confidence in the forces up there that has been shaken. The young people of California no longer seem to believe in the voices of the angels down here—the older angels, at any rate. A gaping chasm separates the old generation from the young. There are far more old people than young at concerts and plays. The Ford Foundation may subsidize the orchestras, but unless it also subsidizes the audience, the performers will survive the public.

Public concerts may well be a dying art form, in California as elsewhere. Statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, live bodies have to be dragged into concert halls by dint of energetic women's committees slugging away at the job, using perforce old-fashioned promotional methods which are no match for the verbal saturation bombing to which the motion picture industry has conditioned us. The fact that a few thousand faithful patrons, always the same, support and attend musical events from one end of the megalopolis to the other, only accentuates the total indifference of the millions.

In Los Angeles, the vast distances constitute a further impediment to the growth of cultural togetherness. The whole area having been turned into one huge autopia, virtually devoid of public transportation, the majority of potential playgoers and concertgoers choose TV and hi-fi over the hazards of driving, compounded by the desperate search for a parking lot that does not have the "FULL sign" out.

Governor Reagan has stated, literally, that he is not in the business of "subsidizing intellectual curiosity." I believe him. There are many people in California firmly committed to the plain, old-fashioned business philosophy that anything that cannot pay for itself should be allowed to die. By this yardstick, Mozart, Van Gogh, and Walt Whitman were bums; and the Vatican and St. Peter's could have been built only on condition that they bore the donors' names.

Although there are rumors to the contrary, culture in California is expendable. The British Arts Council, during the fiscal year 1966-67, subsidized the arts in Great Britain to the tune of $20,160,000; the New York State Arts Commission in the same year provided its constituency $1,504,477. The budget of the California Arts Commission, for what is now the most populous state in the Union, was about one-tenth of that of New York State, namely $159,370. New York proposes to increase the budget of its

(*Continued on page* 96)

Steinbeck

Stravinsky

Klemperer

Huxley

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PENMEN OF THE GOLDEN WEST

1. Heritage of the Frontier

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

AS EVERY California schoolboy doubtless knows, the first book published in English dealing entirely with that state was *The History of Upper and Lower California* (1839), by Alexander Forbes, a British trader in Mexico. At the risk of showing off, advanced members of that same obnoxious schoolboys' class could make their teacher happy by instantly recalling that belles-lettres in California got off the ground as early as 1787 with Francisco Palóu's *Life and Labors of the Venerable Father Junípero Serra.* The rest of us, though, being not as bright or full of useless information as all that, would probably guess that writing in California began with Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

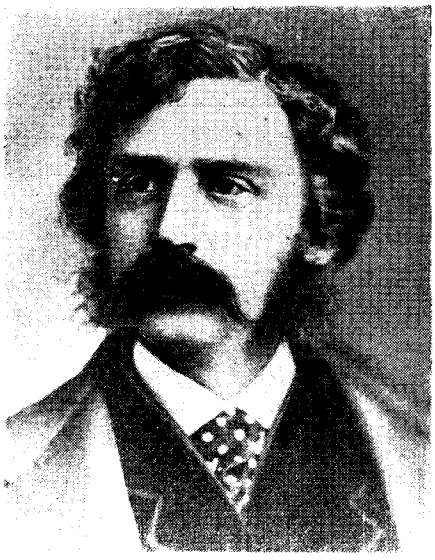
And, as far as really memorable writing goes, we would be correct. At least, the last time I was in California I didn't hear the names of the worthy Forbes and the pious Palóu being bandied about much in literary conversation, whereas Harte and Mark Twain are living presences still.

So, for that matter, are Robert Louis Stevenson—although he was there as a bird of passage—and Frank Norris, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, and even George Sterling and Gertrude Atherton, the latter thanks chiefly to her somewhat cantankerous reminiscences. Indeed, it is one of San Francisco's most engaging aspects that, in and around that wonderful city, authors are visibly remembered. In Portsmouth Square a granite shaft reminds Stevensonians that their frail, brave favorite once sat and dreamed there. In Oakland, on whose waterfront the young London drank and brawled, is Jack London Square. A bench on Russian Hill carries Sterling's name; you don't have to write a Sterling sonnet to sit on it. Characters from Harte's stories stroll in bronze down the Post Street side of the Bohemian Club. Driving through the Mother Lode country you pass one old mining camp after another that is happy to associate itself with the Harte stories, *M'liss, Tennessee's Partner, The Outcasts of Poker Flat.* And when you come to Angels' Camp in Calaveras County you find a whole town grateful to the peripatetic Missourian who holed up there one winter, made a jumping frog immortal, and in a matter of weeks was on the way to immortality himself.

Is it mere sentiment—or, as in the case of Angels' Camp, commerce—that keeps those names alive? Hardly. The last three years have brought new biographies of London, Bierce, and Harte, and a selection of London's letters. A dozen London titles are in *Paperbound Books in Print,* and in hardcover format half a dozen of his books are on the Macmillan backlist in New York, while a London publisher is issuing his works in a uniform series, an accolade reserved for writers who live beyond their time. He may be the most popular of all native California authors, as witness the 100,000 visitors who go annually to the Jack London State Historic Park in the Valley of the Moon. Not all of them, it is to be assumed, are moved only by curiosity. As for Mark Twain, he is, of course, timeless, and California can justly file a claim on him, for as a writer he approached maturity there—not without assistance from Bret Harte that he decently acknowledged, despite the bitterness that developed between them.

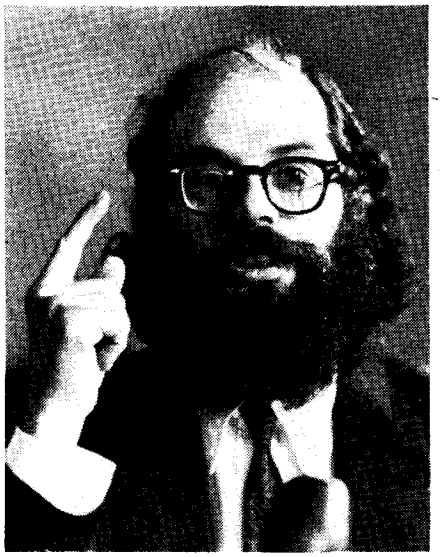
But that was to come later, and meanwhile one sees, looking back to the 1850s and 1860s, a literary life as vigorous as the enchanting, cosmopolitan city by the Golden Gate. Magazines of quality, the *Golden Era* and the *Californian,* flourished. In the *Overland Monthly,* Harte, its editor, persuaded himself to let his *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* appear, was pained by the derision it provoked locally, then rejoiced when Eastern approval informed him that he had struck it rich. Although academics today can scarcely bring themselves to

Former New York *Herald Tribune* book critic and Book-of-the-Month Club jurist, John Hutchens is an *SR* columnist.



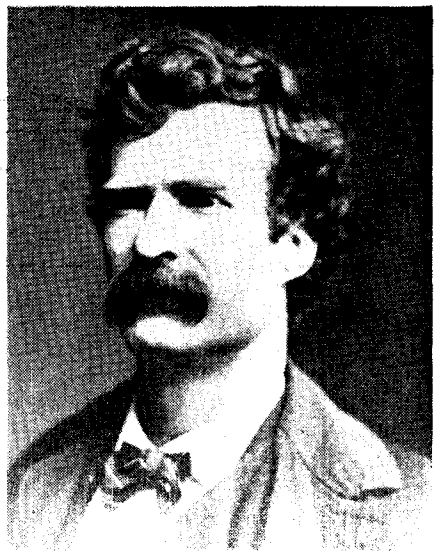
—Bettmann Archive.

Harte—living presence.



—Wide World.

Ginsberg—epoch starter.



—Bettmann Archive.

Twain—peripatetic Missourian.

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admit that he ever existed, even they grant that there are reasons for his continuing popularity: his spare and disciplined style, his creation of characters so real that Westerns have drawn upon them for a century. Once again Dr. Johnson's Common Reader has prevailed.

To that spirited Bohemia in 1866 came Bierce, the fierce one—Civil War veteran, misanthrope, macabre storyteller—who would remain its literary dictator for thirty-odd years, off and on, long after Mark Twain and Harte had left it. Like all professional journalists, if they live long enough, he wrote an appalling number of words that are better forgotten. But who, having read the best of his stories in *In the Midst of Life* and *Can Such Things Be?* could forget them, and who could fail to relish the wit and distilled venom of *The Devil's Dictionary*? ("Marriage: The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two.") To this day, in the work of certain free-wheeling columnists in California newspapers, his influence can be sensed, as if the bitter old man had left a heritage to be honored and used.

Lesser lights added in their several ways to the literary life. One may never have read a line of Charles Warren Stoddard's inferior prose and poetry and yet thank him for having stirred the imagination of the starving Scot, Stevenson, with his account of Tahiti. On his hilltop home in Oakland, Joaquin (Cincinnatus Heine) Miller, part poet, part showman, stomped about in his cowboy boots, frock coat, and ten-gallon hat, and was one of San Francisco's sights, like the cable cars. His complete opposite number, a young Bostonian and MIT graduate, Gelett Burgess, founded a magazine, the *Lark*, wrote a jingle for

(*Continued on page* 97)

2. *Renaissance by the Bay*

By KENNETH REXROTH

IN THE PAST thirty years California has undergone an economic, social, and cultural overturn very like that which has occurred in France since World War II. The comparison is extremely apt. California had very limited natural resources—little coal, no iron, not even much limestone—the three essentials of the iron and steel ages. Only agriculture, oil, lumber, transportation were major industries. The financial and business capital of San Francisco was still a provincial outlier of Wall Street and of La Salle Street in Chicago. Although California is supposed to have tipped the balance in the first Wilson Presidential election, the political influence of the state in Washington was largely neutralized by the North-South-East-Midwest balance of power politics. There was nothing in the state to make it important and central in the old industrial, pre-electronic economy.

Literary California reflected very accurately the state's economic provincialism. There had been a regional "renaissance," a minor example of the kind of provincial flowering best represented by Chicago and the Midwest in the early years of the century. This had been kicked off by the intense activity of the Gold Rush and very rapid settlement of the last and richest frontiers. By 1929 it had become an archaistic legend.

The best writers in Southern California wrote commercial fiction. Outstanding were Gordon Young, unfortunately stereotyped by his editors as the Conrad of the cowboys; Ernest Haycox; and, later, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and the first American science fiction writer who could be taken seriously, Ray Cummings. These people are still, in my opinion, the best Southern Californians. It is significant that they all died tragic deaths, lethally frustrated by the demands of the movies and commercial fiction.

With few exceptions, the Thirties contributed almost nothing to the California literary picture. California's most important writers on the international scene in those years were Yvor Winters and Gertrude Stein. Winters came to Stanford sometime around 1926 or 1927 and organized, out of the people who chanced to be his students in the next five years, the first breakthrough, or breakout. Ann Stanford, Howard Baker, J. V. Cunningham, and Janet Lewis (Mrs. Winters) are all accomplished, self-limited minor poets of the neoclassicist persuasion, and Ann Stanford, since she has broken away from Winters's influence, has become a very significant poet indeed.

In September 1939, that was about it. Sausalito, the Santa Cruz Mountains, and the *purlieux* of Babylon-in-the-Smog teemed, swarmed, and pullulated with money writers, anonymous except for the quick flash of a screen credit sandwiched between the electricians and the wigmakers, or colorful and erogenous dust jackets on the circulating library shelves. In Northern California most of the people who might have been writers on the Left in this period were practical day-to-day organizers, not of any political party but of the unemployed—the Negroes, the maritime industry, and agriculture.

The Second World War created the California Renaissance. It brought to the

Kenneth Rexroth, poet, essayist, literary historian, and critic, is author of *SR*'s continuing series, "Classics Revisited."

—*Grover Sales, Jr.*

Herbert Gold—literary local.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

London—life-hungry forerunner.

—*C. P. Noyes.*

Stegner—hardnosed teacher.

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state very large numbers of people with contemporary educations and tastes, and it created in San Francisco an atmosphere of international intellectual excitement not unlike that of wartime London. The fact that the community had no effective past and no literary markets whatsoever helped this along tremendously.

THE decisive factor in the forming of the San Francisco postwar cultural pattern was the location of the concentration camps for conscientious objectors in the mountains of the Pacific Coast. After endless troubles with the intellectuals scattered about the camps, Selective Service isolated them at Waldport on the rain-drenched coast of Oregon, in a special camp for the creative arts. Out of Waldport came a surprising number of the leading cultural institutions of postwar San Francisco—theaters, magazines, radio stations, cinema, music groups, and fine presses. Most of them endure today in one guise or another and have divided and subdivided and begotten progeny.

On leave, the people from the camps, and most especially Waldport, came down to San Francisco and made contact with the slightly older generation which preserved, all during the war and for several years thereafter, what was probably the largest anarchist circle ever to exist in the United States, the Randolph Bourne Council. Here they could be put in contact with similar people in England, or with French exiles in North Africa. This meant that, when war ended, San Francisco's connections with London, Paris, Tokyo, and Shanghai bypassed New York entirely and were much the stronger for it.

The total lack of commercial market meant that most literary activity took the form of poetry printed on small hand presses or, far more important, read aloud. Poetry readings were, for instance, a regular feature of the anarchist circle and were attended by 200 or more people, and several individuals held weekly seminars and readings in their homes.

The first poets of the now-famous San Francisco Renaissance were Robert Duncan, Philip Lamantia, and Brother Antoninus, then William Everson. All three were conscientious objectors—Duncan, heroically enough, after he had got in the Army. Everson taught himself to be one of the country's finest printers on an ancient press at Waldport. After the war other people began to appear. Kenneth Patchen moved to San Francisco. Henry Miller lived in Big Sur. Three little magazines of that period—*Circle*, edited by George Leite; *City Lights*, edited then by Pete Martin (the son of the famous anarchist Carlo Tresca who was assassinated in New York on the eve of the war); and *The Ark*, published by the San Francisco anarchist circle (not officially; it did nothing officially, even collect dues, or have officers)—were the first clear, organized expression of the international postwar culture on this side of the Atlantic.

About 1947 I met Lawrence Ferlinghetti in Paris. A year later he came to San Francisco and bought City Lights Bookshop from Pete Martin. James Broughton, Madeline Gleason, Jack Spicer, and Lew Welch were all working in San Francisco then. Other people gathered around—Michael McClure, John Wieners, Ron Lewinsohn, David Meltzer, Kirby Doyle, and little magazines and poetry readings proliferated in all directions. All these people have appeared off and on down the years on the cooperative radio station KPFA, the single most powerful cultural influence in the Bay Area.

ANOTHER was the San Francisco Poetry Center, founded by Madeline Gleason with the assistance of Robert Duncan and myself, and shortly thereafter housed by San Francisco State College and managed by Ruth Witt Diamant, a woman as dedicated and self-sacrificing as ever was *Poetry*'s Harriet Monroe, and considerably more open-minded. Both these institutions, incidentally, were importantly assisted by generous grants from the Rockefeller Foundation.

In 1956 and 1957, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and Jack Kerouac showed up in San Francisco. Until that time Ginsberg had been a rather conventional, witty poet influenced by his *landsman*, William Carlos Williams, and had been taught his letters at Columbia by Mark Van Doren, Lionel Trilling, and Jacques Barzun. He inhaled the libertarian atmosphere of San Francisco and exploded. He took part in the now historic reading at the Six Gallery, along with McClure, Lamantia, Ferlinghetti, myself, and two young men just down from Reed College in Oregon, Gary Snyder and Philip Whalen. Ginsberg read *Howl* and started an epoch.

It is significant that what the world thinks of as the San Francisco scene is almost completely dominated by poetry. McClure, Duncan, Ferlinghetti, and I have written plays. There are very few novels and even less criticism. Alan Watts lives in Marin County, and has had a profound influence on younger people hereabouts. Most writers of prose who live in Northern California are members of literary communities based elsewhere. Many, like the critic and biographer Mark Schorer, are really part of the New York Establishment, triangulated by the *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, and the *New York Review of Books*. Others, like Evan Connell, are by nature independent of groups. Tillie Olsen, once active in the labor movement, is likewise a remarkably original, autonomous writer. Similarly, Wallace Stegner, a potent influence at Stanford, has little to do with the San Francisco community. Ken Kesey, however, might be called a founding father of the local hippie community.

There have been novels by Ebbe Borregaard and several other younger people which, however good, have attracted little national notice. Jack Kerouac has lived in San Francisco just a few months, and the San Francisco scene of some of his novels is mostly a product of his imagination; only *The Dharma Bums* bears even the remotest relationship to reality. Probably the most important novelist who is part of the local literary community is Herbert Gold, who has become the most widely accepted exponent of San Francisco culture.

Stegner is a novelist of great merit. His local role has been that of a hard-nosed but immensely stimulating teacher of young writers. Collected stories by his students compare favorably with anthologies of all other college writers put together. Walter Van Tilburg Clark did a similar job at San Francisco State College for years, but has now left for the University of Nevada. The University of California at Berkeley lags far behind San Francisco State and Stanford in production of writers.

IN recent years a number of very interesting young Negro writers have appeared—the playwrights Ed Bullins and Marvin Jackmon, and the poet Welton Smith. There is a Black Arts group and another theater, the Aldridge Players. The real problem these people face is the lack of a Negro audience and the disinterest of the Negro middle class. In addition, a large number of writers live here or in Marin County or teach at the various colleges.

Southern California is so destructive an environment for a writer that it produces little of significance. The only people I know down there are old personal friends like Curtis Zahn (who intellectually is really part of the San Francisco group of the war generation), Gil Orlovitz, Ann Stanford, Lawrence Lipton, Robert Kirsch—who, besides having revolutionized the book section of the Los Angeles *Times*, is also a good novelist—and the poet Stuart Perkoff, who seems to have stopped writing. Peter Yates—critic, musician, and poet—is a dynamic culture agitator who has been responsible for some of the most creative activities in Southern California, mainly in music.

People come to the San Francisco region to get away from the literary marketplace and its cocktail wars, collect themselves, live an uninhibited life, and do creative work. People go to Los Angeles to make money. The money, alas, is snow money, and melts in the hand almost before you can sink it into a swimming pool.

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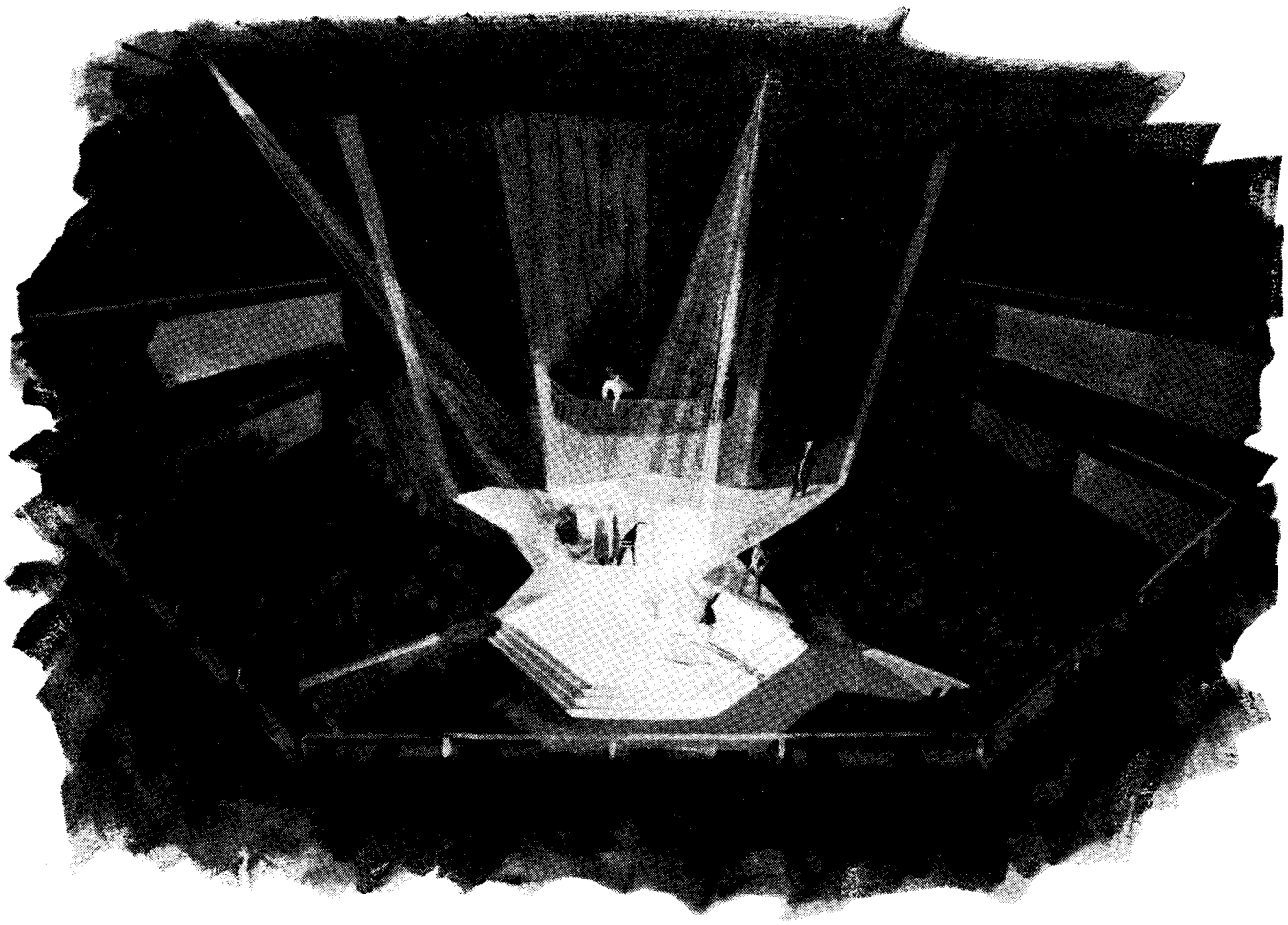

Sketch of architect Bertrand Goldberg's design for a new kind of theater to be built in La Jolla, California, next year

CALIFORNIA THEATER

LA JOLLA'S HOURGLASS STAGE

By HENRY HEWES

SEVERAL years back, the mayor of San Francisco met with Sir Tyrone Guthrie, who was seeking a city which would support the theater that eventually was built in Minneapolis, and confused him with a whiskey salesman. The same city failed to support one of the most distinguished of America's resident theater companies, the Actor's Workshop. Farther south, Los Angeles, despite its large and prosperous Hollywood populace, has never been known as a good theater town, and nearby Pasadena gradually allowed its once famous Pasadena Playhouse to deteriorate esthetically and financially. Why?

It has been suggested that the spread-out nature of its population and the sunny California weather may be inimical to serious theatergoing. In the last couple of years, however, there has been what seemed like a strong reversal of this trend. San Francisco has enthusiastically welcomed the homeless but joyously vital American Conservatory Theater. Stanford University has installed a first-rate resident theater company on its campus. Los Angeles has erected two legitimate theaters in a three-building complex, called The Music Center, and has sold more than 57,000 subscriptions to the larger one (the Ahmanson Theater), and 32,000 to the smaller (The Mark Taper Forum). It has set up a chapter of ANTA (American National Theater and Academy), which in August presented—free—in MacArthur Park, Michael Kahn's production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, with Diana Sands. And for the second straight summer its Huntington Hartford Theater has served as the initial tryout location for the three new productions the APA-Phoenix Repertory Company will take to the University of Michigan and New York.

Pasadena has appointed a new director, Albert McCleery, to resuscitate the Pasadena Playhouse, and already he has reduced the huge debt substantially. San Diego has continued to improve the quality of its National Shakespeare Festival (fully professional since 1960) at the intimate Old Globe Theater. And a second professional Shakespeare Festival is blooming at Santa Clara University.

IN addition to these positive signs, there are such vital groups as Andre Gregory's Inner City Repertory Company, Frank Silvera's American Theater of Being in Los Angeles, and the impudent San Francisco Mime Troupe and The Committee in San Francisco. And one can point out not only that *MacBird!*, the most outrageously entertaining item currently on view in New York, was written in the climate of the University of California at Berkeley in 1965, but also that the play most likely to cause an uproar in New York this fall is *The*

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Beard, written by Michael McClure, whom San Franciscans call "the king of the hippies."

In the long run, however, a new theater about to be built at La Jolla, just outside San Diego, may well bring more international attention and renown to California than any of its current theatrical achievements. For what this structure aims to be is a daring new extension of the open stage form. And the key figure in arriving at this extension is Michael Langham, who has conceived more productions on open stages than any other director in the world, including Guthrie.

WHAT Guthrie did was first to rediscover—through the necessity of having to perform in Edinburgh's Assembly Hall on a makeshift platform surrounded on three sides by spectators—that this form of stage could stimulate a different kind of theatrical experience than was possible on the conventional picture-frame stage. Then the great director had the vision and strength of will to persuade Stratford, Ontario, to build an improved version of this stage, in which the flow of action could be made more dynamic by the use of actors' entrance and exit tunnels leading directly to the two front corners of the stage. Ten years later, Guthrie endeavored to extend the open stage form further by attempting an asymmetrical open stage in Minneapolis.

Meanwhile, back at Stratford, Langham, who succeeded Guthrie as artistic director in 1955, has on the basis of experience had designers Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Brian Jackson modify the stage there to make it even more widely useful. Furthermore, there has been a discernible trend in his most recent productions toward a cinematic technique, in which the story of the play is not slowed by waiting for all the characters of one scene to get off the stage before commencing the next. Thus, when actor Gregory Peck, who is vice president of the Theatre and Arts Foundation of San Diego, came to him five years ago and asked if he would undertake the artistic directorship of a new theater to be built at La Jolla, Langham found himself with the opportunity to dream up a theater to suit his own philosophy and his own experience.

The soft-spoken director began by stipulating that this be a collaboration between him and an architect of his own choosing. Then he interviewed a number of American architects, finding many who said "yes" to his ideas, but who obviously were not touched by them, and would probably have said "yes" to something quite different. He finally found one, Bertrand Goldberg of Chicago, who seemed most closely to share his beliefs, and who wanted to collaborate in a shared venture rather than design something that would be a monument to an architect. From the outset, Langham and Goldberg agreed the predominant aspect of the La Jolla theater was not to be the technical one, but the enhancement of the very simple advantage that theater has over other media, not only of spontaneous creation between actor and audience—each moulding it, each contributing to it—but also of being a place where there is no technical barrier separating the flesh-and-blood player from the flesh-and-blood audience. The actor represented man; his platform, no matter what the shape, would symbolize the world.

On the basis of Langham's experience at Stratford and Chichester and his close rapport with the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis—the latter's managing director, Peter Zeisler, is working on the La Jolla project with him—it was concluded that this feeling could be best achieved on an open, or, as it is often called, a thrust stage. The director explains: "In a picture-frame theater the tendency is for the actor to pretend to play to his colleagues where in fact he is playing to the audience. On a thrust stage this is impossible. The actor is forced to play to his colleagues, and consequently the relationships that develop between characters tend to be deeper."

To achieve greater intimacy, the 1,500-seat theater will limit the orchestra seating to sixteen rows, and will have two balconies even closer to the stage. In order that the greatest impact of the actor be felt in the center of the audience rather than in its front three rows, as now happens, the auditorium will be cup-shaped, with the seats sloping down and then up. This will bring the head level of the actor even with the eye-level of a ninth-row spectator.

The Stratford stage has two drawbacks. One is the impossibility of quick appearance or disappearance by the actors, because the distance they must travel is too great. The other is the impossibility of an actor's finding a single position on the stage from which he can at a particular moment control with his eyes every seat in the house. The resolution of these two problems has gradually led the architect and the director to a new twist in theater architecture, the "hourglass stage."

The hourglass stage is really two stages joined by a bottleneck. One is the rear permanent stage (with a revolving floor for changing the background), and it is set sufficiently far away from the auditorium front so that the actor on it can command the entire audience. The other is a forestage composed of three-by-eight-foot hydraulically supported panels which permits the director to "push-button" the forestage into an infinite variety of patterns and elevations. Since each of these two stages is about half the size of the one at Stratford and each will have direct access from the front, the maximum distance an actor will have to travel before he is out of sight will be reduced to approximately half of what it would be on the Stratford stage. But more important esthetically may be the establishment in the audience's mind of one stage as the literal or external world, and the other as the imaginative or inner world. Hopefully, during those times the forestage is dark and empty, it will not distract the audience from what is taking place on the rear stage, and vice versa.

THE theater will be part of a complex that will also include a 350-seat studio theater, a 400-seat outdoor Greek amphitheater, and a University of California at San Diego theater for its drama department. Present plans call for the main theater (which may be named after its most substantial donor) to be completed in time for a four-play, twenty-two week season beginning in May 1969. Langham, who has a three-year contract as artistic director, will probably direct two of the plays. Since it will not be a Shakespeare Festival like the one at Stratford, there should be no conflict with the Old Globe Theatre. The plays will be a mixture of classical, modern revivals, and new works, performed by a professional company of forty, plus ten apprentices.

The project began with a far less ambitious program in 1954—namely, the raising of money to build a theater for the La Jolla Playhouse summer theater group headed by Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and Mel Ferrer. By 1962, through the hard work of the foundation's founder-president, Mrs. Marian Longstreth, some $850,000 had been raised, and a twelve-acre site on Torrey Pines Mesa adjacent to the university had been given by its Board of Regents. But in 1965 the university offered to provide a $1,500,000 matching fund to expand the plans into a much larger theater, of which it will have proportionate use. At this point, Robert O. Peterson, head of Foodmakers, Inc., became president of the foundation, and he has gone to work to raise the additional capital both to build the $4,600,000 complex and to furnish a reserve of $600,000 to sustain the theater through its first five years of operation.

Mr. Peterson expects most of the required money to come in very large donations from a small number of sources, not necessarily in San Diego. His strongest arguments to date are: that he himself plans to be one of those sources; Michael Langham's stature; the economic impact of similar theaters in Ontario and Minneapolis; and the foundation's determination to make this not just another theater, but a unique theater of international importance.

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COMPETITIVE,

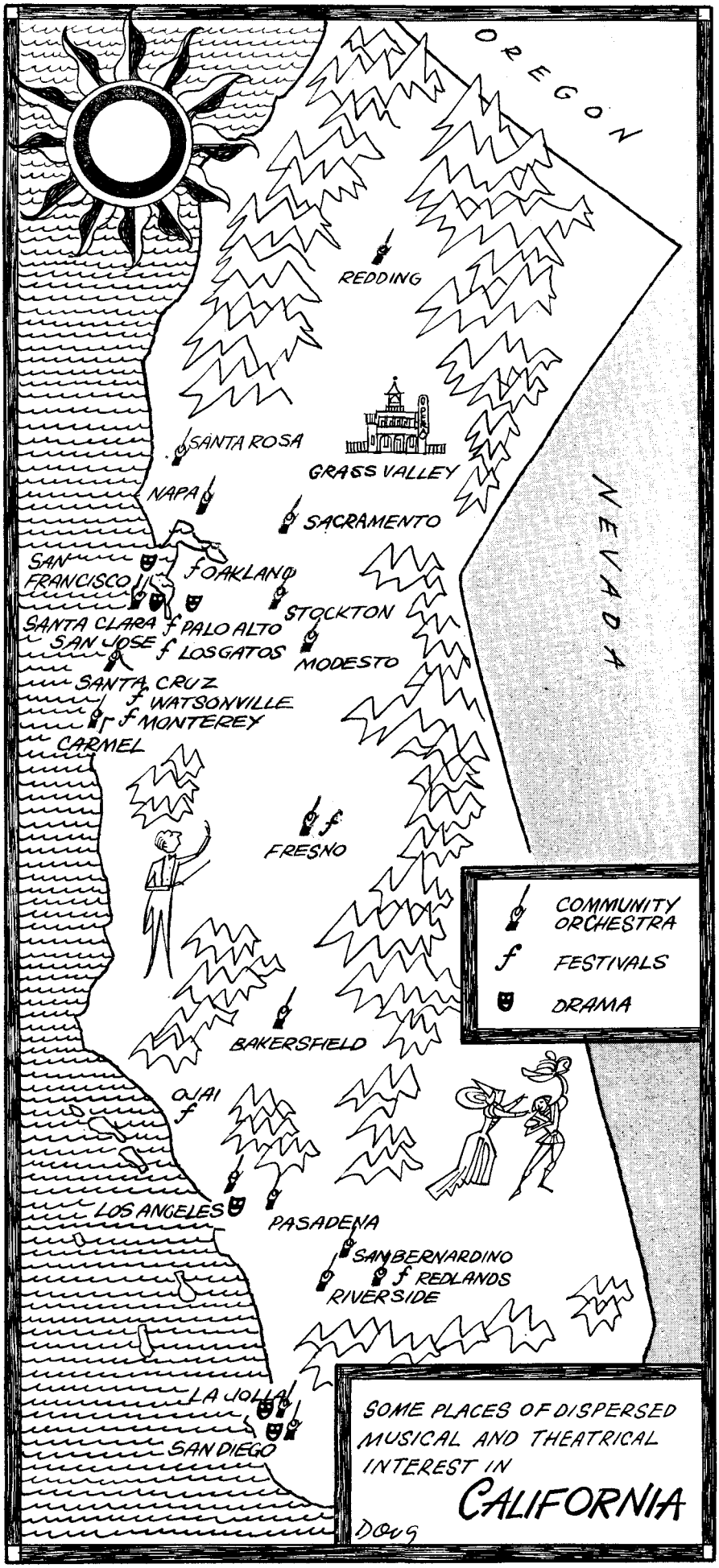
By IRVING KOLODIN

AS WELL as earning the designation of a nation within a nation, California has the distinction of being two states within the political and social framework of one. Nominally, one is well known as Southern California; but the other is rarely referred to as Northern California. Rather, from below, it is "up North." Up North it is either "Here" or merely "California." It is a distinction recognized no less in the arts than in other verities of life.

Where the line of separation may be drawn is far from definite. Politically, it is reckoned to be above or below the Tachapi Mountains, which mark the western end of the Mojave Desert. But, at the coast, the line might be drawn differently. The coastal area has an identity of its own, as distinguished from Inland, which results in an East-West separation as well as a North-South.

All these facts are evident enough, especially from the air as one moves in a straight, swift line of 347 miles from San Francisco to Los Angeles in forty-five minutes to cover what is many miles and hours longer by road (rail or auto). The groupings around the three major cities have produced one pattern of musical activity, described in the following texts by Raymond Kendall, Alan Rich, and Leonard Stein. The isolation of the many smaller, if hardly minor, others has produced another pattern. This stresses local activity and as much self-sufficiency as can be promoted in Fresno or Bakersfield, Riverside or Redding.

One particular consequence is that there are few other areas of America in which the "urban" or "community" orchestra flourishes as it does in California. On the highest level, it has two "major" (San Francisco and Los Angeles) and two "metropolitan" (Oakland and San Diego) orchestras, according to the ratings of the American Symphony League (New York and Texas each has three "major" orchestras: in New York City, Rochester, and Buffalo; and Dallas, Houston, and San Antonio). But California is hardly matched by either state in the abundance of the home-grown variety of orchestra, which may be semiprofessional or semiamateur, ac-



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COOPERATIVE, AND COMMUNAL

cording to which ingredient prevails. Some of the orchestras are doubtless poor, and perhaps the money that is invested in their upkeep could be utilized to better result in other ways. But there are others to which professional musicians pay honest tribute, and whose young conductors are finding fulfillment as well as a means of career advancement not readily available otherwise. Somewhere in between is the kind of "metropolitan" orchestra (the distinction again is budgetary) which Gerhard Samuel found on his arrival in Oakland a decade ago and which he has promoted to a highly creditable status of its own.

HARDLY any other state in the union has as many dispersed festivals as California, some of them in being for twenty years or more. Geography alone does not determine character, for within a relatively small circle centering on Monterey, one may find—in season—not only the Carmel Bach Festival, which enjoys a high reputation for quality, but also the Monterey Jazz Festival, of equal esteem in its field. What it amounts to, really, is that there are either persons of sufficiently broad culture in such an area to support both (of itself a kind of phenomenon), or enough persons of diverse cultural interests to make their preferences effective. From what one knows of the area, it is not improbable that there is a carryover from one to the other. The time may be past when California musical interests could be summed in terms of a Baroque-Brubeck-Baez Axis, but, where so much culture is university oriented, a play of extremes—with perhaps a largish gap in the middle—is not at all improbable.

With the exception of the Dartmouth "Congregation of the Arts," few festivals anywhere are as wide in appeal or as thorough in treatment of a given theme as Stanford's at Palo Alto. Among the themes it has selected for summer-long exposition have been Shakespeare, Mozart and his times, and, most recently, Focus on America. I may be belated in paying compliments to Stanford's enterprise, for a recent visit West left the impression that this venture may have overreached itself and have to contract in the future. Whether this comes about or not, the schedule of the Mozart summer, with its theme of the Mozartian era exposed in a serious endeavor not merely to skim the surface of a scene or time, but to probe its character in some depth, pointed the way a festival should go. It is the kind of thing that a university not only can do best, but, perhaps, only do at all.

Like the agriculture, which required the outside assistance of irrigation to become what it is, the inland cultural life may need more outside assistance than it is presently receiving. The California Arts Commission, so far as I have been able to judge its activities, is a worthy, energetic, and sadly underfinanced effort emanating from Sacramento which endeavors to fill some gaps, bridge some lacunae, and develop a stronger sentiment toward the fulfilling use of leisure than exists in some areas. It is well stocked with such a foreboding statistic as one projecting the median age of the state's inhabitants in 1972—50 per cent will be under twenty-one—but whether that means more Baroque or more Baez, I am not quite sure.

One encouraging trend for the outsider is an indication that the North-South rivalry is neither all-inclusive nor to the exclusion of cooperation when cooperation is meaningful. To be sure, in a discussion of putting the refurbished Palace of the Fine Arts (from the 1915 World's Fair) to use as a center for the performing arts, I did hear one San Franciscan comment enviously, "Los Angeles jumps the gun again" (a reference to the establishment of an Academy for the Performing Arts in conjunction with the Music Center and its handsome Pavilion, Ahmanson Theater, and Mark Taper theater). An ear to the ground might have heard a voice from Los Angeles answering, in equal discontent, "San Francisco has taken the lead in opera again."

That would relate to the recent development in which the two cities have agreed to pool resources in the propagation and elaboration of a longer, more varied operatic activity than either could manage on its own. There was some talk, for a time, of Los Angeles forming a venture of its own, but there is, clearly, greater sense as well as more immediate hopes for a quality outcome in the alternative recently adopted. This calls for the San Francisco Opera to provide a month of opera in spring 1969 (probably March) under sponsorship of the Los Angeles Music Center Opera Association (whose head is industrialist John A. McCone). In the following spring, the Los Angeles group will underwrite a new production, to be added thereafter to the San Francisco repertory. In five years or so, the activities are expected to grow more closely together. Indeed, the visionary foresee a time when, with the extension of the San Francisco season and the expansion of the Los Angeles activity, they might carry right through the winter months (at least). Some all-out crystal-gazers even see a time when the opera activity will be altered from the present pattern of concentrated-performances-or-nothing to a schedule of alternating days or weeks in San Francisco or Los Angeles.

FOR Los Angeles there remains an irksome question not only of What but Where. The old, cavernous Shrine Auditorium will be the locale for the next little while at least, as the Pavilion is solidly booked into 1970. Some localities feel that it will have to serve longer, that the Pavilion's capacity of 3,250 can't yield sufficient revenue (at acceptable prices) for first-quality opera. Even more serious is the contention that the Pavilion is insufficiently provided with theatrical resources (beginning with a suitable orchestra pit) to qualify as an opera house as well as a concert hall. This has led to talk of rehabilitating the Shrine, but the cost—more than a million dollars—doesn't encourage optimism about the outcome. San Diego's new Civic Theatre provides well for its own opera group, but the latter, too, could possibly profit from closer cooperation with San Francisco. This takes in not only the well-known international season each fall, but also the less well-known Western Opera Theater which General Director Kurt Herbert Adler has developed to fulfill the twin purposes of furthering young talent and serving areas as remote from urban centers as Grass Valley with its old Opera House of mining days.

To the outsider, California's states of music present a prospect that is more than merely promising. The problems by which it is beset are, at least, related to interest, not indifference. How it looks to the insider may be judged from the pages that follow.

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Inertia and Enterprise in San Francisco

By ALAN RICH

JOSEF KRIPS conducts the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; Zubin Mehta conducts the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Krips, Viennese-born, is a solid, capable, and unremarkable product of the tradition-oriented cultural patterns of *Mittel-Europa;* Mehta is dashing, exotic, bursting with an exuberant talent still raw in many respects, above all young. There are your antitheses, your opposing touchstones to align the states of cultural mentality that distinguish California's North from South.

San Francisco is the grand bastion of musical conservatism, the Boston of the West Coast. It is, perhaps, curious that it should occupy that position, considering its past as a rip-roarin' frontier town, and its present as a haven of laissez-faire where the beatnik (the term was coined by a *Chronicle* columnist) thrived in the 1950s and the "Hashbury" hippie moves relatively unmolested today. But the city's official musical institutions exist on another plane altogether, supported by an ingrained and long-established aristocracy that has long since learned to pick up its collective skirts and walk around any obstruction with magnificent unconcern.

This is a mixed blessing. The cultural climate in San Francisco and its surrounding metropolis is favorable for the growth of the area's major musical institutions. The Opera is certainly the country's best and most active star-system organization outside of the Metropolitan. The Symphony has been reconstructed by Krips to the point where *qua* ensemble it can again take its place among the country's top ten. Another orchestra, across the Bay in Oakland, has also made remarkable strides in the past decade and is worth anyone's while. But as a city to take pride and attend to the growth of its contemporary, progressive musical elements, San Francisco's record is not at all good. It is still next to impossible for a local musician or composer (or poet, author, or painter) to make his mark on the national or international cultural scene while based in the Bay area. It isn't merely a matter of distance, because that is a trivial consideration these jet-age days. It is a matter of local inertia, of the failure of San Francisco's sponsors to care enough about the activity around them to provide a platform on which its own creative spirits can be seen and then sent into orbit.

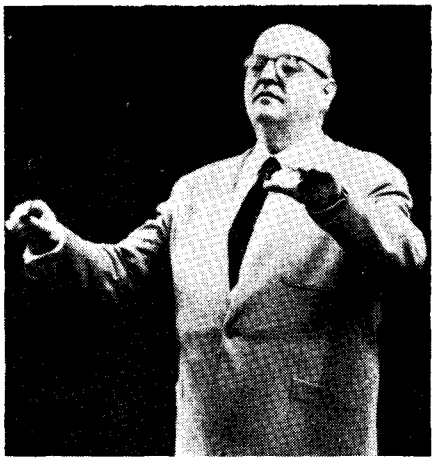
Gerhard Samuel—"interesting repertory and keen leadership. . . ."

Alan Rich, recently music critic of the *World Journal Tribune,* lived for years in the San Francisco area.

In a sense, the San Francisco Opera

Zubin Mehta—"dashing, exotic, bursting with an exuberant talent. . . ."

Company does offer its patrons something mistakable for adventure. Its record over the years for presenting new singers is famous and impeccable; the likes of Sutherland, Tebaldi, Christoff, and more recently Lear and Collier, sang there long before operatic appearances in the East. Its repertory history is, similarly, studded with American premieres, including such prestigious scores as Berlioz's *Les Troyens* (murderously truncated) and Poulenc's *Les Dialogues des Carmélites.* Yet, aside from the disastrous *Blood Moon* of Norman Dello Joio (the first of the long, unhappy list of Ford-sponsored operas), it has given no American opera since World War II in its regular fall season. Nor is its record in regard to native singers any more impressive than the Met's. Like Rudolf Bing, impresario



Josef Krips—"solid, capable, and unremarkable. . . ."

Kurt Adler prefers to wait for Americans until they have safely proved themselves elsewhere. Only in its recent low-budget spring opera season has the company fared somewhat better in experimental repertory and casting, but lack of audience support has placed the future of this venture somewhat in doubt.

Enrique Jordà, countenanced without a yip from the press until the last minute, had produced a demoralized ensemble and a serious decay at the box office. Those few souls who cling to the belief that a symphony concert might be a stimulating experience have defected to Gerhard Samuel's Oakland Symphony, admittedly inferior to its older neighbor in performing personnel, but offering interesting repertory and exceptionally keen leadership. They also go to the smaller halls, or out to one of the several colleges in the area that provide continuing and stimulating musical fare: Stanford, the University of California at Berkeley, San Francisco State, and Mills. One of the most interesting aspects of Bay Area musical life, in fact, is the role of the colleges; it is something that New Yorkers, for example, don't experience at all. All of the above-mentioned colleges have well-endowed concert series, so much so that they account for the major percentage of the big-name recitals in the area. They also do well with their own student musical forces. It was Stanford, for example, under the direction of its own conductor-professor, Sandor Salgo, which gave the first performance in the area of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress.* It was Berkeley

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HOW GOES THE NEW MUSIC?

By LEONARD STEIN

ALWAYS a haven for great artists from beyond its borders (Schoenberg and Stravinsky were among its pioneers), the Golden State continues to attract prominent musicians from all over who may find, besides health and wealth, an atmosphere of freedom for experimentation and involvement in new activities. The presence and frequent visits of internationally renowned composers have produced an acute awareness of the central movements in music today and resulted, generally, in an absence of cliquishness and chauvinism which characterize many another region.

Performances of contemporary music are plentiful in universities and colleges; festivals (Aptos in the North, Ojai in the South) are very partial to new music; museums—particularly in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Pasadena—are actively engaged in modern music series; and occasional contributions of new works can even be expected from symphony and opera. Perhaps the most significant recent development in the field of contemporary music has taken place with the appearance of the publication, *Source*. Edited at Davis by Larry Austin and subtitled "music of the avant-garde," this magazine, containing both music and articles, succeeds in giving a clear picture of one of the very important contemporary movements, which reminds one of what that other California publication, *New Music Quarterly* (Henry Cowell, editor), accomplished forty years ago for what was then called the "ultra-modern" idiom. In a more traditional format, the University of California Press has now started to publish compositions by faculty composers of the university system. The first work to appear here has been a String Quartet by that produced operatic works by its own distinguished faculty composers, Roger Sessions and his brilliant pupil, Andrew Imbrie, when the chances of their music entering the San Francisco establishment was practically nil. (It still is nil.) It was at Mills, a women's college with a coeducational graduate department in composition (in deference to its reigning "star," Darius Milhaud), where electronic music and other contemporary far-out practices found their first congenial home in the region.

The campuses, then, provide much of the musical tingle in Bay Area life. Then, pinpointed here and there throughout the area there are other small, privately run enterprises that also work hard and well to fill in the gaps. The Composer's Forum, the local branch of the International Society of Contemporary Music, is exceptionally active throughout the year in offering the works by local composers that the major organizations overlook. Local performing talent, present in an abundance second only to New York's, can be heard in self-sponsored concerts at museums or in a long-running and extremely popular chamber-music series at a downtown bistro with the intriguing name of The Old Spaghetti Factory (which the building actually was at one time). The San Francisco Tape Center, one of the pioneering ventures not only in the production of electronic music but also in mixed-media concerts involving dance and light-color projections, has recently become absorbed by Mills College and continues its wildly adventuresome programing. These are the kinds of ventures that, in most cities, constitute the fringe around a central body of official music-making. In San Francisco, however, the relative lack of vitality at the core has made these fringe operations popular and valuable. They are well attended and, to the great credit of the press, are publicized and even reviewed.

All this has made the musical life in the Bay Area rich, varied, and helter-skelter. One cannot sample it, as in most Eastern cities, by concentrating on the major concert halls. One must be prepared to include in his beat not only the downtown areas—where he will find the San Francisco Symphony performing Beethoven and Schumann, or the Opera Company doing its usual high-level Verdi or its middle-distance novelties—but also a score of vitally important small centers of creativity strung out over a 50-mile radius. In this respect, of course, San Francisco's musical life is as decentralized as that in Los Angeles. But it surpasses Los Angeles by far in the range of its diversification, from the hardest of hard-core conservatism at the center to the persistence of the great old frontier spirit at the outer edges.

Leonard Stein, of the Claremont Graduate School faculty, has long been active in the promotion of new music in California.

—*Columbia.*

Igor Stravinsky in his Hollywood workroom—"California has always been a haven for great artists from beyond its borders."

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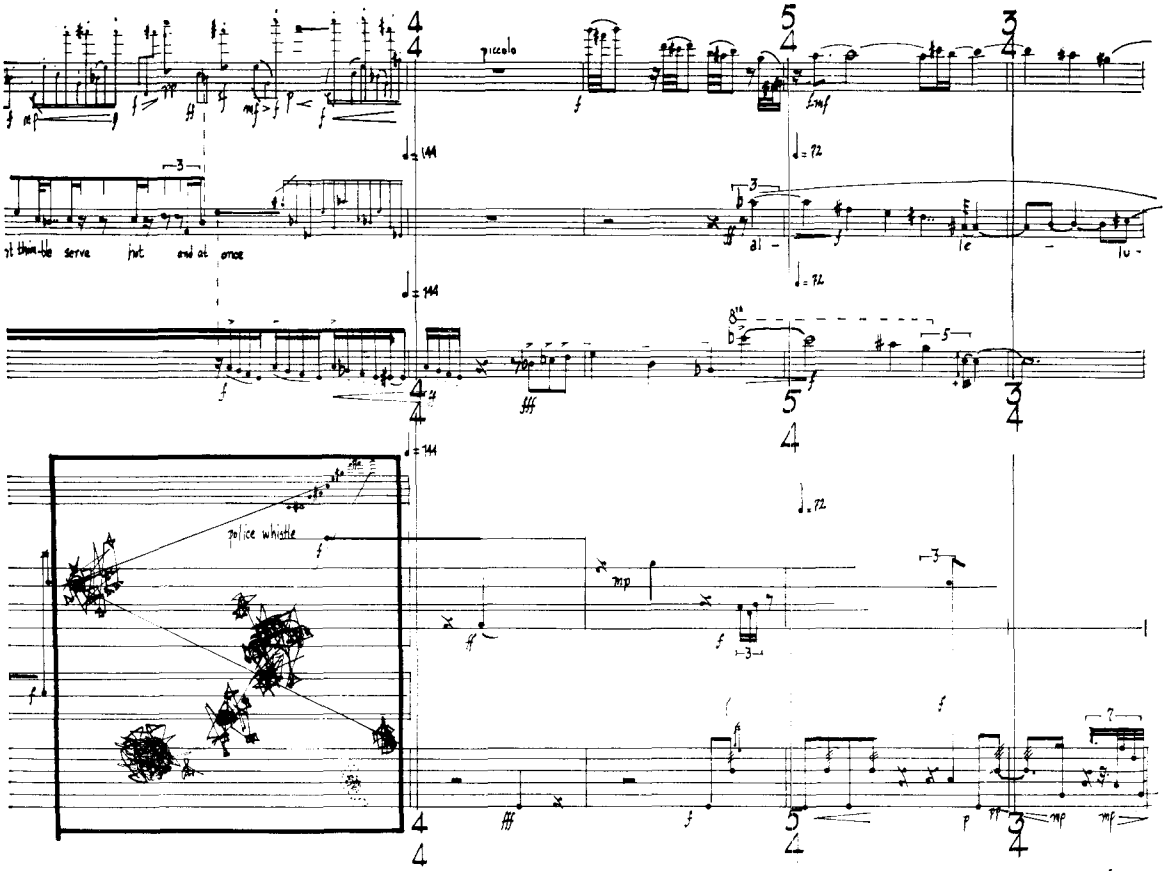
Arnold Elston of the Berkeley faculty.

With the development of educational and freeway systems throughout the state, cultural diversity away from the two big centers is now being realized for the first time. A prime example is San Diego, the southernmost city, which is now undergoing a cultural awakening with the help of a new university (in the suburb of La Jolla), a new opera company, two symphony orchestras, several museums and theaters—not to forget the already existing scientific institutes of Salk and Scripps Oceanography, and the remarkable San Diego Zoo. The music department of the new University of California at San Diego, under the direction of composers Robert Erickson and Will Ogdon, is opening this year with an unusual program strongly oriented toward new and experimental music. Graduate students, who will be handpicked for their ability in both composing and performing, will have the nearby La Jolla Civic Orchestra, under Thomas Nee, to implement the performance of their works. Of course, all the latest electronic equipment will be available, in the capable hands of Pauline Oliveros and James Campbell. In addition, famed composers Harry Partch (with his extraordinary assortment of instruments), a Regents' professor appointee, and Ernst Křenek, who has been commissioned to write a new work, will spend time in active residence.

It is the Davis campus of the University of California (near Sacramento) that has become the real avant-garde center of Western universities. At one time known primarily as the state's main agricultural school, located some 80 miles north of the parent school at Berkeley, it has recently transformed its image into that of a very progressive institution with great diversification of interests. The music department has pursued the policy over the last few years of engaging many composer-performers who are particularly interested in new trends in music. A group of them, under the leadership of Larry Austin, established the New Music Ensemble in 1963, an improvisation ensemble that performs regularly and has also made several records. Its improvisational approach has not only affected the output of its composer members (Austin, Richard Swift, Stanley Lunetta), but has left a decided mark on some important aspects of *Source* magazine as well.

Like the Creative Music Center at Buffalo, presided over by Lukas Foss, the Davis campus has also provided a center for avant-garde musicians from all over the world. During the last year, for example, Karlheinz Stockhausen presented a composition seminar and had several of his works performed, including a memorable performance of all of his piano pieces played by Aloys Kontarsky; David Tudor displayed works for bandonion, television screen, and electroencephalograph; Robert Ashley and Barney Childs, among other composers, participated in discussions and performances of their music.

Mills College in Oakland has a long music tradition. With such composer-teachers as Darius Milhaud, Leon Kirchner, Luciano Berio, and Morton Sobotnick in recent residence, it has attracted many graduate students in composition. In 1966, the San Francisco Tape Music Center, founded by Sobotnick, moved to Mills to join with the existing Mills Performing Group under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The electronic studio, formerly headed by Pauline Oliveros, will now be directed by Antony Gnazzo, formerly of the University of Toronto Electronic Center. David Tudor will also be in residence to perform and experiment with electronic media. For this coming season the Performing Group has scheduled works by Jean-Claude Eloy, William Bolcom, William O. Smith, David Bedford, and Mauricio Kagel, while new works have been commissioned from Salvatore Martirano, Isang Yun, and Robert Basart.

The heart of contemporary music in the Los Angeles district centers not in a college but in the venerable, privately supported Monday Evening Concerts organization, which presents its series of twelve concerts in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. This group and

An excerpt from Alvin S. Curran's *Home-made*, as reproduced in the avant-garde publication, *Source*.

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its predecessor, Evenings on the Roof, have been in existence for more than a quarter of a century. Though not strictly devoted to contemporary music, its presentations consist equally of modern works and unhackneyed compositions from the past. Probably no series in this country achieves as good a balance of old and new repertoire—a testimony to the experienced taste of its director, Lawrence Morton, whose proudest boast is that his series has presented more Stravinsky premieres than any other in the world. Schoenberg and Stravinsky, the two giant residents of Los Angeles, are well represented each year (on many occasions their works have been recorded after performances at Monday Evening Concerts).

It is during this series also that Pierre Boulez conducted world and American premieres of his works. (Boulez more recently appeared at the Ojai Festival, 100 miles north of Los Angeles, where he conducted his *Eclat* and works by Bartók, Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Varèse, Ives, Haydn, and Schubert.) Among the score of new works scheduled for the Monday Evening Concerts this season, the following composers will be represented: Donald Erb, Tomasz Sikorski, Roger Reynolds, Henri Lazarof, Stockhausen, Křenek, Luis De Pablo, Charles Wuorinen, Karl Kohn, Cristobal Halffter, Eric Salzman, Stanley Silverman, Peter Maxwell Davies, György Ligeti, Bernard Rands, and Henri Pousseur.

In the nearby Pasadena Art Museum, the contemporary Encounters series moves into its fourth year, presenting composers who discuss and aid in the performance of their music. Last season witnessed the appearances of Stockhausen, Luciano Berio, and William Kraft, composers who are able to discuss their works with the utmost lucidity. In the forthcoming season Toshi Ichiyanagi, La Monte Young, Ingolf Dahl, and Pousseur will be presented.

The numerous musical activities in Los Angeles draw their performers to a great extent from the many talented young musicians who have been developed here. The Young Musicians' Foundation, begun more than fifteen years ago by Sylvia Kunin, has been the main vehicle for displaying young talent. Its alumni include Misha Dichter, Stephen Kates, and Laurence Lesser—who were winners in the 1966 Moscow Tschaikovsky competition—and Edward Auer, recent first-prize winner of the Marguerite Long Competition. Dichter and Auer received their basic training in Los Angeles from the remarkable Schnabel exponent, Aube Tzerko, while cellists Kates and Lesser study with Piatigorsky at the University of Southern California, the foremost School of Music in California and the one most responsible for providing a solid music education to the most promising young composers, instrumentalists, singers, and conductors in the West. Michael Tilson Thomas, a product of this university, is the brilliant, twenty-one-year-old conductor of the Young Musicians' Foundation Orchestra, the group that gave the West-Coast premiere of Stravinsky's Variations, as well as works by Ives and Varèse.

IT may seem peculiar to leave the traditional music-giving organizations until last in this accounting of contemporary music activities, but it is a fair priority. There are some exceptions, however. The outstanding orchestra in the state for the presentation of contemporary music is the young Oakland Symphony Orchestra, whose conductor, Gerhard Samuel, ranks as one of the best in the country for his interest in and ability to conduct new repertoire. Besides an all-Stravinsky series, the Oakland Symphony this coming season will perform the Fourth Symphony of Ives, and new compositions by Penderecki, Jani Christou, and Isang Yun.

The San Francisco Symphony Association pays its respects to new music by supporting a *Musica Viva* series, which has been under the direction of Aaron Copland for the past two seasons. The record of the Los Angeles Philharmonic regarding new music has been quite sporadic, although both Zubin Mehta and his assistant, Lawrence Foster, have attempted to bring new works to a resistant audience—an audience that has been chided even by the local critics for its immature and impolite attitude toward anything off the beaten track. Foster, in particular, has a great flair for contemporary music, which he has exhibited most recently in performances at Tanglewood and on the BBC.

The opera situation in regard to new works is of not much greater interest, although it might compare favorably with almost any other organization in the country. The San Francisco Opera Company has presented excellent performances of *Lulu* and Janáček's *The Makropoulos Affair* during the last two seasons, and will stage Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation* this coming season. The new opera company in San Diego, under director Walter Herbert, gave the first American production of Hans Werner Henze's *The Young Lord* last season.

From this account, brief as it is, it can be deduced that the contemporary music scene in California is completely widespread and extremely versatile. The latest in pop and jazz (a story unto itself) flourishes right alongside the newest manifestations of the avant-garde. The future looks as sunny as the climate, even to the skeptical outlander—or the long-waiting native.

The Many Faces of Romeo and Juliet

Jason Robards, Claire Bloom, Carol Lawrence, Anna Moffo, Larry Kert, Sandor Konya, Erik Bruhn, Carla Fracci, with Donald Voorhees and the Bell Telephone Orchestra present five variations on a classic theme. In opera, ballet, symphony, Broadway theatre and the words of Shakespeare.

The Bell Telephone Hour premieres Friday, September 22nd, on NBC-TV. In color.

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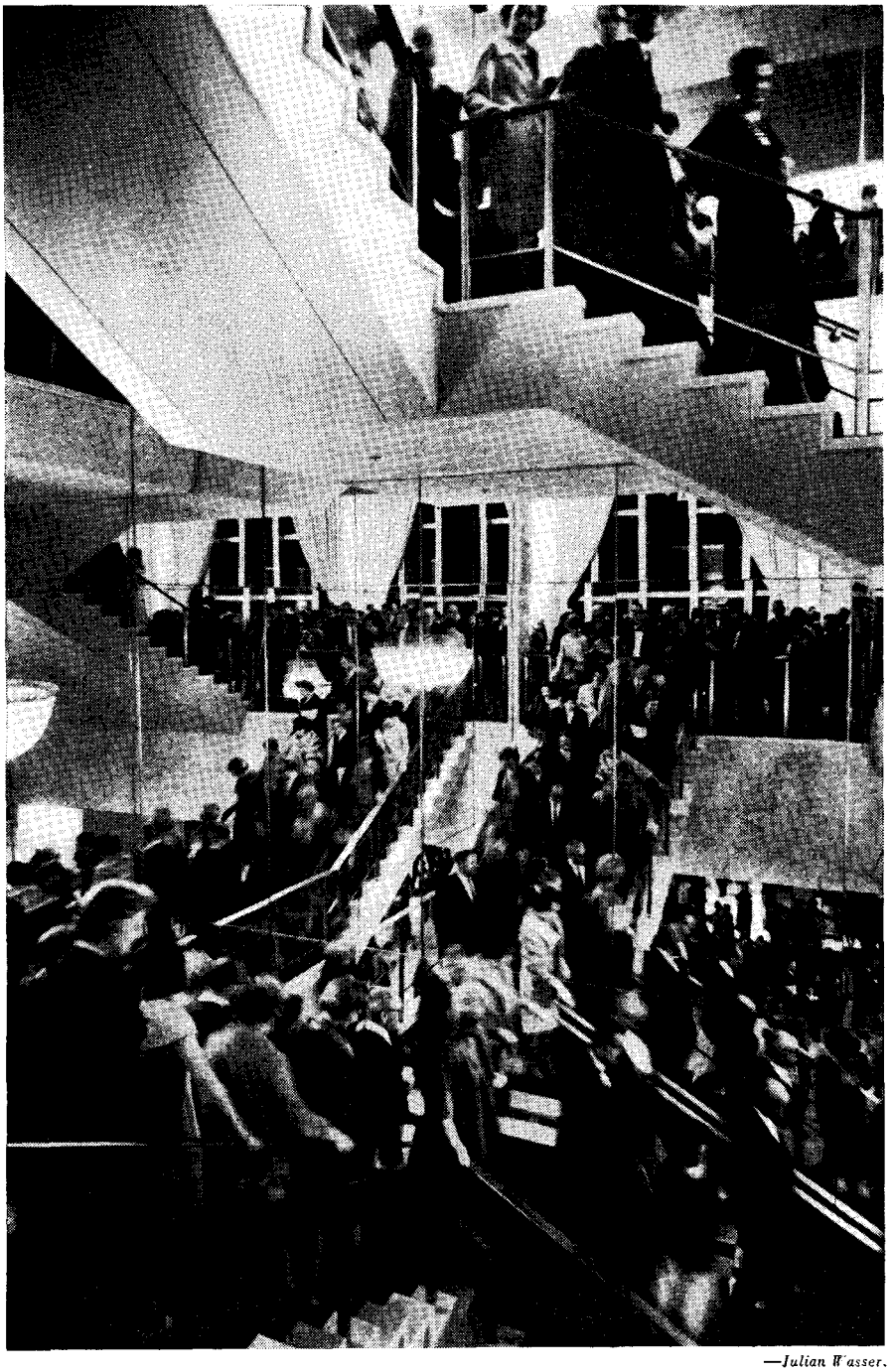
The Many-Splendored Sound of Los Angeles



—Julian Wasser.

An opening-night audience in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion—"Los Angeles's glamorous new Music Center is now in full operation."

By RAYMOND KENDALL

IN MARCH of 1853, just three years after Congress approved statehood for California, a traveling Hungarian violinist, Miska Hauser, wrote to his brother in Vienna: "The city (San Francisco) is full of concertizing artists and all of the larger halls have long since been engaged, so I was forced to take a small theater for my first concert."

In 1865, Los Angeles had no daily newspaper, no railroad to other centers of civilization, no Protestant church, no theater or concert hall. In fact, until the Santa Fe Railroad laid its tracks to Los Angeles in 1885, the city was still a small, sleepy town clustered around the Plaza Church. With the railroad came Emma Albert's English Opera Company, bringing a repertoire including *Mignon* and *Lucia*, and within ten years Los Angeles had four concert halls, an oratorio society, and an organ factory! Between 1880 and 1891, seven colleges and universities came into being in Southern California. USC awarded its first bachelor of music degree in 1885. The state normal school (later UCLA) had its first music instructor by 1883, while Occidental College, Pomona, La Verne, Whittier, and Throop University (now Caltech) all gave some emphasis to music. Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and the Arts opened its doors in 1884.

In the years since World War II, cultural institutions throughout the United States have burgeoned in size and influence. Nowhere has the growth been so dramatic as in California, even though the desire to inaugurate symphony orchestras and opera companies has often outdistanced a firm financial footing. Only San Francisco and Los Angeles have "major" symphony orchestras—if by the latter is meant the capacity to offer thirty-four to forty-five weeks of symphony concerts per year. San Francisco's longer musical tradition assured its orchestra a more consistent audience and a finer habitat (the War Memorial Opera House, which it shares with the

(*Continued on page* 102)

Raymond Kendall is dean of the University of Southern California's School of Music and is as well known for critical writings for several Los Angeles newspapers.

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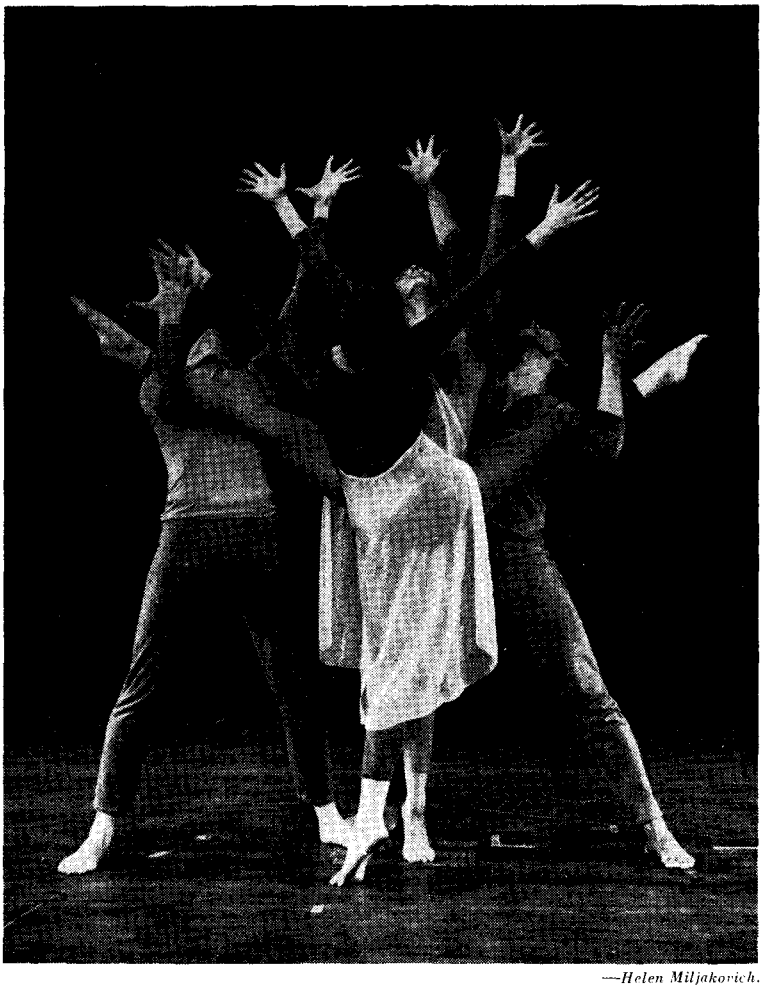
THE ORANGE GROVE GAVOTTE



—*Helen Miljakovich.*

By WALTER TERRY

"JUST a minute while I put on the war paint and then I'll dance for you. Get your camera ready. You know, I never could resist cameras." For almost all of her ninety years, the First Lady of American Dance, Ruth St. Denis, has not resisted cameras, be they held by a master photographer or by a starry-eyed teen-age fan, nor has she ever resisted the call of the public.

Today, in her Hollywood studio, "Miss Ruth," as she is known to generations of dancers around the world, is busy planning a heavy schedule for the next decade of her life. Dancing, choreographing, and making films of her fabulous career are but a part of her many projects. But, although she is not given to nostalgia, she will occasionally refer to a major moment in the past. Holding out her expressive hands, she said, "Denishawn was born as a little pamphlet this size."

Denishawn was born in California—in Los Angeles. The year was 1915, and the money which students paid for the privilege of studying with the world-famous Ruth St. Denis and her new partner and husband, Ted Shawn, was deposited in a cigar box. Denishawn grew from such modest beginnings into a dance school which produced some of the greatest dance figures of our age—Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman among them—and which supplied Denishawn teachers for dance schools from Los Angeles to Boston.

Denishawn was also a company which, until the early 1930s, was the nation's foremost dance troupe. The creed for both school and company was stated by Shawn in 1915: "The art of the dance is too big to be encompassed by any one system, school, or style. On the contrary, the dance includes every way that men of all races in every period of the world's history have moved rhythmically to express themselves."

The creed became outmoded; Graham, Humphrey, Weidman, and a whole

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Miss Ruth—"a heavy schedule for the next decade."

new dance generation broke away from a multiplicity of dance styles, from training and programs which touched upon the dance flavors of Japan, India, Mexico, Spain. Denishawn faded away. But cycles in fashion, in taste, and in esthetics are inescapable.

In 1967, the cycle, in California, has come full swing. At the University of California at Los Angeles, you will find what is very probably the biggest and most elaborate dance department in America—indeed, in the world. Here, under the direction of Alma Hawkins, the most powerful woman in the field of dance education, UCLA has established a dance major; it has 125 undergraduates and thirty-five graduates in dance, and approximately seventy-five dance courses are offered (techniques, composition, music for dance, dance notation, esthetics, ethnic dance forms, etc.).

And what is both fascinating and ironic is that although Dr. Hawkins is the product of a dance rebellion which abjured racial and national dance colors, she is in the vanguard of those who would return ethnic dance forms (perhaps on a more exact ethnologic and anthropologic basis than ever before) to the American dancer.

"I'm not interested in a dichotomy of training," she says. "Modern dance is our core. Ballet is to be experienced. Ethnic dance advances learning." But she points with pride to the stunning array of ethnic forms – from Ghana, Bali, Arabia, the Balkans, and many more – she has brought not only to her dance students but also to those anthropology students who find answers to their queries in the dances of other peoples. "We'll better understand our own dance," states Dr. Hawkins, "if we understand the roots of dance; and if your own body experiences various styles and shapes of movement, you will find your own way."

UCLA's Alma Hawkins, an expert in the area of dance as therapy, a brilliant administrator, and a woman who will not rest until dance is as respected as the other major arts or sciences are by educators, believes in the inclusiveness of dance. More than fifty years before, the seeds of this concept were planted by St. Denis and Shawn.

SOUTHERN California has claims to dance fame other than the inception of Denishawn, the continuing presence of St. Denis, the inexorable progress in educational dance of a Hawkins. It was in Santa Barbara that one of the titans of our theater, Martha Graham, grew up. In Los Angeles, the Lester Horton Dance Theater became one of the very first racially integrated troupes in America, but it also produced Janet Collins; Carmen de Lavallade, that beauty-of-beauties; and Alvin Ailey, a major force in Negro dance.

It was and is the home of that fabulous maverick, Carmelita Maracci, a mistress of ballet, modern, and Spanish dance who fused the three into choreographic adventures unlike anything seen before or since. Maracci, a superb teacher now retired from the stage, is finishing up a new book. It ranges from the Spanish Civil War to the present, it has "a lot about Nijinsky in it," and "it's terribly personal. I don't know that the point of view is right, but I'll tell you that it is not average. It's as bitter and crazy and vitriolic as I really am." Dance world, watch out for Carmie!

But doesn't Southern California really belong to the movies and television? Partly. The whole world loves Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly—lots of young men became dancers just because of them—and both serve not only as irresistible hoofers but as actors, too. Indeed, Kelly is even going behind the cameras to direct *Tom Swift*.

Tony Charmoli, Tom Hansen, and others give us some of TV's best dancing, and Eugene Loring (creator of that great American ballet, *Billy the Kid*) long since has deserted the East for Hollywood, where he has choreographed for movies and TV and where he runs one of the most successful schools in the area. Loring has also invaded the college dance world, for he now teaches on one of the UCLA campuses.

But as busy as dance is in almost every department in Southern California, there is one major element missing. Los Angeles has no functioning ballet company. Nearby is the San Diego Ballet; far to the north is to be found California's most famous ballet troupe, the San Francisco Ballet, which has toured for our State Department around the world. But what's wrong with Los Angeles?

I talked to a variety of dancers, dance teachers, choreographers, and those representing various styles in dance, from the classical to the commercial. One described the stalemate this way: "There are really three ballet company blueprints going out here. One company has organizing and financially helpful ladies; the second has dancers but no helping-hand ladies, hence no money; the third

(*Continued on page* 98)

Kaye and chorus—"It's a dancer's paradise here right now."

—*Lyn Smith.*

***Castor and Pollux*—"We need someone to guide a company...."**

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What do you have coming when you buy a plane ticket?

There you are: a little bit poorer. But with a round-trip plane ticket in your pocket.

What should you expect?

Expect an airline to remember that you're coming and not sell your seat to someone else.

If you ordered steak for dinner, expect steak, not chicken à la king and an excuse.

(And if you've brought the kids along, expect an airline to know what kids like to eat.)

Expect them to take your bags right at the curb. Expect your bags to fly on the same plane you do. Expect them back no more than 7 minutes after landing.

And expect any airline that sold you a ticket to be glad to see you. After all, they were glad to see your money.

Is this asking too much?

Not the way we look at it.

We built American with the professional traveller in mind —the man who expects service like this whenever he flies.

It all comes with every American Airlines ticket: a small piece of paper any Travel Agent will happily supply.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)

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CALIFORNIA EXPOSED

Photographs by Ansel Adams.

—*Nancy Newhall.*

Ansel Adams—"pre-eminent interpreter."

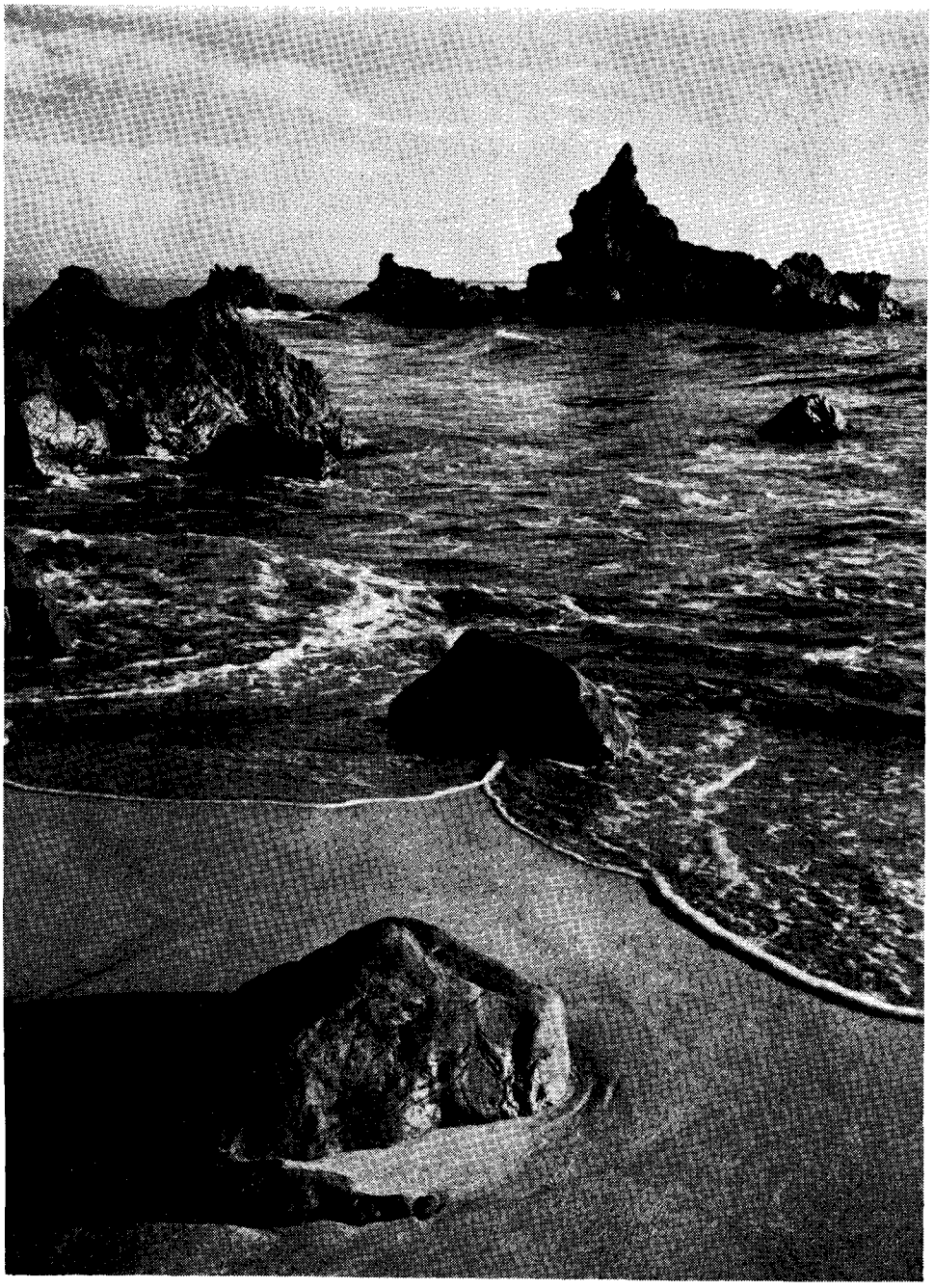
By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN 1932, just two years after he had turned from keyboard to camera career, a young San Franciscan was spotlighted in a one-man show at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum. This past season, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts honored him with a summer-long retrospective exhibition. Between those two events lies a lifework that has made photographer Ansel Adams pre-eminent among contemporary interpreters of the West Coast landscape.

This close geophotographic affinity began when he was fourteen, a schoolboy on vacation in Yosemite tentatively initiating a new Box Brownie. Since then, year after year, he has returned to the Valley—first as a summer custodian for the Sierra Club headquarters; later as a Club leader whose skill in matching wits with the wilderness trails inspired the naming of Mount Ansel Adams, a peak in a fork of the Merced River; still later as a zealous campaigner for conservation of the land's scenic resources. And always as a photographer seeking "the companionship of clouds and shining mountains," and finding it in the immense silences of ageless stone, in the timeless dialogue of sun and surf, in the infinite eloquence of light.

Appropriately, the current show has borrowed its title, *The Eloquent Light,* from Volume I of Nancy Newhall's biography of Adams. To any photographer, light is the agency for the production of camera images. But to Adams light is the *leitmotif* of his life, a continual source of exploration, discovery, challenge, and wonder. For him a clock ticks off not seconds, but changes in light. Dawn, sunset, moonrise—any day, any season—he waits for the passing moment in which the commonplace "world of fixed dimensions fades into patterns of exquisite delicacy." And when it does, he wants to be there with camera at hand.

His motivation echoes that of Joyce's Dedalus: "to express, to press out again, from the gross earth or what it brings forth, from sound and shape and color



Big Sur, California Coast.

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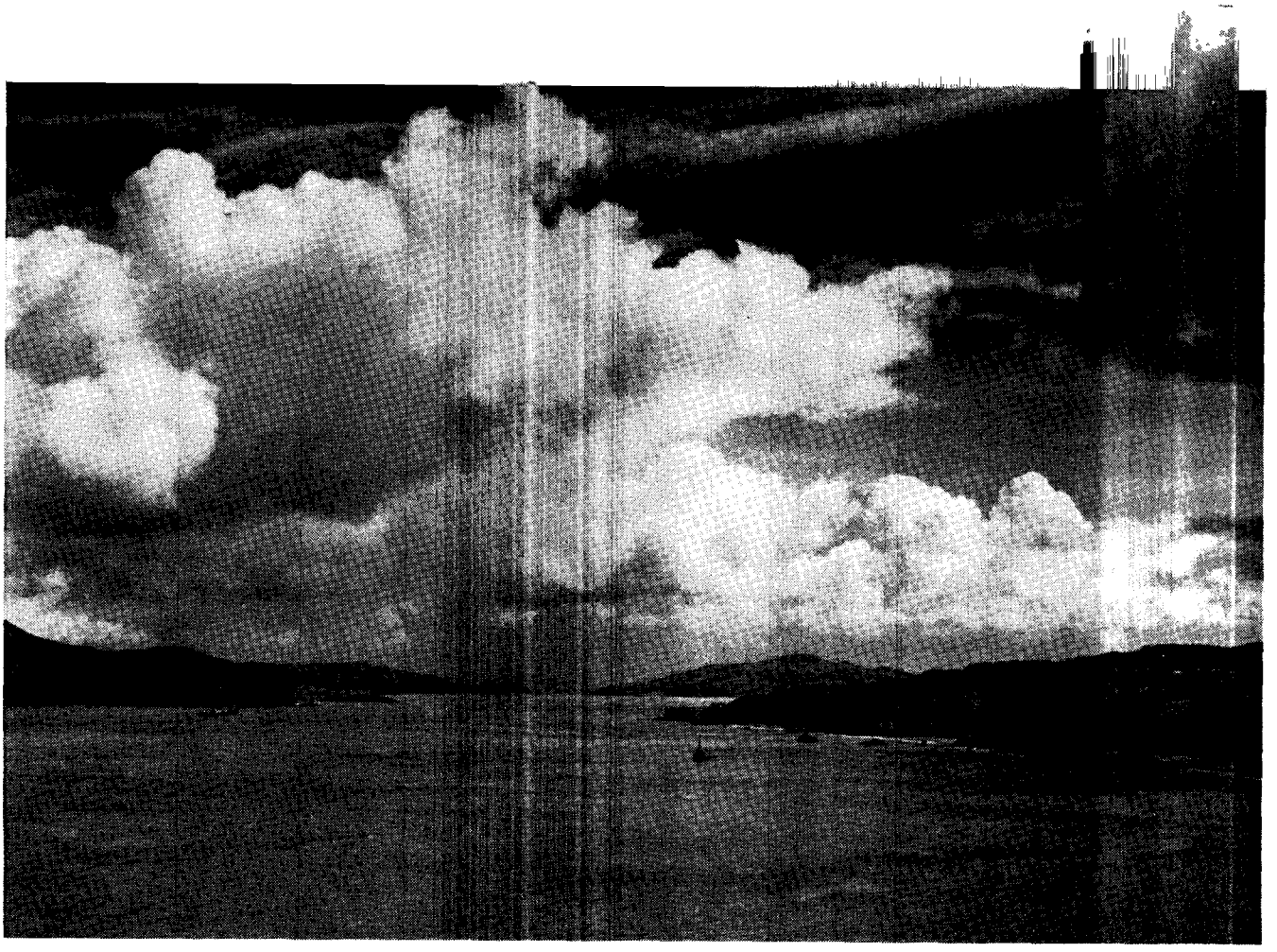


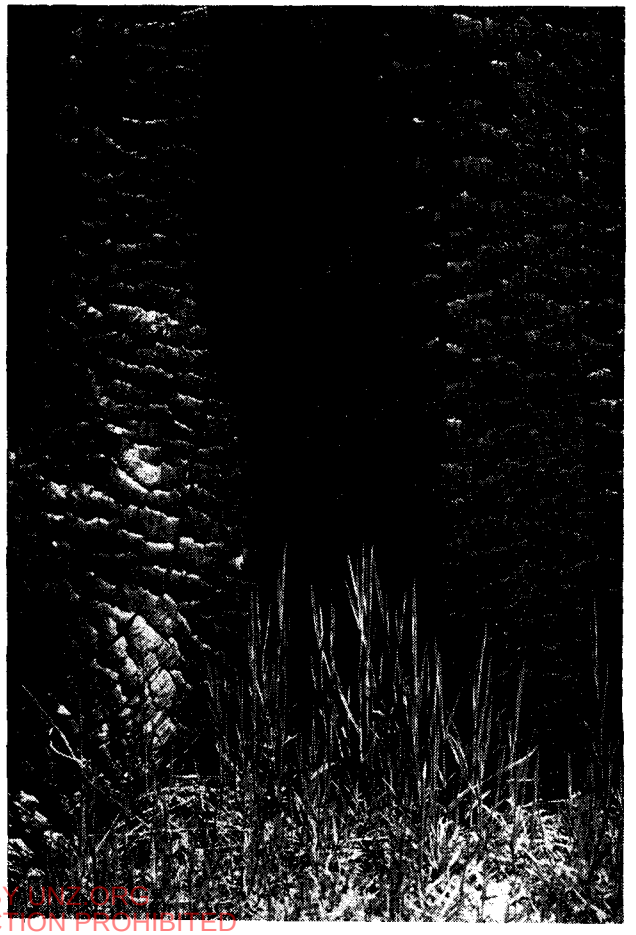
The Golden Gate before construction of the bridge (1932).

which are the prisongates of our soul, an image of the beauty we have come to understand."

So persistent is the concept of Adams's association with Yosemite and the High Sierra country that it is easy to forget how many other sites and subjects his camera has explored. Among the 150 prints on view there are some impressive reminders: winter mornings in New England, autumn dawn in the Great Smokies, noon clouds over Montana; Hawaiian rain forests, aspens in New Mexico, morning glories in Massachusetts; a trailside in Alaska, a stairwell in Rochester, a cemetery path in Charleston. There are portraits of friends—Edward Weston, Alfred Stieglitz, John Marin, Edwin Land among them—as well as architectural studies of church, mission, courthouse, and barn; large prints of isolated details of rock and bark are representative of his newer area of "extraction."

Reviewing the body of his work, one finds it difficult to trace precise chronology. Many prints are without identifying dates, and even his letters may begin "Whothehellcareswhatthedateis — it's *now*!" The temporal holds little interest

Grass and Burned Stump, Sierra Nevada (1935).



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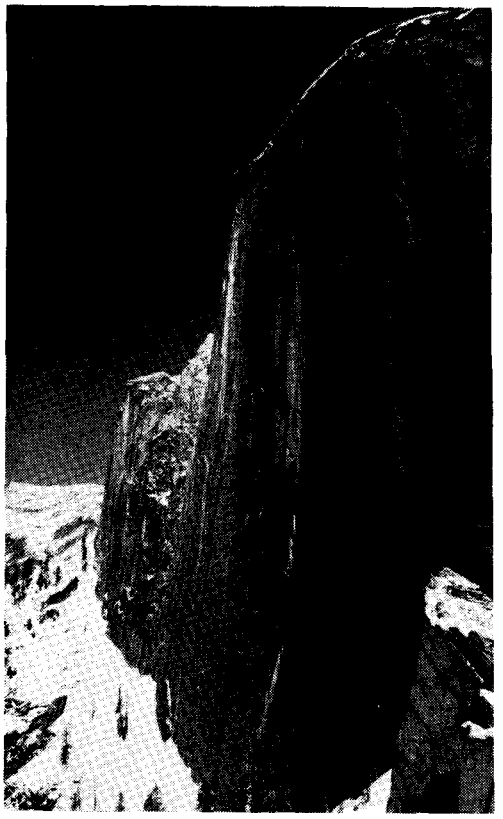
Beach, Marin County (1962).



Monolith—Yosemite (1927).

Rocks, Point Lobos.

for Adams. Time—unless it is exposure time—is "now"; space and the light and shapes that inhabit it are what matter to him. In the tradition of Edward Weston and the Group *f*/64 credo, Adams's subjects evade division into "periods"; Point Lobos rocks, Oceano dunes, Yosemite's giant sequoias are timeless verities. The years spanned by the exhibit reveal little change in either

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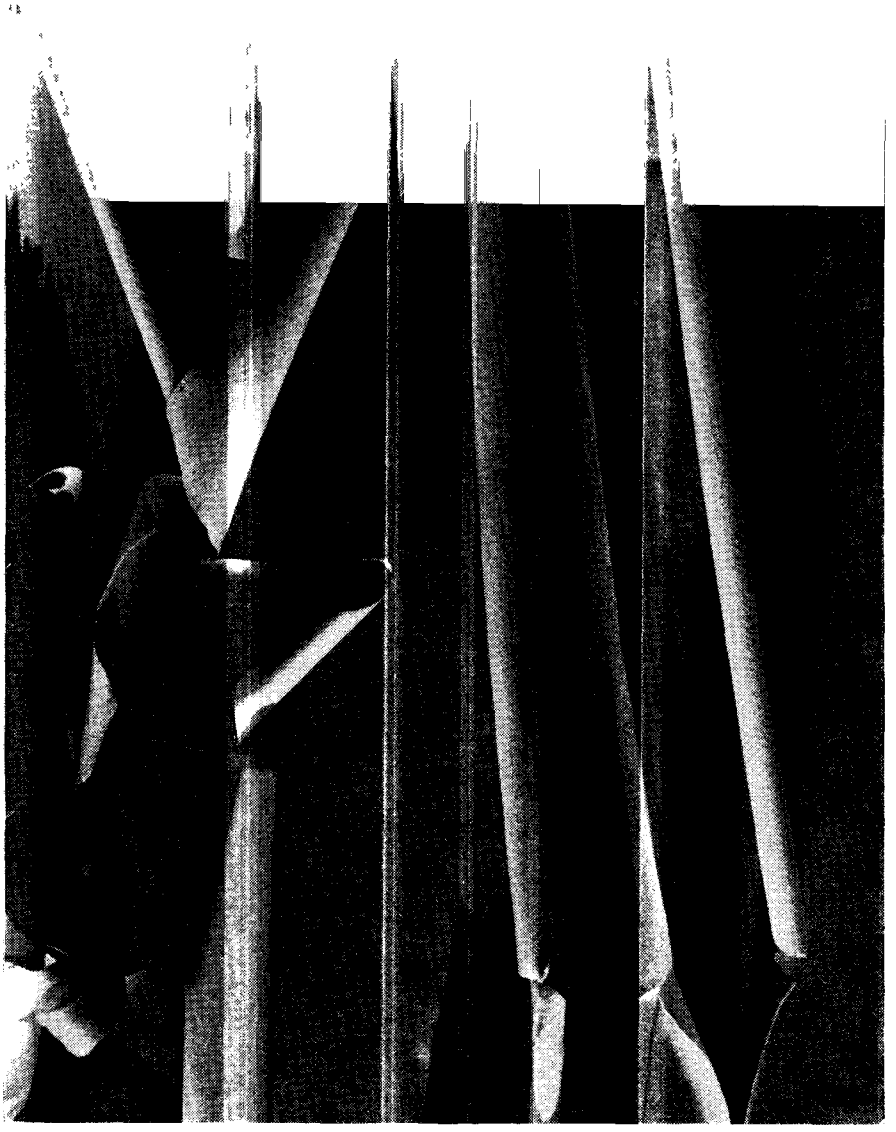
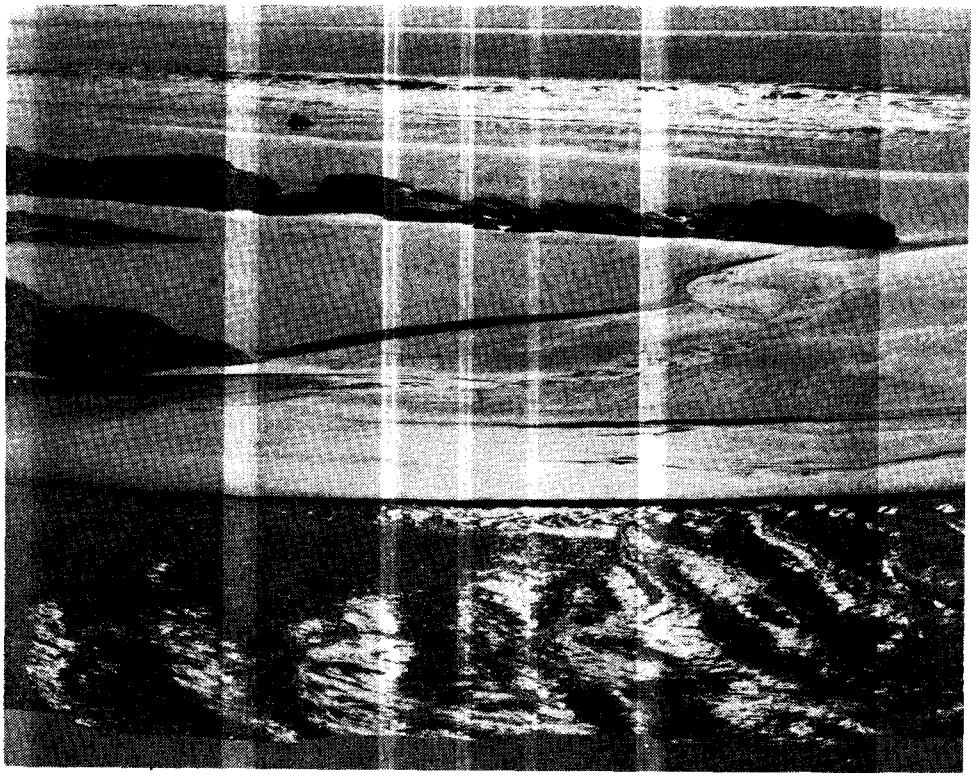


Madrone Bark, Santa Cruz Mountains.

his approach or the disciplines it demands.

As *The Eloquent Light* travels the country (Fort Worth is next on its schedule), critical "assessments" may plot a bell curve from appreciation to assault. Adams's critics will continue chipping away at the "man of the mountain" mystique, deploring the wide circle of imitators and dismissing as cant or cult the concept of a "Western" philosophy of photography. Photojournalistically conditioned viewers may find graphic bravura and technical virtuosity inadequate substitutes for the swifter emotional message of the human document. But even those who prefer "social landscape" concede that Adams's interpretations reflect a continuity and a consistency which mark them unmistakably his.

From the earliest 1920 print to the ones of recent vintage, there is affirmation of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Viewed retrospectively, Ansel Adams remains the classic purist hewing close to his primary insights of nature—a Californian whose camera functions with *f* 64 clarity in exposing the beauty of his own native landscape.



Refugio Beach.

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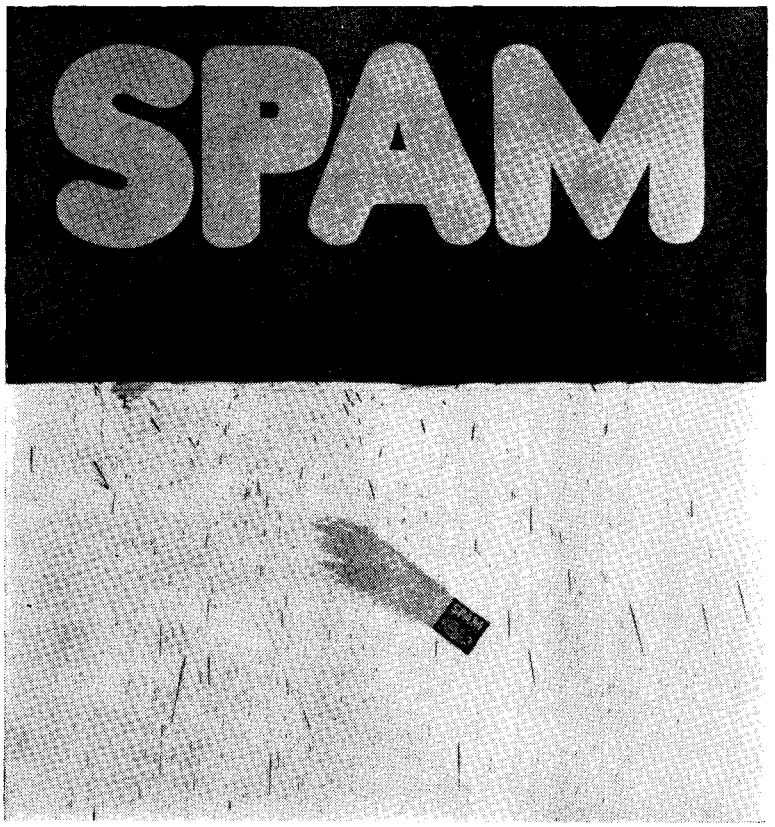

—Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

***Actual Size*, 1962, by Edward Ruscha.**

THE EXPLOSION THAT NEVER WENT BOOM

By WILLIAM WILSON

OILED, baking on the beach, the California body squints through hairs glistening on its forearm. The wristwatch has stopped, either because it's run down or because it was broken by some violent gesture. There is a girl whose bikini is two stingy strokes of lime Da-Glo. The sound of waves massages its back. No telling what time it is. A jet arriving from New York makes a sonic thonk.

Los Angeles is an organic city. Centerless, it grows like neon crabgrass, blades spreading to interconnecting nuclei mowed through with swaths of freeway where there is no time. Smaller, older organic cities like London have intimate neighborhoods with distinct character. Los Angeles's neighborhoods hide single distinction behind repeatable agglomerations of glass, vacuum-pressed plastic, and enameled signs. It is a city of trademarks and signs in chains that repeat all over its geography—Mobil, Bank of America, Shakey's Pizza. International-style, high-rise buildings that look alike escalate to landmark the city's no-character, repetitiously familiar ungraspability—ungraspable, that is, except by means of the ubiquitous automobile. People in Los Angeles go for walks around the block in the car. Their anonymity is secure until they find the place that fits their private picture.

Contemporary artists like open, characterless environments. Los Angeles is a huge junkyard from which artists select pieces that make a mirror for personal fantasy. They create an environment of a collage of friends, places, and values that is the physical equivalent of their auto-myth.

A rich artist lives in Beverly Hills, paints masterpieces that look like Matisses, sells at immense prices to friends who have a *nouveau-riche* attachment to "the finer things," is convinced art is still where it was in 1912. Another artist finds a Spanish stucco in Arcadia and, isolated amid the tract boxes of aircraft workers, paints on, convinced he is Velásquez incarnate. Another may date fashion models, dance at the Daisy, and generally carry on like the pot-high hero of *Blow-Up*, involved in a terrible search for reality in a cosmetic world.

Los Angeles panders to personal fantasy like Jean Genet's Madame Irma. I know of no city so perfect for the solidification of fantasy. Every attitude is here; there is money, an art market, and an unprecedented degree of anonymity. We have produced or offered refuge to some of the most eccentric talents of the decade—Edward Kienholz, Ed Ruscha, Llyn Foulkes, Kenneth Price, Joe Goode, in the South; Bruce Conner and the funk group in the Bay Area. Artistic conditions are different around San Francisco, but the vast indifference of the Bay Area public assures the artist his anonymity.

THE fruit stew of our urban-geographic environment allows every artist to pick his flavor; yet there is something in the sauce that combines to certain constants. Subjective individuality is a

William Wilson is assistant art critic of the Los Angeles *Times* and a lecturer in art history at UCLA.

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constant of even highly formalized Californians such as Judy Gerowitz and Lloyd Hamrol.

Geography says that cold climates produce few species in large numbers, like pine trees and polar bears, while warm climates produce many species in small numbers. New York, architecturally closed and varied in climate, is dominated by large numbers of artists who swim in one or two schools producing closely related work—lately, the reductivists and the remainders of the Pop people. Washington, D.C., even more closed as an environment, has produced only one significant, closely interrelated school—the color painters, Louis, Noland, Davis, and Downing.

California harbors exotic variety. The South is variegated to the point that artists are more easily categorized by their social relationships than their stylistic resemblances. The best known social coterie is the so-called Ferus Group. Named for their gallery, most of these artists have known one another for years, but their works remain radically individual. Yet all of this personal distinction tends to be based on ideas manufactured in New York. Californians adapt discoveries made in the Eastern research laboratory of Manhattan's intellectual clime. But these ideas are transformed at such a basic level that they sometimes become new art.

California's psyche is laced with hedonism and sensuality. Its artistic adaptations tend to operate at the level of material. Compare Andy Warhol to a couple of Californians who employ similar imagery. Warhol generates ideated, insubstantial images that cause a moral shock that tends to mess the mind into new perceptions of what is visually and ethically pretty. Employing popular imagery in the Bay Area, Mel Ramos and Wayne Thiebaud use it as substructure for a romantic sensuality that is only half ironical. They are tangibly sexy. Ramos is a master of lazy, call-girl flesh. Warhol is sexy (if at all) in terms of disembodied ideas.

California is seasonless. Time changes but vaguely. Its art tends to be ahistorical. Its vanguard has an electric awareness of the present but rejects the notion that now is the only existing moment. Its artists seem too dedicated to the timelessness of Freudian and Jungian mythology not to admit the past if it helps do the thing.

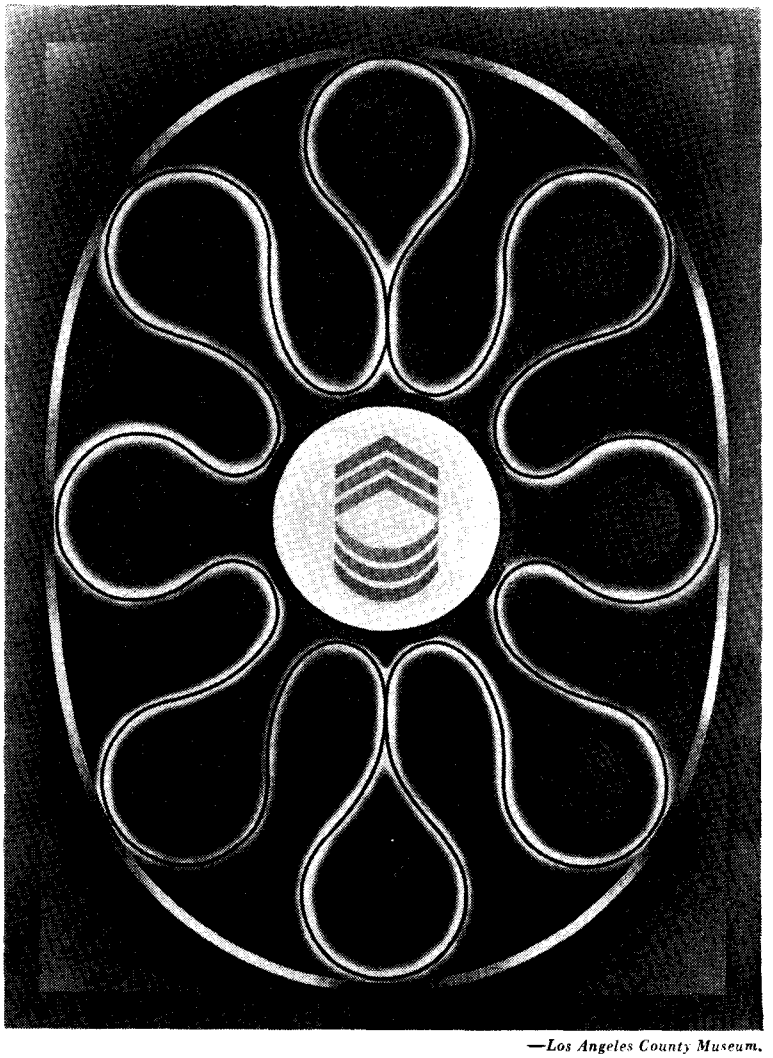
Richard Diebenkorn welded abstract expressionism into a Bonnardesque subjectivity. Rico LeBrun opted for heroism by shuffling Picasso and the Mexicans into a pack of ingrained ideas he carried from the Italian sixteenth century. Donald Lagerberg subjectifies the entire heroism of the late Renaissance.

The most significant California revival, however, came with an unconscious re-evaluation of a basic discarded technique—finish. The notion of a smooth, glossy paint surface was one of the first to be rejected by the nineteenth-century French vanguard when they began to investigate, intuitively, the fact of painting as a flat surface. Finish has been revived since, but never as a basic aspect of media until a couple of ahistorical, anti-intellectual, sensually oriented Californians began to use it, probably because they simply didn't know it was forbidden and they were fascinated by the glassy, lacquered paint on California hot rods.

They found that glassy finish destroys surface in a painted object. If a surface is sufficiently polished, the paint on it no longer looks like a skin lying on top of a support; it looks like an atmosphere of indeterminate density under the finish. Thus the artists of the "finish fetish" were able to produce effects of density without employing traditional means of opening deep space—oblique lines and horizontally based color blends. Billy Al Bengston paints symmetrical abstractions in which a set of ironical sergeant's stripes (presumably to give the work "authority") act as a hub around which roughly geometrical forms seem to float and blip in and out of focus. Larry Bell conceives exquisite cubes of tinted glass that seem to contain vapors of colored perfume and somehow body forth the aura of a blonde in a gold, air-conditioned XK-E on Sunset Boulevard. John McCracken makes solidly painted rectilinear objects of one high-glossed color. The hue behind the finish seems so dense, we imagine it possible to whittle them down to the size of sugar cubes without disturbing the color.

By assuming that nothing is forbidden and everything is viable, the California vanguard has produced art as valid as that coming from any center. Robert Irwin has yet to be fully credited for his exquisite experiments in suggesting that his pale aurora borealis of color exists *off* and *in front of* the surface of the painting.

Many critics and observers have detected in these works an aura of dandified stylishness which to them seems a negative. The judgment is both irrele-



—*Los Angeles County Museum.*

Billy Al Bengston's *Humphrey*—"an electric awareness of the present."

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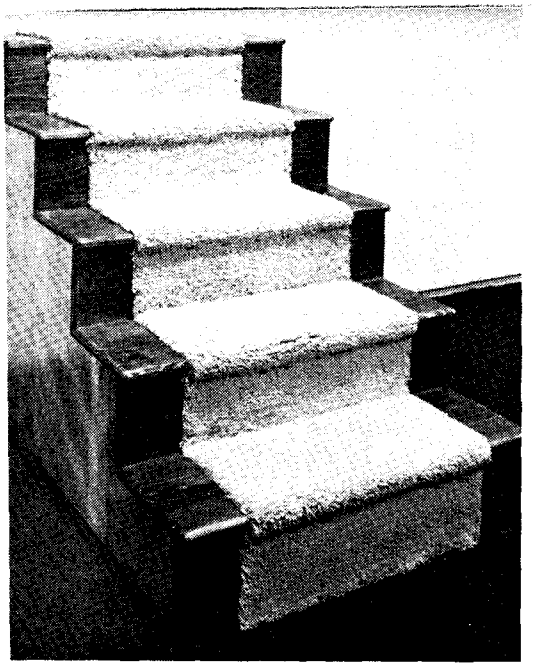


—Nick Wilder Collection.

Staircase, untitled, by Joe Goode.

vant and esthetically neurotic. Refinement is a biological inevitability in all things human—individuals and their societies. Yet refinement remains a problem to many Americans who have not yet realized that art (and life) can be refined in manner while remaining tough in conception. Anyone who doubts this proposition is referred to the nearest Japanese Ukiyo-E print.

The individualistic proliferation of California art is, finally, predicated upon ahistorical anti-intellectualism and adaptive refinement. These distinctive characteristics are the polarities of the most definitive aspects of current New York art and criticism.

Any argument is purely polemical. Our situation is comparable to that existing in the polarity-exchange between Florence and Venice in the Renaissance. (It is marvelous that ramshackle Venice, California, is the studio home of so many artists.) Florence made art of great authority based on theory. At its worst it was cold. Venice made sumptuous art by combining Florentine theory with a sensuous appeal to the eye. At its worst it was purely decorative. But qualitative distinctions are not made upon art at its worst nor upon the superiority of intellect to intuition. Those are philosophical questions. It is as if the Californian, having reached the easternmost perimeter of Western culture, feels the need to maintain certain traditions but, since he is at the edge of the world, there is no place to go but inward. He must accept the conditions of paradise.

During the past two years voracious media have fixed on the notion of an art explosion in California. Art, as a matter of fact, has not exploded here. It has effloresced. That flowering is not two years old, it is twenty. Little that can be called explosive has happened in California art since it has been placed in the hot light of suddenly culture-conscious consumer media and the dissection table of TV specials. Many explosions have happened on the art scene. California has become a showplace for a pre-existent product. Los Angeles opened a big new art museum. Art traffic between Los Angeles, New York, and London hit an all-time peak. Parties abounded, galleries flourished, lithography workshops opened, Eastern curators moved west, Western curators moved east.

What actually exploded was notice. Things characteristically are noted when they are well on their way to being finished. Last season three key galleries closed. Business was sluggish. California's *Art Forum* magazine moved to New York. The supersensitive denizens of the art world began to mutter "collapse" into their free champagne.

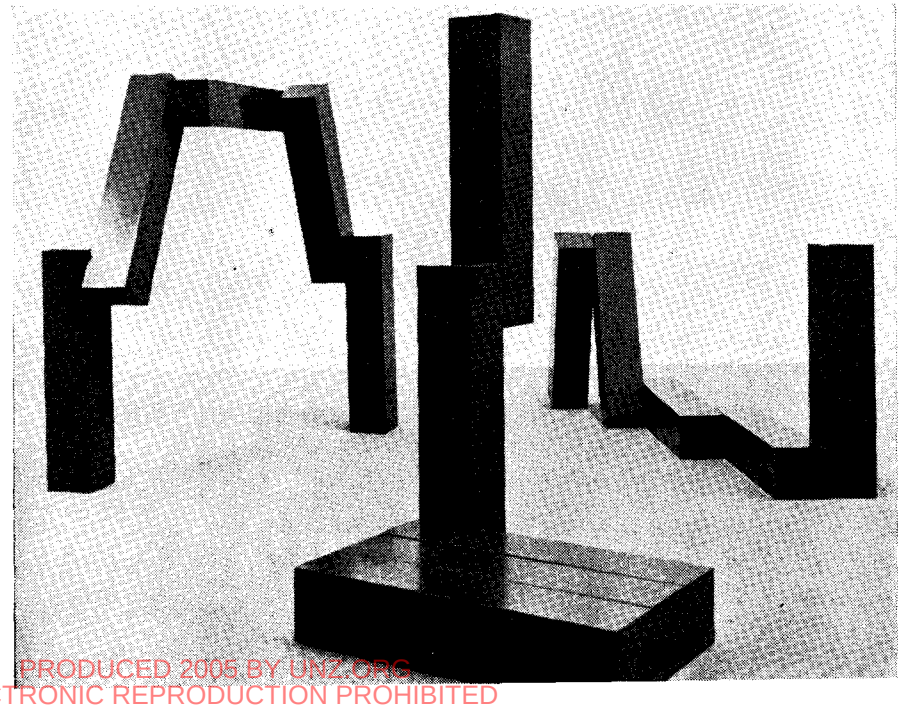
"Ferment" is, I think, more descriptive. Because as rapidly as everyone is trying to put his finger on the present nature of art in California, that art is shifting, changing, blending with New York to an unprecedented degree and with its own environment in a new, Baroque way. It is not impossible that the most significant artistic event of last season was the opening of a massive electronic-Baroque discothèque called Cheetah. That is not to give away the quality of more traditionally based art, or the efforts of a battery of dedicated museum people; it is simply to take into account the growing consciousness of art that encompasses the entire environment.

As things stand, everyone seems to be getting back to business after an intoxicating celebration. We have institutions and collections but the two things don't seem to be getting together. Norton Simon, whose collection constitutes the pride of old pictures in the Los Angeles County Art Museum, is considering their removal to a private museum in Fullerton, California. So far, the prime modern material that is in the hands of California's private collectors is staying where it is except for loans and small gifts. But the material of great public collections is here if California can shake an old curse that has let such work slip away to the East in the past. Our primary resource seems to lie in the hands of a battalion of talented young artists. Part of their future is predicated on proposing an answer to the enticing question of why California's art became noticeable only recently when, like the Roman antiquities that suddenly revealed themselves to Renaissance artists, it had been around for some time.

There are no seasons in California. There is a war in Vietnam that never seems to change. The Beatles sublimate the imperialist history of England by plundering the cultural past of music. Today nothing seems distant. All times and all their values exist simultaneously. Distinctions are ever more difficult. The thick air panders to an illusion that history has stopped. There have been other times when art has been surrounded by a society so confusing that the artist retreated into subjectivity. They did not invent forms; they infected old ones with personal concerns. The nineteenth century's romantic is today's neurotic, dandy, or kook who insists that any form from any time is relevant to his art if he says it is. Such has been the nature of California art for twenty years.

The California art "explosion" is possibly an expanded realization that what has happened here has predicted the current, funky state of our society. During this moment, perhaps already past, when life itself has the qualities of a happening, the California esthetic has proposed a valid alternate to the beautiful, logical, linear historicism of New York.

***Five by Nine*, by Lloyd Hamrol—"predicting the funky state of our society."**



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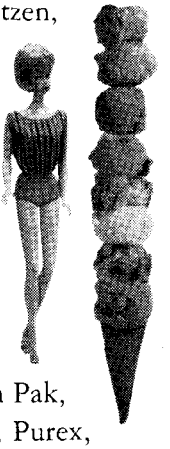

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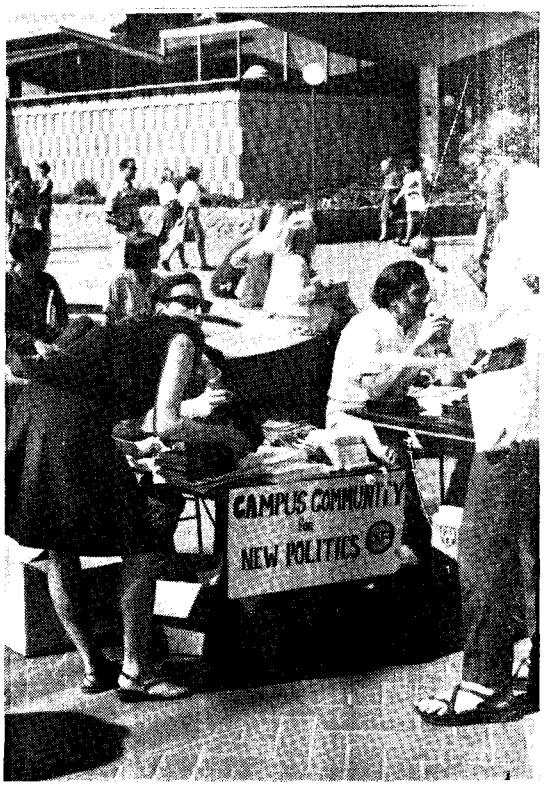
THE GOLDEN AGE, THE GATHERING GLOOM



—Jim Cron, Monkmeyer.

Berkeley—"free to think."

By PETER SCHRAG

CALIFORNIA, its other attributes notwithstanding, is a vast educational system entirely surrounded by a state. In this land where everything seems more open, more possible, more available, education has become the last frontier, the ultimate gold rush, the elixir that will purge utopia of evil. Education is the prime topic of legislative consideration, the paramount political issue, the promise that keeps the American dream alive.

With a population that barely exceeds that of New York, California educates a million more children in its public schools, pays the nation's highest teacher salaries, and offers the world's lushest variety of higher education. California collects Nobel laureates like trophies; its graduate programs, according to the American Council on Education, are the best in America; and its junior colleges are a model for the nation. When Berkeley revolts, Slippery Rock reforms. To be against education in California is like opposing wheat in Kansas.

California, as everyone knows, is Super-America. Because the American gyroscope has always been directed West—because moving upward meant moving on—Californians are probably the supreme believers in the American cornucopia, the most unabashed devotees of the Good Life, denying the tragic, affirming possibilities. When reality fails the image, they try to remake it: thus California's predilection for radical politics, thus its educational program, and thus its occasional tendency to confuse one with the other. Where other people at other times have voted themselves a farm or a homestead, the people of California are forever voting themselves a college, and then seeing to it that it provides the right tone, the right program, the proper morality. The people have created the colleges, and now the colleges are attracting more talent, more industry, and more people.

California's educational system is woven so thoroughly into the fabric of the state that it is sometimes hard to tell where education ends and the rest of the economy begins. In other states, the university was often the center of agricultural research; in California it is also the outpost of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, the electronics and aerospace industry, and the manufacturer of contraceptives. Between them, Berkeley, Stanford, and the California Institute of Technology are probably supplying more brains for aerospace and electronics than any other regional group of institutions in America, excepting perhaps only Harvard and MIT. The radiation laboratories at Berkeley and Stanford are national installations, and the 700-acre industrial park at Stanford's Palo Alto campus has become a huge research and development center for Lockheed, Beckman Instruments, Hewlett-Packard, Eastman Kodak, Control Data Corporation, and nearly fifty others. Some of these firms are creatures of college professors who started little businesses on the side (many are no longer small), but all are there because of the area's large concentration of brains, its prestige, and its public schools. Some 40 per cent of the Defense Department research contracts go to California.

At the base of California's vast educational establishment is a collection of 1,200 districts, many of them coinciding with no logical political or geographic boundaries, that educate some 4,400,000 students in elementary and secondary schools, among them some of the best and worst in America. At the top is the University of California, which now enrolls approximately 90,000 students on nine campuses (the jewel, of course, is Berkeley), as well as a group of distinguished private institutions, among them Stanford, the Claremont group, and the University of Southern California. Between them are the four-year state colleges with 190,000 students on eighteen campuses, and the state's eighty junior colleges with an enrollment close to 500,000. (According to the California master plan for higher education, the University is expected to choose its students from the top 12 per cent of high school graduates, the state colleges from the top 33 per cent, and the junior colleges from the rest.) Collectively, this huge complex—high schools, junior colleges, universities—offers everything from cosmetology to cybernetics, from horticulture to forensics, sustaining the belief that a college degree, in marketing or forestry, in classical philosophy or astrophysics, is available to anyone.

THE California universities have achieved an unmatched national reputation for their research and training in the physical and biological sciences, in engineering, and in the general production of technical personnel. What is less well known is that Berkeley produces more Peace Corpsmen (more than 900 to date) than the next two American universities combined, that its graduate programs in English and history are among the best in the nation, and that its student protests, its free speech demonstrations, could only have occurred at a place where students were sufficiently intelligent and independent—and felt sufficiently free—to think of complaining in the first place. In a convocation address at Berkeley last spring, the

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economist John Kenneth Galbraith, a California alumnus, declared that "If Berkeley is intellectually and ideologically the least tranquil community in the world, as it well may be, it is most likely because it houses the best university in the world."

The magnitude and variety of California's educational programs are almost without limit. The University of California was the prime model for former President Clark Kerr's conception of the multiversity, an institution so large and complex that the president becomes an arbitrator among constituencies, a moderator of forces, rather than a leader. The University of California, Kerr wrote in 1963, has "operating expenditures from all sources of nearly half a billion dollars, with almost another 100 million for construction; a total employment of over 40,000 people, more than IBM and in a far greater variety of endeavors; operations in over a hundred locations, counting campuses, experiment stations, agricultural and urban extension centers, and projects abroad involving more than fifty countries; nearly 10,000 courses in its catalogues; some form of contact with nearly every industry, nearly every level of government, nearly every person in its region. Vast amounts of expensive equipment are serviced and maintained. More than 4,000 babies are born in its hospitals. It is the world's largest purveyor of white mice. It will soon have the world's largest primate colony. It will soon also have 100,000 students—30,000 of them at the graduate level; yet much less than one-third of its expenditures are directly related to teaching. It already has nearly 200,000 students in extension courses—including one out of every three lawyers and one out of every six doctors in the state."

When he was fired, Kerr may himself have been a victim of some of these forces, yet clearly his tenure was also jeopardized by a reaction to the very size, expense, and impersonality of the university he led. The Berkeley rebels, and those who reacted to them, shared a vision of the university as a more manageable institution, perhaps even a fear that in its relations with industry and the economy it had become a superpower that needed to be checked. In representing itself in terms of cyclotrons, Nobel laureates, and government research, the University of California may have neglected stress on what most Californians undoubtedly consider an equally vital function. Education in California—education at all levels—is not merely concerned with getting into college, or getting out, nor with research and development, but also with the good life, with weekends at the beach or pool, with identity and purpose, education to be charming, popular, and happy—education, that is, for a society that provides few sources of belonging or stability. What goes on in the classrooms of California, perhaps more than anywhere else, must ultimately enable people to fill their lonely moments.

SINCE California is, in many respects, so new, since it is a state of immigrants—the final melting pot—its educational tone and arrangements are relatively flexible, its school establishments comparatively free of domination by old hands. Thus California has been more free to experiment, to pick up ideas, or to reject them, to try new styles of architecture, new teaching arrangements, new programs. (For the same reason also, it has been more prone to extremist attacks; the pendulum swings for anyone willing to push it.) In Orange County, for example, where the population explosion turned citrus groves into housing developments almost overnight, districts that had one or two high schools after World War II (or sometimes no schools at all) now have eight or ten. Their teachers and staffs, unlike those in other states, come from every part of America (nearly half of the new teachers hired in California each year come from out of state), and often their attitudes are no more fixed than the movable partitions of the schools they occupy. California may well have been the nation's most hospitable state for progressive education, but it was also among the first to react against it. ("Every revolution," said a California administrator, referring to the basket-weavers and life-adjusters, "has its reign of terror.")

In 1961, the state adopted the Fisher Act, which substantially increased the academic requirements necessary for teacher certification; since then, it has mandated the teaching of modern mathematics, required foreign language instruction in all schools beginning in the fifth grade, encouraged the teaching of economics, and established special reading and compensatory programs on a statewide basis. In the Brentwood School near the Stanford campus, California has the nation's best-known experiment with computer-assisted instruction; in its campus schools it has a style of architecture that has been emulated throughout the country, even in places where the climate made the application disastrous, and in its general penchant for experimentation – for being with it – it often resembles one gigantic suburb (which, indeed, it often is). Scratch most of the state's conscientious superintendents and they'll declare that their biggest problem isn't money, minorities, or politics but, as one of them expressed it, "how you get all this new stuff in the classroom. There's so much new information, so many ideas, we just don't have any idea of how to incorporate them."

But the state's rapid settlement, and especially the phenomenal growth of the orange country, have also generated huge academic problems in coping with the rootlessness, the lack of community, the loneliness that characterize the new developments. The school must therefore take into account not only the new technology, and the scientific and mathematical toughness which the technology demands, but also the growing opportunities for leisure and recreation it has made possible. The tennis courts, the parking lots, the dances and bands, the classes in art and music are as much a

Informality on the campus—"At its best it can be highly stimulating, but it can also produce the sloppiest of bull sessions."

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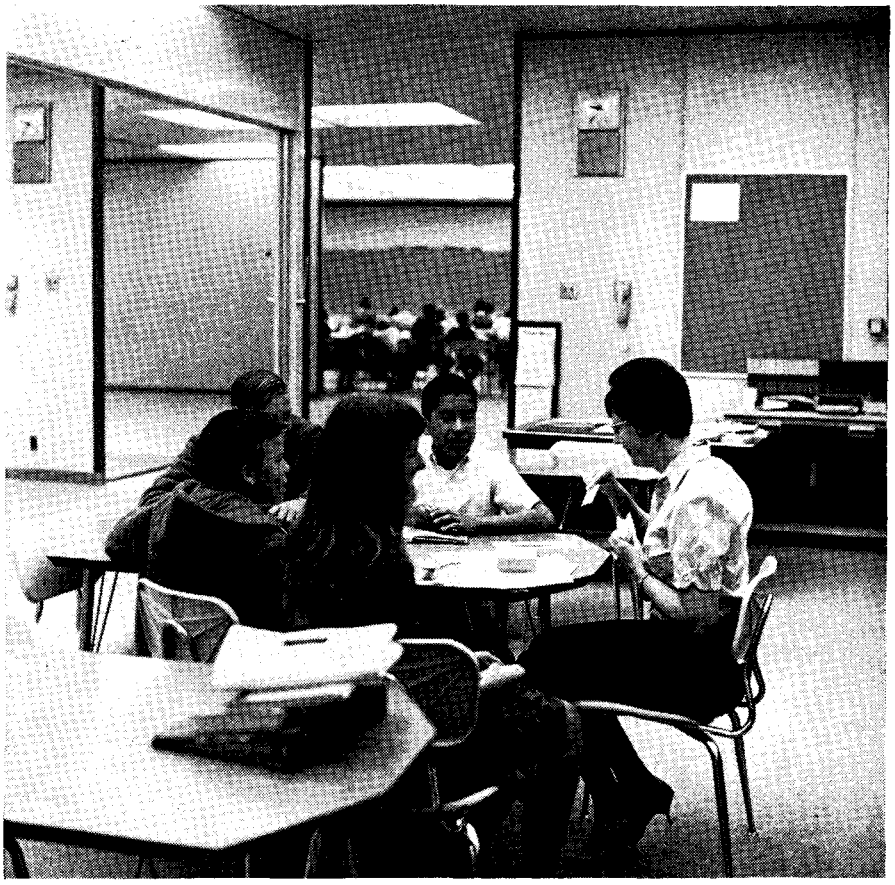

—*Rondal Partridge.*

Mass-produced schools—"stimulating informality, confessional aspect, violent reactions."

part of the high school as the course in English or history.

Moreover, the classroom itself tends to have an informality not often found in other places. At is best that informality can be highly stimulating; it can lead to the kind of insights and to the sort of democratic irreverence that drives the traditionalists wild. But it can also produce the sloppiest of bull sessions, the most pretentious and undisciplined of nonsense. Max Rafferty, California's right-wing-supported State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who was first elected in a reaction against progressivism, and who has made a fetish of "education in depth," recently remarked that "these kids can argue magnificently about the Boston Tea Party and how it applies to contemporary protest, but if you ask them when it took place, they can't even give you the right decade. They've been brought up on rhetoric and dialectics."

Nevertheless—for better or worse—the conditions of life in California have given the concept of the comprehensive high school a special meaning. Time and again (though less, perhaps, in recent years) principals and superintendents will declare that the function of the school is "to prepare for life," not to train kids for a university, a vocation, or even serious learning. "The guidance department," said the dean of a school of education, "has to get in the confessional aspect; the athletic department provides the ritual." Where nothing else exists—where, as one principal said, "you're dealing with 1,500 separate universes craving for personal identification"—the school often becomes the only source of community in reach.

AT the same time, California is now undergoing profound changes that may, at least for a while, substantially affect its educational arrangements and spirit. The recent battles at the University of California, the firing of President Clark Kerr, Governor Reagan's attempt to impose tuition on the university and the state colleges, Rafferty's own political success—all these things have generated a fear, especially among liberals, that the golden age is coming to an end. The Berkeley revolt stimulated a number of campus reforms and produced a new and better set of relationships between faculty and students. (There have been no demonstrations since the beginning of 1967.) But it also set off violent reactions on the outside. Kerr feels that Reagan is now imposing at least a pause on the university's progress, and many faculty members fear that budget restrictions, imposed by the Governor's general economy drive, will start an exodus of academic talent during the coming academic year.

But the greatest concern is that academic freedom, so carefully nurtured over the past decade, will be jeopardized by a regime of political know-nothings more interested in moral axioms than free speech. Reagan has already let it be known that he will oppose the appointment and promotion of university professors who are too vocal with politically unpopular views, that he shares Rafferty's view of Berkeley's "four-year course in sex, drugs, and treason," and that he feels no student who defies the law or protests too vehemently should enjoy a free education at the expense of the taxpayers.

"Reagan and Rafferty," said a San Francisco journalist, "sold the public a bad image of Berkeley. People think students spend all their time lying on the grass, smoking pot, and getting A's from corrupt professors. The fact is that Berkeley treated its demonstrators more roughly than most of the private universities."

WITH Reagan's concurrence, the Regents recently passed a resolution allowing the university to dismiss any student possessing or using marijuana or other drugs (an original version of the resolution made dismissal mandatory), and there are indications that the Board may, in the future, be less tolerant of faculty members who join demonstrations or protest. Within two years Reagan will also control the State Board of Education, which sets policy for elementary and secondary schools, and whose members (who serve four-year terms) often defended schoolteachers and textbooks against right-wing critics and self-appointed patriots. Dorman Commons, vice president of an oil company and a liberal, who is now president of the State Board, fears that the climate may change, that a Board dominated by conservative Reagan appointees—and hence, sympathetic to Rafferty—will encourage a new wave of schoolhouse repression.

In Southern California especially, the frustrated, the immigrants and pensioners who discovered that sunshine and seashore did not eliminate death and taxes, or even social problems, have a particular passion for finding subversion in textbooks, and occasionally for sending children to class with hidden tape recorders to catch unpatriotic remarks, references to sex, or other evidence of deviation from good education as practiced in the small towns of Ohio in 1935. In Orange County, the huge slurb that hangs south of Los Angeles and which is headquarters for the California Right, the past decade has produced a succession of school board recall campaigns, investigations of teacher subversion, and textbook attacks. People like Commons have always felt that the pronouncements of Rafferty (assaulting beatniks,

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Godlessness, Dick and Jane, and the general lack of moral and political fiber) have given heart to the extremists, and that a Reagan-Rafferty Board will give them official sanction.

California's educational battles, however, have gone—and are likely to continue to go—well beyond simpleminded attacks on textbooks or the political nuances of materials concerning the United Nations. Because of the state's growth and because all issues are less settled, the controversies strike at the very purpose of education and touch on fundamental attitudes about students and children. Thomas Braden, the former president of the State Board, whose public battles with Rafferty became a front-page story, feels that "Max has done tremendous damage. If you think that schools are society's weapon against a generation, then he's right. But if you think schools are for kids, then he's done damage. I think we made a hopeful beginning at being a model system for the entire nation; we made a day's journey. Now everything's stopped."

Rafferty, for his part, feels that he has produced basic changes, driving the progressive educators out, replacing "social studies" with "history" and "geography," and increasing the emphasis on phonics—learning sounds of letters and letter-combinations—over "look-say," or learning to read by recognizing entire words. Rafferty is now itching to get his hands on the state's elementary school readers (new readers are up for adoption in 1968) so he can throw out Dick and Jane and replace them with "classics" (Longfellow, Kipling, Wordsworth). Rafferty, who is now considering a race for the U.S. Senate seat of liberal Republican Thomas Kuchel (on a platform of law and order, winning in Vietnam, and CCC camps for unemployed youth), also hopes to abolish state adoption of elementary textbooks altogether, thereby returning a substantial degree of curriculum control to the local districts. Braden and Commons both fear that such a move will lead to lower standards, especially in the state's remote districts, the California Appalachias that have been bypassed by industry, electronics, and general contemporary developments.

Sometimes California's school debates have coincided with political issues; people interested in "fundamentals" of education—stress on learning facts, on drill and memory—are often also those interested in the "fundamentals" of Americanism, the Protestant ethic, and rigorous discipline. But often the debates cut across political lines: Life adjustment has drawn the enmity of liberals as well as conservatives, and the upgrading of subject matter preparation for teachers was backed by the liberal State Board before Rafferty came to office. Rafferty and the Board both claim credit for the state's program of compensatory education.

Reagan's own election, Rafferty's appeal, and the educational proposals they set forth may simply be another swing of California's political pendulum. Many Californians believe that Reagan was elected largely on the backlash to the Watts riots, which may well have jarred the California utopians more severely than similar violence in other areas, and on the excesses of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, which shook those who thought college students should restrict their extracurricular activities to playing football and swallowing goldfish. And yet, the changes may turn out to be far more significant: They may reflect more than reaction to the Berkeley demonstrations or to the excesses of progressive education.

As newer immigrants arrive in California, bringing with them increasing concentrations of minority groups from the South and Southwest, as well as growing numbers of people with relatively limited means, the problems that have plagued the rest of America are likely to plague California as well. In the past decade, despite the state's wealth, California's per capita income has increased more slowly than the national average, its concentrations of Negroes and Mexican-Americans has grown, and its schools have increasingly been affected with the problems of disadvantage, rising taxes, and voter disaffection. In the past twenty years, according to Rafferty, the average intelligence test scores of California school children, once among the highest in the nation, have gradually declined and are now close to the national average.

California has always had poor people and minority problems, but until recently they remained (as they did elsewhere) relatively invisible. San Francisco, which prided itself on its good race relations (mostly with Orientals) began to discover a few years ago that its small Negro population of prewar days had grown to 100,000 (of a total population of 750,000) and that Negro children comprised 30 per cent of the city's school enrollment; the Los Angeles schools are now 20 per cent Negro and 20 per cent Mexican-American. For the state as a whole, Mexican-American children make up 13 per cent of the school population, Negroes another 8 per cent. Of the Mexican-Americans, approximately half don't go beyond the eighth grade.

In recent years—to California's credit—the state has made serious efforts to confront the problems of its educational minorities (many of whom are white). Under Wilson C. Riles, who directs the program of compensatory education and integration for the State Board, California has become a model in the application of Federal Title I funds for disadvantaged children. Riles, a superb and imaginative negotiator, has attempted to concentrate the federal money in those schools that have the most serious problems, and not to dissipate them in scatteration programs—to do the job, as he said, "with this generation of children." Riles feels that even the incomplete efforts of the first year of Title I (1965-66) managed to arrest the decline in school performance of disadvantaged children, and he hopes that the results of the second year (1966-67), not yet compiled, will show positive improvement. And yet Riles, like everyone else in the state, faces severe budget

—*Nestor, Monkmeyer.*

Berkeley-led science club at Emerson school—"arresting the decline in school performance of disadvantaged children."

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restrictions, and the prospects for getting more money, either from the state or the federal government, are slight. Despite his own talents and his success to date, the problems are mounting while the Reagan Administration's apparent appreciation of the problems is not.

California's demographic changes, which have always been hard to predict, may well mark the decline of the state's sense of unlimited possibilities, and, hence, a shift to a more restrictive, exclusionist set of mind. California's internal political divisions—divisions between the old, essentially Northern establishment and the newer, restless South—have always kept it unsettled educationally as well as politically. The North has water and the South wants it. The North has a soft, cosmopolitan style; the South tends to be more rootless, less established, and more extreme, and it is the most rapidly growing part of the state. Its newest settlers, however, tend to come increasingly from the South rather than the Midwest; they are somewhat less affluent than the earlier immigrants, less well educated, and perhaps less interested in a high level of services than they are in low taxes.

It has been said that California is full of retired people who have small pensions to protect and are not concerned about education; the statistics do not bear this out. California's percentage of people over sixty-five is lower than the national average, and they represent a smaller proportion of the population today than they did in 1960. More likely is the possibility that California is developing a retirement mentality, with a growing number of people on relatively fixed incomes who have seen their taxes climb to accommodate more services and an explosive increase in school enrollments. In the past fifteen years, while the population grew roughly 80 per cent, school enrollments climbed 135 per cent; at the same time, while personal income tripled, total expenditures for schools and junior colleges grew fivefold. Californians now pay a greater percentage of their personal income in state and local taxes than the people of any other state (they rank only fifth, however, in per capita expenditures for education).

All of these problems tend to look mellower in the California sunshine—we are not used to seeing slums with palm trees—and yet they exist in growing importance. Clearly, the state is affluent—perhaps more affluent than any other. Its economy, moreover, is wedded to its educational resources, and it is unlikely that industry will tolerate a general decline in the state's schools and universities. Yet so far, to the surprise of many, Reagan's budget cuts, especially at the University of California, have met little visible resistance from industry. "When

(*Continued on page* 101)

SOME OF THE CAST IN

Dorman Commons
President, State Board of Education

When Dorman Commons was elected president of the California State Board of Education last January, his first official action was to call for the Pledge of Allegiance at the start of each meeting. Mr. Commons is no flag-waver. He was making his demand to thwart Governor Ronald Reagan's two new appointees, who planned to embarrass the Board with a similar demand. Commons, forty-eight, a stern-looking Southern California oil company executive appointed to the Board in 1962, has used similar political acumen to work for equality of opportunity in education, improved teacher training, and his chief concern—equalization of the school tax burden. Less emotional than his predecessor, Tom Braden, but just as strong in his opposition to the elected State Superintendent, Max Rafferty, Commons has smoothed out considerably the working relationship between the Democratic-controlled board and the elected Republican superintendent. He is a Stanford graduate. His term expires in 1970.

Franklin D. Murphy
Chancellor, UCLA

Dr. Franklin D. ("The D is not for Delano") Murphy, fifty-one, has been chancellor of the University of California's second largest and most prestigious campus, UCLA, since 1960. Less aloof but more conservative than Clark Kerr, Dr. Murphy has made his uniform (a blue blazer) and his modus operandi (moderation) well known to many individual students on the sprawling campus. Almost everyone who knows him wants him to be both President of the United States and president of the University of California. His doctorate is in medicine, and, before becoming chancellor of the University of Kansas in 1951, Murphy served as dean of its school of medicine. His medical background was a great attraction when the UC Regents hired him away, thinking he would—as he did—help build UCLA's now highly esteemed medical school.

Edward W. Carter
Regent of the University of California

Edward W. Carter, a handsome, graying retailing tycoon, was chairman of the Regents during the height of the Free Speech Movement controversy. When public revulsion reached its height, Mr. Carter threatened to take over the campus. After President Kerr threatened to resign, Carter backed down. Carter, for twenty-two years president of Broadway-Hale Stores, Inc., and a director of five other huge utilities and corporations, let himself be convinced by Kerr on several important issues—including the Communist speaker ban argument—to vote "for the good of the university." A graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles and the Harvard Business School, Carter has used his keen financial mind to help double the university's size and prestige during his fifteen-year Regental tenure. Carter is also a trustee of Occidental College, the Stanford Research Institute, and a number of other cultural organizations in California.

Mrs. Dorothy Buffum Chandler
Regent of the University of California

Mrs. "Buff" Chandler, wife of Los Angeles publishing magnate Norman Chandler, is, at sixty-four, one of the most dynamic Regents at the University of California. She has used her almost unlimited influence to help the university gain prestige, public understanding, and support. As one of four Regents designated to investigate the Free Speech Movement debacle, Mrs. Chandler was almost singlehandedly responsible for finding Attorney Jerome Byrne to lead the probe. Byrne's report criticized the Regents and Clark Kerr for dealing in too much minutia rather than in broad concepts, and for meddling too much in individual campus administration. Byrne said the students were right in their demands but wrong in their methods of seeking relief. The report also recommended that the university be decentralized into a loose confederation of nine separate universities with their own boards.

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CALIFORNIA'S EDUCATION DRAMA

Norton Simon
Regent of the University of California

NORTON SIMON built a small food processing plant into one of the largest industrial complexes in America by knowing good organization and management techniques. Ever since becoming a University of California Regent in 1960, he has been trying to get the board to function as business boards of directors do. Two years ago, he refused to serve on Regental committees, saying they were a waste of time since the full board had to reconsider all their recommendations. There are still Regental committees. But Mr. Simon has made headway in limiting the board to policy matters rather than administration and in getting some decentralization. An unpretentious millionaire with one of the world's most enviable art collections, Simon is one of the few liberal members of the Regents to fight Reagan's university budget cuts publicly and to argue with the Governor at Regents meetings about such issues as adequate financing and long-range planning. He was also among those who voted against the dismissal of Clark Kerr last winter.

Roger W. Heyns
Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley

THE ARGUMENT over what kind of chancellor the Regents wanted for their Berkeley campus was resolved when Roger W. Heyns, former academic vice president at the University of Michigan, took charge of the University of California's strife-torn mother campus on October 1, 1965. He proved to be everything any individual Regent wanted—moderator, disciplinarian, scholar, administrator, public speaker, planner, and financier. Within less than nine months, he had patched up most of the raw wounds left by the Free Speech Movement, announced that "the commitment of the campus to rebuild its sense of community and to order its own life has been a success." Dr. Heyns, forty-nine, liked and respected by students, faculty, and Regents, is one of several strong contenders for the presidency.

Daniel G. Aldrich, Jr.
Chancellor of the University of California at Irvine

DANIEL ALDRICH'S youthful face and boyish personality combine to make the chancellor of the new University of California campus at Irvine seem prematurely gray at forty-nine. But he has proved since opening the campus in 1962 that he can handle both responsibility and controversy. Irvine is already notable for its faculty and standards. And Dr. Aldrich has successfully fought the right-wing zealots who surround the Orange County campus. They complained he had "completely disregarded decency and morality" by allowing into the library a magazine containing a four-letter word and by permitting males to visit in women's dormitories. Aldrich, a native New Englander, was named dean of the Division of Agricultural Sciences in 1958. He earned a doctorate from the University of Wisconsin, and his first assignment, at the Riverside campus in 1943, was as a junior chemist. Though his detractors point to his less than ten years' administrative experience, some Regents would like to see him become president.

Max Rafferty
Superintendent of Public Instruction

MAX RAFFERTY has been California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction since riding a tidal wave of antiprogressivism into office in 1960. Noted most for his staccato-paced attacks on John Dewey, on the barefooted "kooks" at the University of California, and on Sally, Dick, and Jane, he has waged a continuing platform campaign to return the state to the glories of basic education. Mr. Rafferty, fifty, is a former school superintendent from Needles who was re-elected in 1964 by the largest majority for that office in history. Since then, he has often been identified with conservative Republican politics. Last fall he endorsed Ronald Reagan for governor, and now he may contest for liberal Minority Whip Thomas Kuchel's U.S. Senate seat—despite Reagan's strenuous objections in the name of party unity.

Clark Kerr
Ex-President, University of California

—ASUC

DURING his eight and a half years as president, Clark Kerr built the University of California into the most renowned public university in the world. Six new campuses were started. Enrollments doubled. Yet quality also grew. The American Council of Education last year called Berkeley's campus "the best balanced distinguished university in the country." Yet Kerr, UC's twelfth president, was the first to be fired. The very spirit of freedom he had fostered to make the Berkeley campus great had also led to the most tumultuous period in the university's history. Kerr was basically a negotiator. He found out too late that some activists don't want settlements. And he is a Quaker who abhors violence. Kerr refused to believe that police action—even on a campus—is necessary. He is now conducting a long-range study of U.S. higher education and its financing for the Carnegie Foundation, and retains his professorship at Berkeley.

Harry R. Wellman
Acting President, University of California

—Barry Evans.

ALTHOUGH his scholarly field is the price analysis and marketing of fruits and vegetables, Harry R. Wellman has been running the gigantic University of California since Clark Kerr was fired last January 20. A former Alberta, Canada, farm boy, Dr. Wellman, sixty-seven, joined the faculty in 1925 and rose to senior vice president almost entirely without notable controversy or credited personal university achievement. He is a Kerr devotee, and has always been a quiet, seldom-smiling hard worker who, behind the scenes, has followed his leaders loyally. Now he will undoubtedly take his cues from the Regents. "I am not a mere storekeeper," Wellman protests. But he also notes that he "plans no changes in the direction or policies" of the university. "The new president," he says, "should be a vigorous young educator." Wellman, who hoped to retire last July, is not a candidate.

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SCIENCE AND THE PEACE ADVENTURE

By JOHN LEAR

TEN YEARS ago next month, scientists of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics celebrated the anniversary of their country's October Revolution by launching a spaceship that circled planet Earth once every ninety minutes.

The ship was the first of its kind, and the Russians called it Sputnik I.

Their exploit surprised a great many people, and frightened more than a few.

But a small group of thinkers in California were not at all abashed. More than a decade earlier, each member of this group had received a copy of a scientific paper signed by one of them: F. H. Clauser. The paper was dated May 2, 1946. Along with its codemark, SM-11827, it bore the title, "Preliminary Design of an Experimental World-Circling Spaceship."

Mr. Clauser had calculated that a primitive spaceship could be launched by the year 1952. "Problems associated with instrumentation and guidance," he wrote, would be "more difficult of solution than those of building the vehicle itself." He explained that the decisive technological trick would be to rocket the ship off earth's surface with sufficient drive to attain a speed of 17,000 miles per hour in the outer atmosphere. At such an altitude, given that velocity, the centrifugal force of the ship's motion would exactly cancel the restraining pull of earth's gravity, allowing the ship to travel on inertial power in a fixed orbit.

"Extremely valuable scientific data" could be obtained and transmitted to earth by such a spaceship after the ship became a satellite of earth, the Clauser paper predicted. Remote areas of the planet could be mapped, and radio messages from one point on earth could be relayed via the spaceship to other points far away.

In 1951, one year before the feasibility date set for the satellite by Clauser, other papers written by members of the scientific group to which he belonged discussed the possibility of using a space vehicle for global observation of the weather.

In mid-1957, five years after the deadline Clauser had fixed for the first appearance of a satellite, still other associates of his predicted within two weeks the actual date of launching of Sputnik I.

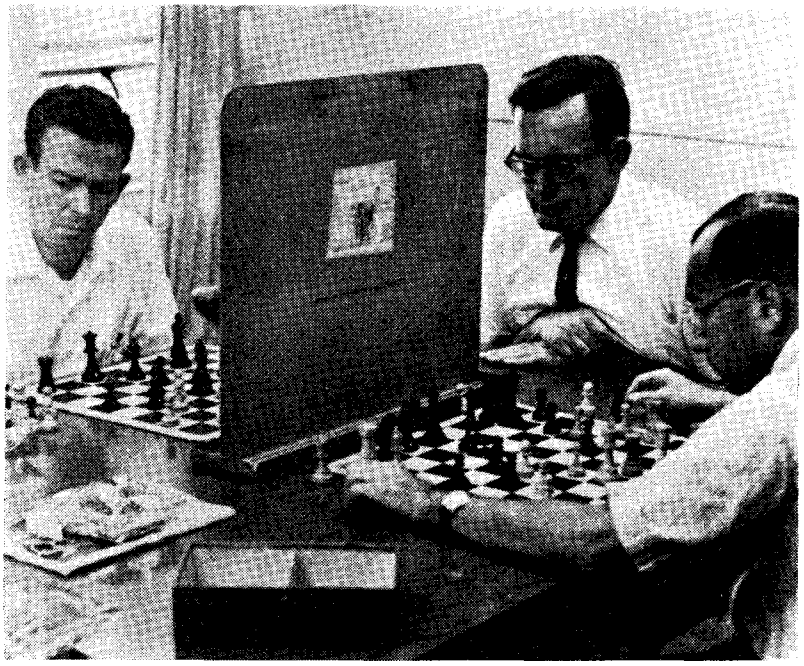
Since major eras in man's experience are by nature limited in frequency relative to time, it would be unreasonable to expect the state of California—which has been called the American omen—very often to anticipate the future with so long a premonitory shadow. Yet the last score of years has been punctuated by a series of California happenings that have replicated elsewhere, and in replicating have magnified into phenomena of national dimensions. Racial tensions exploded in Watts, on the fringe of Los Angeles, before race rioting bloodied the streets of East Harlem, on the edge of Manhattan's Central Park. Decay of public transportation began in Los Angeles so very long before the same blight attacked other American cities that most people nowadays don't even remember the time when the overwhelmingly popular mode of travel in this movieland metropolis was the high-speed-electric rail car. The factory built on the distant frontiers of technology started here. And so did the supermarket.

Now the supermarket may not sound like much of an innovation when measured against the spaceship. But anyone who comes to Santa Monica and sits in the offices of the RAND Corporation while Paul Baran talks about the future city is destined to leave with a changed perspective.

As Baran sees it, the supermarket was the first step away from the old-fashioned retail store toward buying-at-home-by-TV. Buying-at-home-by-TV will be the last step away from the big city.

For why do people live in cities? Principally to enjoy the convenience of the marketplace. The classical retail store was a corner of the market where buyers could see, feel, and choose among a variety of goods. Those who found decision difficult could depend on the sales staff of the store for advice and help. The supermarket eliminated most of the salesmen; the few who remain know little that is worth passing on to customers, who perforce inform themselves in advance of purchasing by reading, watching, or hearing advertisements through the mass media.

To Baran, the next step is obvious. During the next fifteen to twenty years, the declining efficiency of the shopping process will be corrected. As rapid advances in electronic development accelerate, many more TV channels will be come available. Miniaturization of computer components will make information consoles as commonplace as telephones are now. One or more wall panels in every kitchen will function as lighted blackboards to display information of the household's choosing. Department stores, already more akin to warehouses than to the classical retail store, will be



Kriegspiel at noontime—"Anyone who sits in the offices of the RAND Corporation will leave with a changed perspective."

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reduced to warehouse function as well as to warehouse status and probably will be stocked directly by manufacturers of goods. A householder's telephone query for information about a particular product will be answered in more useful detail than is possible today. The details will be visible for studied comparison on the kitchen wall.

Since the orders for goods will be placed directly with the manufacturer, he will be better acquainted with the real needs of the market. Almost immediately after the introduction of a new fashion or a new device he will know the degree of popularity of that fashion or device. His ratio of loss items will be reduced accordingly. His prices will lower commensurately. His reasons for maintaining large properties on high-priced land in the midst of densely populated areas will disappear. The population density will redistribute itself in response to decentralization of the marketplace.

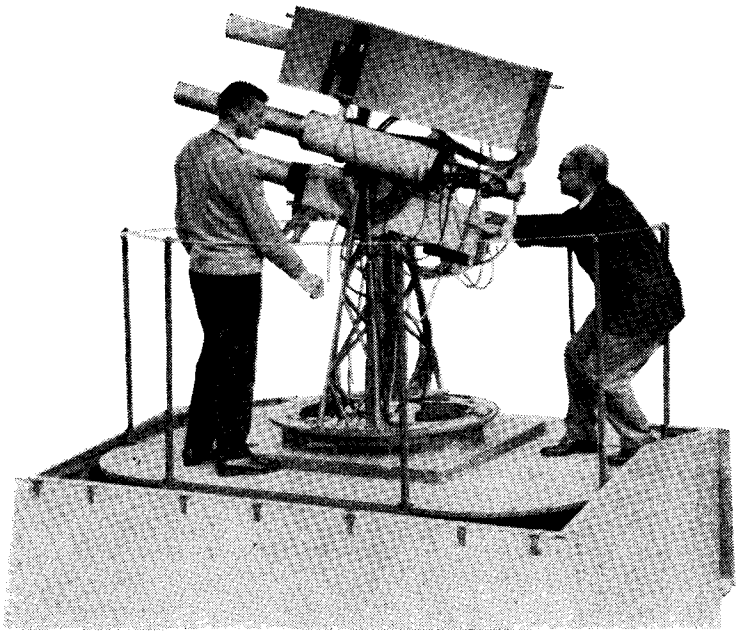
Cities will shrink to habitation maxima of 100,000 to 200,000. Air, water, and noise pollution will abate. There is some reason to suppose that divorces will be less frequent in the less stressful environment of the smaller city. There is much reason to believe that multiplicity of TV channels will variegate entertainment to such an extent that smaller and more selective audiences can be catered to. The home will become the private box of the concert hall and the theater.

News will be conveyed into homes in coded summaries, from which a householder can choose items of particular interest to himself and request the full background on those. As the TV pencil and talking typewriter are put to progressively more ingenious use, more schooling will take place in the home, restoring the family more nearly to its old role of basic culture center. Political boundaries, historically dependent on the distance a citizen can travel in a day, will be influenced by the growing substitution of means of communication for means of transportation.

Because the science of information flow is multiplying its effects so rapidly, and because the mobility of people is being so drastically influenced by the information revolution, more and more people will need to renew their education continually in order to hold their jobs. Government agencies will have to interest themselves in questions of regulation of a bigger public utility network than has ever existed before. The regulation may have to encompass responsibility in advertising, especially in advertising directed at children. Most children already spend longer hours before the TV screen than they spend in school during the period from kinder-

(*Continued on page* 93)

The Brain Banks



By JULIUS DUSCHA

LAST SUMMER psychologist Herbert Kelman came to work every day in a sports shirt, slacks, and sandals. No tie, or socks. His breeze-swept office was high on a California hill overlooking the red-tiled roofs of Stanford University. A short, pudgy man with a fringe of black hair flowing over his neck, Kelman spent the summer on leave from the University of Michigan at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, thinking and writing about the effects of human values on research in the social sciences, a subject of interest largely to the academic world.

Four hundred miles to the south in Santa Monica, California, Ed Paxson, a no-nonsense mathematician, also spent the summer in a sports shirt and slacks. He wore socks, though, to his job at the heavily guarded RAND Corporation offices, which are just a five-minute walk from the Pacific Ocean. A neat man with carefully trimmed hair, Paxson was thinking, too, as he has been for most of the twenty years he has spent as a military analyst for RAND. He was trying to figure out the kind of missile defense system that would best protect the United States a decade from now, a subject of considerable interest to all of us.

Different as Kelman and Paxson and their purposes may be, the two men are still typical of those who spend their days in California's "think tanks," a phrase of uncertain origin referring to institutions devoted only to research. The inhabitants of the tanks are men who have been freed from the tyranny of administration with all its tiresome pettiness, from the bureaucracy of our times, and from the pressures of day-to-day decisions so that they will have an opportunity to think and write about basic ideas and future problems.

The specific purposes of think tanks vary wildly—from the RAND Corporation, which is the Air Force's master planner, and the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California, which is prepared to think about almost anything for government or business, to the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, where a professor is free to do nothing but contemplate his navel for as long as a year, and Robert Hutchins's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California, where a couple dozen egg-heads carry on endless dialogues in an effort to clarify what they consider to be the basic issues of the twentieth century. But however different the specific purposes of the think tanks may be, their common aim is to try to strip away the fat from the conventional wisdom and lay bare a sinew of facts and ideas. They are supposed to be the reducing salons of the intellectual world.

The prototype of the think tank is the RAND Corporation, which grew out of a 1946 Air Force contract with Douglas Aircraft to conduct research on intercontinental warfare [see accompanying article on page 64]. RAND (an acro-

Julius Duscha, formerly a reporter for the Washington *Post*, is associate director of the Professional Journalism Fellowships program at Stanford University.

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nym for research and development) was set up in Santa Monica because Douglas was located there.

RAND flourished in California, and so did the think-tank concept. The Stanford Research Institute was set up at the same time as RAND and now has 3,100 employees and a $57,000,000-a-year budget (compared to RAND's current payroll of 1,145 and annual budget of $22,000,000). The Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, which brings fifty professors a year to its glass-and-redwood headquarters, was set up in the San Francisco Bay area in 1955 because that's where its prospective professor-clients wanted it to be. Hutchins moved his think tank to Santa Barbara in 1959 to get away from the distractions of New York City. Other think tanks were established in California—including the Systems Development Corporation, once a part of RAND; General Research Corporation and Planning Research Corporation, both set up by former RAND employees; and the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute—and now there are so many think tanks in the state that no one is quite sure of the number.

Think tanks have also been set up in many other states, but California appears to have gotten more than its share. The weather and living are good, but for every person who believes that he thinks best gazing into blue skies from the top of a wooded hill there is another who prefers a gray Boston winter for serious study and contemplation. The scientific and intellectual climate is good in California, too, despite the noisome Birchers and other native know-nothings. The University of California, Stanford, and Caltech form the state's scientific and intellectual fulcrum, and there are more Nobel Prize winners in California than in any other state. But Boston, New York, and Washington all offer scientific and intellectual attractions not unlike those in California. Perhaps it is, then, just the magic of the California promise and the feeling that the state is on the frontiers of everything that account for its thriving think-tank industry.

The think-tank industry is likely to continue to grow, too, because it is a result of the increasingly complicated nature of twentieth-century society. Corporations, universities, and other institutions have become so large, so bureaucratic, and so caught up in assembly-line production that they seldom seem to be able to provide time for thinking. To think, a man must get away from all that.

> "California has become the cutting edge of America. We are regarded by many as a preview of coming attractions—or distractions—for other states."
> —*Former Governor Edmund G. Brown, 1966.*

But not even in California could the think tanks have thrived without federal funds. The federal government finances three-fourths of the research-and-development work in the United States (nearly all of it for military or space-flight purposes), and one out of every three of these federal dollars go to California corporations and educational institutions. All of RAND's money comes from the federal government, most of it from the Air Force and Defense Department. Seventy per cent of Stanford Research Institute's budget is financed by government agencies, most of them federal. Even the seemingly pristine Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, which spends only $1,300,000 a year, is bolstered with grants from such federal agencies as the National Science Foundation and the National Institute for Mental Health. Hutchins's Center eschews federal money, and is constantly facing a financial crisis in trying to meet its $1,200,000-a-year budget.

Hutchins, who at the age of sixty-eight remains as controversial a figure in educational and intellectual circles as he was thirty years ago when he was the "boy wonder" president of the University of Chicago, says that "if you accept a large amount of money from a mission-oriented agency you accept its mission." RAND and Stanford Research Institute researchers maintain, however, that they do not try to read the minds of their clients and provide them with the desired results. There seems to be plenty of freedom at RAND and Stanford Research Institute, as their resident thinkers continually tell visitors, but it is a freedom to think about only the problems their paying clients consider important.

HOWEVER significant federal funds may be in keeping think tanks in business and expanding their operations, the Ford Foundation, which is as ubiquitous as the federal government, was responsible for helping to get the think-tank concept established. Ford money was instrumental in setting up RAND as a separate corporate entity after its beginnings as part of Douglas Aircraft. A grant of more than $5,000,000 from the Ford Foundation established the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, and money left over from a Ford grant of $15,000,000 to the Fund for the Republic was used to set up the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

And what have Ford money and federal funds wrought? Henry S. Rowen, the tall, serious, forty-one-year-old economist who took over as RAND's second president this year after spending eleven years as a RAND researcher and some time in Washington in the Defense Department and the Budget Bureau, believes that RAND's principal contribution has been to show what can be accomplished by putting people from several scientific disciplines to work on a problem. The emergence from the think tanks of the interdisciplinary approach is also stressed by Preston Cutler, the assistant director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, and by Oliver F. Senn, a vice president of Stanford Research Institute. Even the iconoclastic Hutchins agrees that one of his Center's most important accomplishments has been the breaking down of intellectual barriers among academicians.

> California has about 10,000,000 automobiles—more than 10 per cent of the national total—and it is expected that the number will *double* in the next eighteen years.
>
> To accommodate them, California has 171,000 miles of highways, streets, and roads—including 2,000 miles of freeways.
>
> The average Californian drives 5,000 miles a year. Although the sixty-five-mile-an-hour freeways are notorious for their hectic, racetrack atmosphere, they are considerably safer than ordinary thoroughfares in terms of accidents per car-mile.

WHEN one moves beyond the interdisciplinary approach, however, it is difficult to generalize about the accomplishments of the think tanks. Some, like RAND, have worked on the frontiers of knowledge and have developed such mathematical concepts as systems analysis. But much of the work of Stanford Research Institute, for example, is devoted to such humdrum business problems as where a plant should be located. Shelves of books have been produced by thinkers-in-residence at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, and pamphlets and booklets flow from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Yet, such is the nature of knowledge developed even for specific military uses that it soon leaps beyond its supposed confines. Systems analysis, which is basically a highly organized way of looking at a problem, and cost-effectiveness accounting, which is an effort to consider the expense of a program in terms of its potential, were developed by RAND thinkers to meet military needs, but the systems now have been

(*Continued on page 99*)

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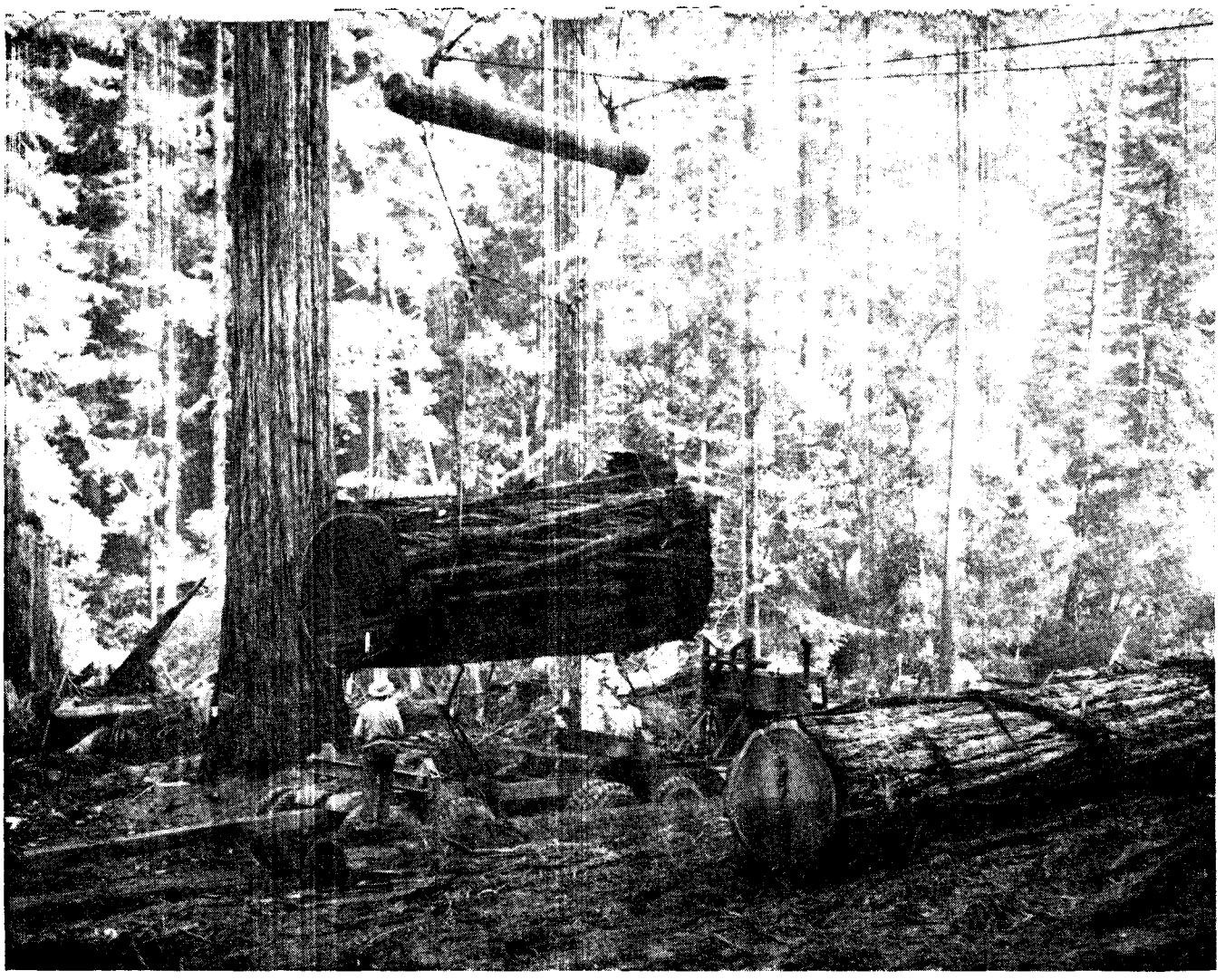

—California Highways and Public Works

CALIFORNIA CONSERVATION

BEATING BACK THE BULLDOZERS

By HAROLD GILLIAM

THE WORD "revolution" is applied so loosely to nearly everything happening in California—from current fads in psychedelia to new methods of merchandising swizzle sticks—that it has lost most of its meaning. Nevertheless, it may be the proper term for the movement that is being organized by thousands of Californians in rebellion against the ongoing devastation-by-technology of a state that, by common consent, is one of the earth's superlative pieces of geography.

Every night in the week, someplace in California there is at least one indignation meeting where outraged residents are organizing committees of vigilance to turn back the bulldozers. The roots of the resentment are deep. Everyone who has lived in California more than a few months remembers a pleasant orchard that has been uprooted for a factory or shopping center, a favorite picnic spot that has been graded for tract houses, an unspoiled beach that has been paved for parking, a living stream that has been entombed in a culvert, a rustic country lane that has been converted into a roaring highway. Thousands of residents have been displaced by freeways, and tens of thousands live in neighborhoods now dominated by their stench and racket. Native Californians watch the destruction of hallowed landmarks, man-made and natural, one by one. New residents witness the despoliation of the scenic beauty that attracted them originally.

My growing-up years were spent in the Hollywood Hills, which then contained some large near-wilderness areas in the midst of metropolitan Los Angeles. We explored those canyons and ridges, pretending we were Lewis and Clark, Daniel Boone, Jedediah Smith. We had intimations of the sense of wonder our forefathers felt when they confronted the wild continent. We acquired —as we could not from books—a knowledge of the encounter with nature that shaped the American character.

Those hills, as we knew them, no longer exist. The canyons have been paved and subdivided, and the ridges have been amputated in a superb triumph of earthmoving technology.

The destruction of the Hollywood

Harold Gilliam, former assistant to Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, writes for the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

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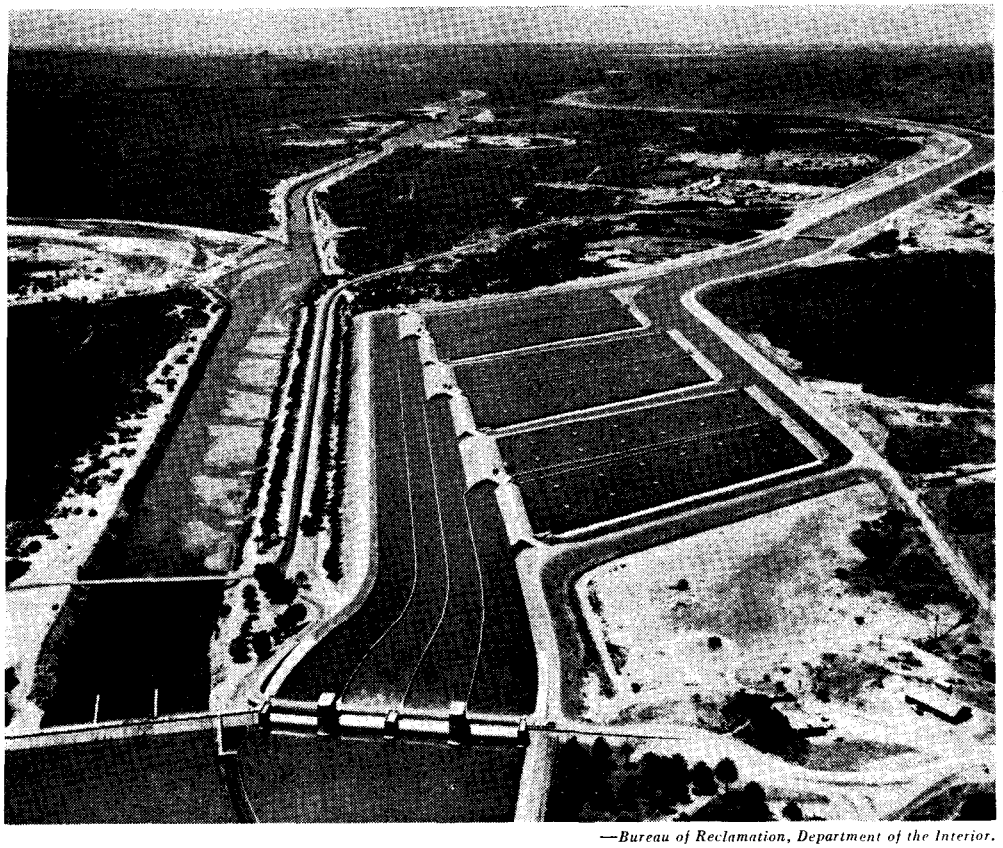
Hills stands as a monumental warning of what the future holds for all California hills unless the bulldozers are stopped. Fortunately, the warning is being heeded. Here, as elsewhere in the state, a ghastly example of landscape butchery has at last begun to foment rebellion.

FAR to the west of Hollywood the earthmovers are beginning to invade the distant reaches of the same range—the Santa Monica Mountains. Four years ago residents of the hill areas held a vigilance meeting and organized the Friends of the Santa Monica Mountains, headed by such confirmed foothill dwellers as Mr. and Mrs. Burt Lancaster, James Garner, Steve McQueen, Eva Marie Saint, and Donald Douglas, Jr. They set as their goal a 20,000-acre mountain park, recruited some 11,000 dues-paying members, distributed half-a-million pieces of literature, testified at innumerable hearings, and mobilized Los Angeles opinion in favor of a 1964 state park bond issue.

They have been bloodied in battle, shattered in ranks, and are well acquainted with the taste of defeat. But at least one major subdivision project has been canceled; several small state parks have been created in the region; and the legislature recently approved the purchase of 240 acres that, hopefully, will be the first unit of a major park in the Topanga Canyon area. Long-run efforts now center on the proposed 50-mile Mulholland Parkway along the crest of the range, linking a chain of several dozen proposed parks and a planned network of riding and hiking trails.

In the northern part of the state, a similar campaign has set an even more striking pattern of success. Here, too, the action was stimulated by a dismaying exploitation of an invaluable natural resource. San Francisco Bay was threatened with destruction by filling. The trucks came to the shores in long processions like colonies of ants, dumping dirt that had been excavated by hillside developers, pouring sand and rock and garbage to make fills for airports, for freeways, for refuse dumps, for subdivisions without end. Marshland wildlife refuges were destroyed; the feeding and breeding grounds of valuable fish were wiped out; bayside residents found themselves landlocked behind new fills; and vast areas of open water disappeared, destroying recreational and esthetic values, and even altering the climate of shoreline districts.



—Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior.

The All-American Canal—"a deep-rooted conspiracy to overthrow the practice that has dominated the state since the gold rush."

In 1962, a group of angry Berkeley residents, led by university wives—Mrs. Clark Kerr, Mrs. Donald McLaughlin, and Mrs. Charles Gulick—formed the Save San Francisco Bay Association and eventually persuaded the Berkeley City Council to abandon its plans for doubling the city's area by expanding into the Bay. The Save-the-Bay movement spread to the other shores and became a major political issue in the entire region. As a result, the California legislature in 1965 created the Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC)—the state's first agency established to make a regional master plan to regulate development. The commission will submit to the legislature a plan for the Bay and its shoreline and meantime has the power to approve or veto all applications for fill projects and other developments affecting the Bay.

The Save-the-Bay Association, now numbering 11,000 members in more than thirty states and several foreign countries, has produced a documentary film on the Bay's future, is vigilantly watchdogging the BCDC, and is preparing for the major political battle that looms in 1969 when the recommendations of the BCDC come before the legislature.

One hundred fifty miles northeast and 6,200 feet higher, a similar struggle has been taking place, precipitated by the galloping urbanization of the basin around Tahoe, the lake that once enthralled young Sam Clemens—"surely the fairest picture the whole earth affords." Sewage has begun to becloud the pellucid waters, and rapacious mountain-gouging by subdividers chokes streams, threatening to fill the lake with silt. Irate residents organized the League to Save Lake Tahoe, and, largely as a result of their liberal expenditures of blood, sweat, and dollars, the legislature this August created the Tahoe Regional Planning Agency, similar to the BCDC (although less powerful), to regulate development around the lake. The Nevada legislature is expected to take similar action, making the new organization an unprecedented bistate agency.

Residents of San Francisco, traditionally "serene, indifferent to fate," were goaded to political insurrection by the spectacle of the Embarcadero Freeway, a concrete brontosaurus rising two levels above the street, slashing across the face of the venerable Ferry Building, walling off most of the downtown section from the waterfront. That monstrosity was scarcely completed in 1959 before the State Division of Highways announced plans for a cross-city freeway that would invade Golden Gate Park and several neighborhoods. Thousands of residents attended a mass meeting in the park, organized ad hoc Save-the-Park committees, and, by 1966, fought the highway forces to a standstill in a series of civic battles that rocked the city more violently than any event since the big shake of 1906.

It was the first successful big-city revolt against the rampant highway builders and inspired similar action elsewhere in the nation. In California, the residents

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of the Monterey Peninsula, Beverly Hills, Laguna Beach, and Santa Barbara have all been able to stand off the freeway forces in one way or another. Citizen protest has also been instrumental in stalling plans for freeways through the redwood groves in Prairie Creek and Jedediah Smith State Parks.

In Los Angeles, the Committee to Save Elysian Park has succeeded in keeping out of that major green space not only a freeway but a proposed convention center and a battery of oil wells. The committee is now working to save Hazard Park, one of the few amenities in an underprivileged area, menaced by plans to build a hospital there.

In Northern California, the Citizens Committee to Preserve Bodega Head and Harbor played a vital role in the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's 1965 abandonment of its plans for a nuclear power plant on Bodega Head—after the utility had dug a hole in the historic point large enough to bury a skyscraper. To avoid another such traumatic encounter, PG&E last year took pains to confer with conservationists, including Sierra Club directors, who objected to its plans for a nuclear plant midway on the state's coastline in the Nipomo Dunes, an area long desired for a state park.

IN consultation with the conservationists and the State Resources Agency, PG&E shifted to another coastal site at the mouth of Diablo Canyon, a few miles away. That action set off another furor when other conservationists objected to that site as well, pointing out that it was part of the last long stretch of natural coastline, untouched by railroads or highways, in the southern three-fourths of the state—a shoreline that the National Park Service had recommended for preservation. A Sierra Club initiative election last spring, however, in effect approved of the Diablo Canyon site as less damaging than one in the dunes.

The loss of Diablo Canyon emphasizes the need for more formalized procedures to account for environmental values in all major construction projects. But the first step in that direction has been taken. It is highly significant that as a result of citizen protest PG&E, billed as the world's largest utility, now recognizes—as it failed to do at Bodega—the need to consider scenic values in locating its plants.

In the normally peaceful Napa Valley, whose vineyards on rolling hills supply a high proportion of California's finest wines, the citizenry was stirred to galvanic activity in 1964 by a Army Corps of Engineers flood-control report. The engineers proposed to confine the Napa River, in its course through the town of Napa, in an immense concrete channel bisecting the community. Half a dozen existing civic organizations, from the Napa Valley Arts Council to the League of Women Voters, combined forces to fight the big ditch. They developed alternate flood-control plans, including landscaped river banks to create a linear park. They pushed doorbells, mobilized the community, and sent a delegation to Washington. The Corps of Engineers, impressed both by this grass-roots activity and by directives from above to implement the President's natural beauty program, has agreed to cooperate and possibly supply part of the "beautification" money out of its authorized funds.

In the South, the persistent Defenders of San Gorgonio have successfully fought off several attempts by high-powered developers to invade an established Forest Service Wilderness Area by building an elaborate ski center on 12,000-foot Mount San Gorgonio, Southern California's highest peak. Audubon groups near Santa Barbara recently won a notable victory in a campaign to preserve the last sanctuary of the few remaining California condors. The Save-the-Redwoods League, based in San Francisco, continues to purchase choice groves of the great trees for the state park system.

Almost every community has given birth to at least one militant citizens committee—from the Save-the-American-River Association in Sacramento and the Save-the-Hills Committee in Oakland to several save-the-desert organizations in Southern California, including Desomount and the Desert Protective Council. Perhaps the most significant of the new groups is the Planning and Conservation League, based in San Francisco, formed last year to give all of the citizen organizations some political muscle in Sacramento by supporting a full-time lobbyist. Last December, representatives of nearly every conservation group in the state met at the University of California in Berkeley, put together a thirty-two-point legislative program, and subsequently persuaded various members of the legislature to sponsor twenty bills embodying the proposals. More than half of the bills passed, the widest array of conservation legislation in the state's history. They included bills curtailing the power of the freeway builders, strengthening the Park Commission, establishing conservation education in the schools, regulating billboards, giving farmers further tax advantages to preserve open space, and setting up an agency that will recommend ways to save the scenic coastline.

Looming behind local efforts to preserve California's vanishing natural landscape is the pervasive presence of the Sierra Club, founded by John Muir in 1892. The club's burgeoning membership in California alone (it also has a large membership elsewhere) is perhaps the best index to the mounting strength of the conservation movement in the state: In 1952 it had 7,000 members in California; now it has 42,000.

The revolt against the bulldozers has developed a new statewide leadership in the Muir tradition, including the Sierra Club's mountain-climbing David R. Brower; Mrs. Helen Reynolds, the gracious and very effective president of the California Roadside Council; Assemblyman Edwin L. Z'berg, hard-hitting leader of the conservation forces in the legislature; and the ebullient William Penn Mott, formerly head of the East Bay Regional Park System and president of the Save San Francisco Bay Association. Conservationists who had been alarmed about Governor Ronald Reagan's often-quoted campaign statement concerning redwoods ("If you've seen one tree, you've seen them all.") were surprised and delighted when he named the crusading Mott as the state's park and recreation chief.

Writers as well as political leaders are playing a major role in the movement. The disastrous consequences of overdevelopment have been vividly chronicled in Raymond F. Dasmann's *The Destruction of California*, Richard G. Lillard's *Eden in Jeopardy*, and the excellent new quarterly *Cry California*.

MAKE no mistake: The destruction of California has not been halted. Every day some 375 acres of the state's farms and open lands are being bulldozed, paved over, or built upon. Giant redwoods that were growing long before Columbus are being felled daily by the loggers while Congress argues about a Redwood National Park. Clouds of smog periodically darken both major metropolitan areas. San Francisco Bay and Lake Tahoe are not yet out of danger.

But the destroyers are no longer omnipotent. They are being increasingly challenged and sometimes turned back—and the implications of these reversals are profound. The citizens who join committees of vigilance to beat back the bulldozers are engaged in a deep-rooted conspiracy to overthrow the philosophy and practice that have dominated the state since the gold rush. They are challenging the sacred chamber-of-commerce dogmas, the belief that growth everywhere and always is synonymous with progress, that change necessarily means improvement, that the measure of success of every community is its rate of expansion in area and population. They affirm, at least implicitly, the conviction that there must be limits on technology, that man's growing power to change his environment drastically does not necessarily justify doing so.

They are convinced that the urge to develop, to organize, to exploit the natural environment must increasingly yield to the instinct to enjoy it and learn from it, unchanged, in its pristine splendor. If California offers a preview of the American future, we may be seeing here the beginnings of an American environmental revolution.

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Gable and Colbert, *It Happened One Night* (1934).

THE MOVIES IN CALIFORNIA

THE EUCALYPTIC DREAM

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

HOLLYWOOD, it has often been said, is not really a place, but a state of mind; and for those who now work in the movie business, this has become particularly true. It is a state of mind that has spread west of Hollywood's original boundaries—west of Doheny and into the hills of Beverly and Bel-Air, and thence on to Malibu and the sea. It has spread north of the Hollywood Hills into the San Fernando Valley, where such communities as Studio City, Encino, and Tarzana provide the industry's upper brackets with ultra-modern tract housing flanked by kidney-shaped pools and two-car garages. Indeed, geographically, Beverly Hills has supplanted the old Hollywood as the industry's heartland. Not only do its broad, curving streets hold the highest concentration of filmland's talent (their houses cheek-by-jowl in the weirdest agglomeration of architectural styles assembled anywhere outside of a World's Fair), but physically it affords easy access to any studio in at most a twenty-minute run in the inevitable Porsche, Jaguar, or MG.

Despite this gain in square mileage, however, Hollywood remains a terrifyingly insular place. It is perhaps understandably difficult for men who work at make-believe to make believe that any world exists beyond their own. Or, if they are aware, intellectually, that not everyone dwells in a split-level, ranch-style home under eternally sunny skies (*give a little, take a little smog now and then*), and that some may even ride the bus or subway to work instead of tooling along in a sports convertible, this information is filtered through their own rose-colored sunglasses. Not too atypical is the story—alas, not apocryphal—of a top producer in a major studio who protested to his costume designer about the elegance of his heroine's garment. "Remember, she's a school teacher," he admonished. "What can she make—maybe three or four hundred a week!"

The surface gloss that is the distinctive mark of the Hollywood film is not an additive, not an extra purchasable for a few dollars more. It is bound into the fabric of each production as inextricably as the stars themselves. It is part of the philosophy of film-making as an entertainment, part of Hollywood's state of mind. Nobody must go away mad, or even slightly riled up, because, after all, *movies are made for fun—and for* profit. Symptomatically, at the finale of one of this year's most somber and realistic dramas, a chain-gang story called *Cool Hand Luke*, Paul Newman as an escaped convict is savagely butchered in cold blood. But does the film end there?

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It does not. To mitigate this harsh conclusion, there follows a quick montage of still photos of Mr. Newman smiling his boyish, toothpaste grin. Mustn't send the customers home unhappy!

And is not this production philosophy precisely what gave the American film its economic, if not artistic, pre-eminence throughout the world? Audiences—particularly the vast, inarticulate, middle-class audiences that are the primary targets and supporters of the movie industry—have always shown a marked preference for, as a TV producer once phrased it to Herbert Gold, "happy stories about happy people with happy problems." This is something that Hollywood, by inclination as well as by orientation, has traditionally been turning out.

Originally New York-based, the American industry at first supplied moralistic little melodramas (interspersed with vaudeville-turn comedies and brief educational reels) to its preponderantly working-class audiences in slum nickelodeons. As early as 1909, however, film companies began to move into the Los Angeles area, attracted jointly by its unparalleled possibilities for year-round outdoor picture-making and its superb scenic variety. Almost simultaneously—although it would perhaps be unfair to suggest cause and effect—the pictures themselves began to change. They grew longer and more complex, borrowing their themes now from popular novels, theatrical successes, even grand opera (despite the fact that movies were still silent), thus deliberately switching their appeal to the middle-classes that had hitherto shunned the medium. They grew increasingly opulent in settings and costumes, affecting the tastes and styles of women all over the country. And, perhaps most far-reaching of all, American films introduced the glamour of the star system, and with it a whole firmament of archetypical figures to be emulated and adored. By the end of World War I, such stars as Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, and Mary Pickford had become household gods not only in the United States but, quite literally, throughout most of the civilized world.

Paradoxically, it was the stern reality of World War I that established Hollywood as the center of make-believe, the movie capital of the world. Coal and power shortages shuttered most of the small studios that dotted New York City, or that had sprung up in Fort Lee just across the Hudson. Their owners, after briefly casting eyes toward Miami and Chicago, hastened westward to join the pioneers, such as Cecil B. De Mille, D. W. Griffith, and Mack Sennett, who had already staked their claims in Los Angeles's enchanting environs. More important, the same shortages—plus the fact that celluloid, the film base, and high explosives both shared the same strategic chemicals—closed down completely most of the European studios. But people caught up in the throes of war desperately craved entertainment; and Hollywood rushed in to fill the vacuum. The American film at that crucial time gained a hold on the screens of the world that it has never since relinquished.

With money pouring in from Europe, and unchallenged in the rich domestic market, the Hollywood studios were enabled to enter upon a period of unparalleled expansion. In less than a decade, men like William Fox, Samuel Goldwyn, and Adolph Zukor had leaped from a marginal existence in a new and precarious field to positions of power in multimillion-dollar enterprises. Unlettered themselves, they were soon shaping the creative efforts of writers, directors, designers, and performers. Inevitably, the sybaritic luxury that their wealth permitted them to enjoy found its way onto the screen in the form of drunken orgies, petting parties, and overly acquiescent females. It should not be forgotten, however, that immediately after World War I, America itself was in transition from the stern Victorian morality that Griffith so primly depicted to the hedonistic pleasures heralded by Cecil B. De Mille and Elinor Glyn. De Mille swathed his ladies in satins and silks of the highest *couture*, dunked them in perfumed bathtubs, and beset them with problems of marital infidelity, incompatability, and divorce; Mme Glyn gave her esteemed approval to the frenzied escapades of the emerging flapper generation—and the word "It" to describe the flapper's special allure.

No sooner did these manifestations of the new morality appear on the screen than American housewives began to change not only their bathtubs, but their husbands as well; while their dancing daughters mastered the intricacies of the Charleston, bobbed their hair, and drank bathtub gin from the boyfriend's hip-pocket flask. And no sooner did *this* happen than the voice of the reformer was heard throughout the land, claiming that Hollywood was single-handedly paving the way to a twentieth-century Sodom and Gomorrah. Hollywood was, for the first time, caught up in a dilemma that has plagued it ever since. To be sure, the studios could amass ample evidence to demonstrate that everything they put into their pictures—and more—had its real-life counterpart, that their movies were merely reflecting the times. What they could *not* demonstrate—what perhaps defies definitive demonstration—was the extent to which their glamorized, fictionalized versions of life, plus the empathic presence of their star personalities, gave the seal of approval to such behavior, and a green light to the Twenties' go-go generation.

FACED with the threat of a national censorship, the industry reluctantly backed down, agreeing, somewhat hypocritically, to a code for on-screen morality that has remained in effect, with strikingly few changes, right up until this past year. It was a morality created not to appeal, but to appease—an ad hoc morality, a codification of specific or hypothetical objections by state and municipal censors all over the country. This code gained its teeth when, in

(*Continued on page* 100)

—*Paramount Pictures Corporation.*

***Barefoot in the Park*—"mustn't send the customers home unhappy."**

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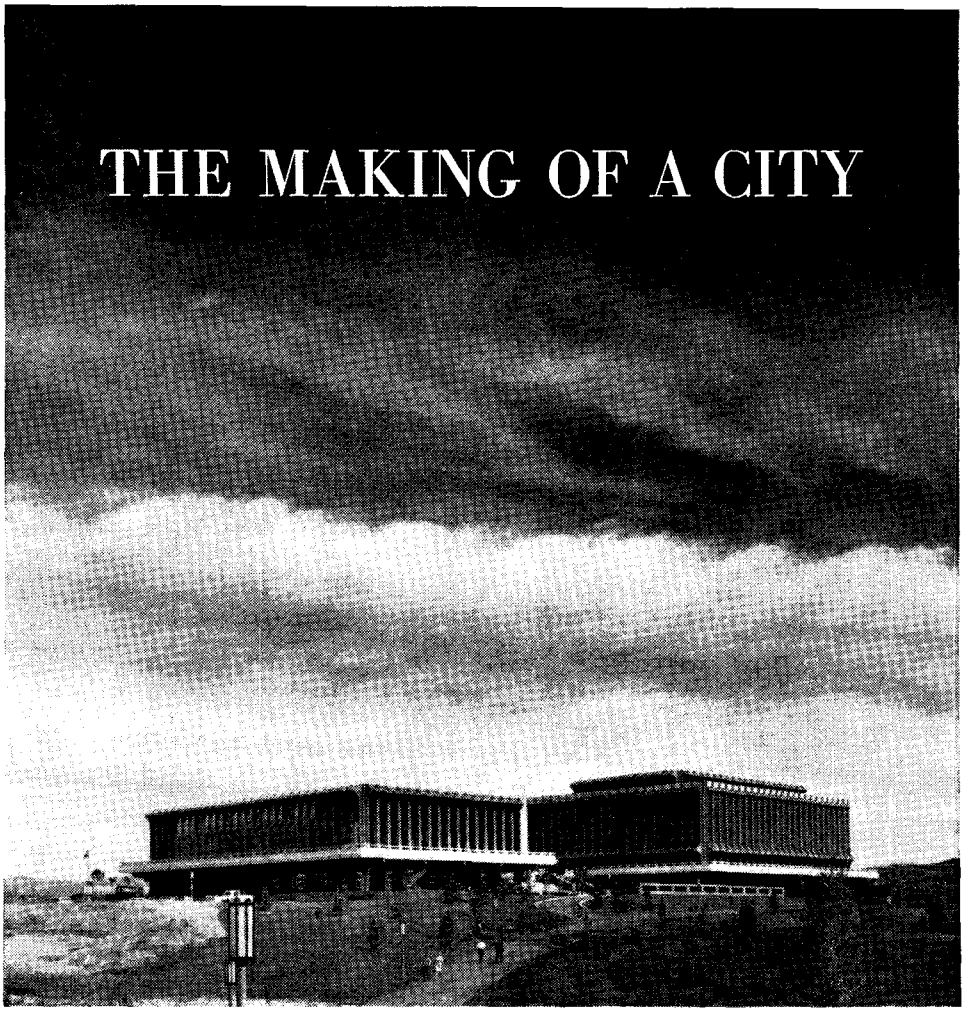
THE MAKING OF A CITY



By MYRON ROBERTS

FIFTY MILES south of what H. L. Mencken used to call "Los Angeles The Damned" lies the Irvine Ranch, 90,000 acres vast (six times the size of Manhattan), sitting in the midst of the fastest growing, most affluent county in the most affluent state in the most affluent country in the history of the world. The ranch, thought to be worth a billion dollars or so, now contains some of the most exclusive and expensive resort beaches in the world, a campus of the University of California destined to serve 25,000 students, a raft of new super-scientific industries like Ford's Aeroneutronics which literally sell moonbeams at astronomic prices, two major freeways, and even its own Air Force–El Toro Marine Base. Soon will come people–perhaps a million or more.

Most of these will be people who have been to college and acquired sufficient technical expertise to do the highly scientific work required by the "think factories" which already dominate Irvine's industrial park. Their earnings will be far above the average, even for prosperous Southern California. Following the people will come supermarkets, golf courses, yacht clubs, and go-go girls. If this were the time of the Renaissance and California were Italy, one could predict–without much exaggeration–that very soon the Irvine Ranch will be a city as rich as Genoa, as well educated as Florence, as luxurious as Venice–and strong enough to keep what it has.

This is predictable because the process has already happened in many places in California–Palo Alto, for example–and the pattern is clear. What is unique about the Irvine experience is that, whereas most of California's postwar growth has been as simple and artless as a realtor's smile, here for the first time an attempt is being made to plan and direct the growth of a city around an idea: the idea is to build a city around a university combining urban density with extensive open space, using university towns such as Oxford as prototypes.

Thus, hopefully, Irvine will not be merely another clean, comfortable California suburb where people can enjoy their swimming pools undisturbed by civilization, but a *community* made up of interesting and involved people, a place where minds and souls will be at least as healthy and as attractive as the tanned young bodies that soon will occupy these rolling hills and bask under the hot white sky.

"We're trying to avoid sterility," says Jim Sink, director of projects for the Irvine Ranch. "What we don't want is a conventional Southern California subdivision which is little more than a bunch of cracker boxes with big front yards that nobody uses marching down lonely streets. . . . What we're hoping and planning for is a dynamic community where people can live in a more creative way: a community keyed to the intellectual stimulation of a great university."

The man who conceived this notion and managed to get it accepted by the board of directors which now controls the Irvine Ranch is architect-planner William Pereira. A former college professor, architect of many of California's most famous postwar buildings–including the striking new Los Angeles County Art Museum, one of those *grandees*

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whose faces have adorned the cover of *Time*, Pereira is a handsome, Italianate man whose words, like his buildings, reflect a merger of the classic and the contemporary.

City-making, he argues, is not a matter of blueprints or plans for transit and trash collection; it is "authorship." "Authorship of a city is an effort to interpret the destiny of land, to control the quality of human settlement; in the end, it must result in a dialogue, a communication, or it is of no consequence."

To help achieve that dialogue, Pereira has created a plan which links the projected city of Irvine organically with the campus of the university. Its keystone is a central plaza which will serve both town and gown as a combination European city square and Student Center (modeled after the famous—or infamous—Sather Gate area of Berkeley). There will be abundant use of the town-house principle, with common walls, swimming pools, tennis courts, facilities for neighborhood associations, parks that merge into a greenbelt system that will connect the city with the surrounding countryside.

What is needed, Pereira argues, is "optimism plus an understanding of all the elements that will, so to speak, cause the cake to rise. Paris and Rome are very beautiful cities, but the original designers were not optimistic enough; these cities have outgrown their authors, and what is happening now in the suburbs is a crime because people no longer care. How do you make people care?

"In the past the blind have been leading the blind. Everyone thinks he is a planner—that is, everyone feels competent to determine the character of the place where he happens to live. The difficulty is that we so seldom think beyond the here and now. Are we gifted to see beyond our own lives? Did you know that Berkeley was planned to be a model community? That the design for the city was chosen after an international competition. What's left of that plan now? It has simply been engulfed by growth. We have to plan to achieve here in thirty years what elsewhere has taken 300."

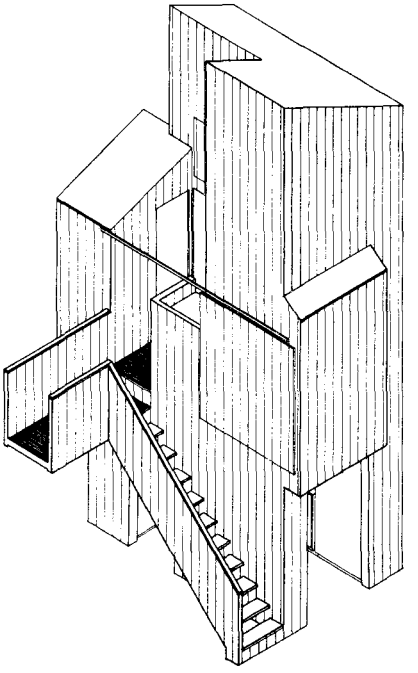
Precisely what sort of concern, what manner of communication, does Pereira envision in the midst of the great Alienated Desert which is Southern California? He pins his hopes on the university. It lies at the heart of Pereira's vision of a future community—new, various, beautiful. The university, he argues, will attract the creative, unusual, talented people who will make Irvine a laboratory of new ways of living, new ideas of what a human community might be.

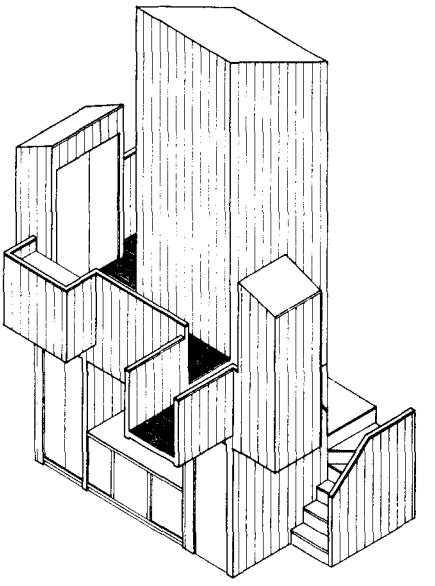
"I just returned from a visit to San Francisco and dropped into Haight-Ashbury, a charming, colorful place," said Pereira, who likes to refer to the Irvine development as "this happening." Of course, he added, Irvine will be no Hippie Haven, but do the new youth communities growing up more or less spontaneously around California colleges and universities (Haight-Ashbury is near San Francisco State and Berkeley; the mushrooming student community called Isla Vista, is alongside the University of California at Santa Barbara) contain some images of what our future cities will be?

"What the cathedral was to the Middle Ages, what the palace was to the Renaissance, the university is to California," Pereira says. Already the university at Irvine, less than two years old, has proved a powerful magnet for industry. There are 20,000 people working, mostly at highly skilled and therefore highly paid jobs in the space and defense industry complex already within the ranch.

IN addition to the aforementioned Aeroneutronics, Collins Radio is building sophisticated communications and navigation equipment; the Stanford Research Institute has located its Southern California headquarters here; McDonnell Douglas has built a huge new facility called simply "Astropower." Bell & Howell and Coca-Cola are also moving in with major divisions. The planners, however, are aware of the danger of too heavy a concentration of purely space- and defense-oriented industry. A section of the industrial park has been reserved for small concerns which will sell craftsmanship—silversmiths or furniture-makers for instance—and which will offer employment to artistically inclined students.

The university, Pereira is confident,





will import brains and capital. The snob appeal of the Newport-Balboa area, long a movie stars' playground and posh resort, will pull in people seeking an almost ideal climate, glittering beaches, sailing, etc. The upper reaches of Newport Bay are being developed to include almost any conceivable recreation facility, including a 2,000-meter rowing course. A five-acre site on the bay has been reserved for the university so that it will be easy for students to walk or bicycle over to swim or get in a bit of sailing between classes.

These circumstances Pereira describes as "fortuitous." Perhaps most fortuitous of all is the size of the 22-mile-long ranch and the unique circumstances surrounding its development. The ranch was originally put together in 1870 by founder James Irvine, who combined three Spanish land grants to create one of the largest holdings in the state. Through the ensuing decades of California land booms, Irvine stubbornly held his empire together, maintaining himself as a rancher and farmer when others were settling for quick profits in the real-estate business. (At one point Irvine successfully fought the all-powerful Southern Pacific Railroad when he prevented SP construction gangs—at gunpoint—from building tracks through his land.)

In 1937, ten years before his death, Irvine fought off the New Deal tax collectors by creating the Irvine Foundation to which he assigned 51 per cent of the stock of the Irvine Company. In 1962 the foundation directors called in Pereira, who had drawn a master plan of a community to be built around a new campus of the University of California. To lure the UC Regents into building their long-projected Orange County campus on the ranch, the foundation gave the university 1,000 acres for an Irvine campus. In the process of

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CALIFORNIA's loose-jointed politics are supposed to have made its capital an unmatched hunting-ground for lobbyists. Much is made of the fact that at Sacramento, lobbyists outnumber the 120 legislators by nearly four to one, and that their acknowledged expenditures run as much as $1,300,000 a year.

In actuality, California's laws regulating lobbyists are much more stringent than those the federal government applies in Washington. The expenditures, spread among hundreds of lobbyists over 180 days of a typical legislative session, don't amount to much. And many observers classify the most influential lobby as no venal commercial interest, but the California Teachers Association.

developing his plan, Pereira won approval from state, county, and no less than fifteen local governmental bodies which are involved in Irvine's future.

"We are in the business of developing, not liquidating, land," says Pereira. Thus the company is highly selective about who may and may not buy its land. It refuses to sell, for example, to speculators who simply hope to buy the land and resell it later at a profit. (Land values on the ranch have tripled in the past five years.) And the company insists upon the right to approve or disapprove the architecture of everything constructed within its vast domain. Houses and apartments, for example, will feature the Spanish-mission motif and there will be abundant use of red tile roofs, stucco walls, arches, etc.

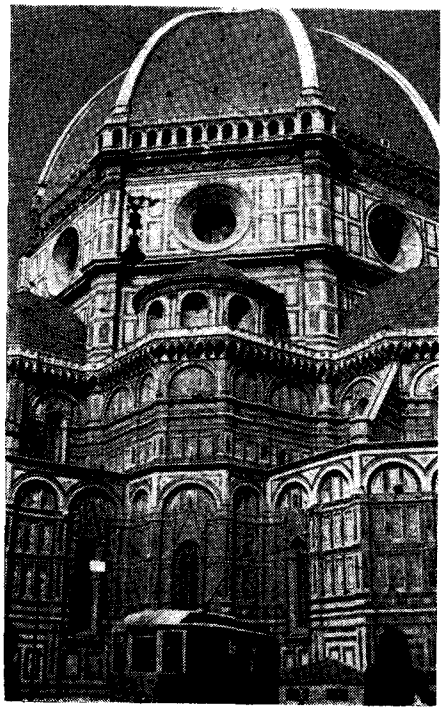
In designing the initial buildings that make up the university, Pereira and his staff faced a unique challenge. They wanted a style that would be at once faithful to the tradition of the area—which means, basically, the Spanish-mission style—and they needed to create a complex of buildings which would be adapted both to the present, largely rural setting of the college as well as to a not-too-distant urban future. In a sense this problem reflects the basic dilemma of Irvine and the only real question about its future. For here an attempt is being made to bring the city to the suburb, to try to merge the tension, the excitement, the drama of a great urban metropolis with the freedom and comfort and casualness of suburbia. Therefore the planners insist that there be attractive places within Irvine where people with very modest incomes will live, as well the upper-middle-class types who ordinarily reside in the fashionable Southern California resort areas. "We're planning for the custodians and the clerks as well as the professors and administrators," says Sink.

Thus, for the next few years at least, company officials, the university, and Pereira will be able to guide what happens at Irvine. But soon the present 20,000 or so residents will swell to 100,000—and ultimately, perhaps, to 1,000,000. Then the people themselves will decide whether or not Pereira's dream of a new "universal city" is to become a reality.

"The critical mass" he admits, "is the people. Authorship is not enough. The question is, what will the actors, the director, the players, the audience do to the play?'"

Can the "good life" of Southern California become intelligent instead of merely comfortable, interesting instead of merely efficient, civilized instead of merely populous? Do the 11,000,000 residents of this area, and the million who are coming to Irvine Ranch, wish to become *citizens* (i.e., city men) in the sense of becoming involved with their neighbors and their towns, sharers of a common culture? Or will they continue to insist in the future, as they have in the past, upon acknowledging only "those truths that the hand can touch"?

Throughout California, planners, public officials, newspaper publishers, community leaders—aware that this state with its great wealth *ought* to be something special in the affairs of men, anxious, as most men are, to grace their work and their lives with at least some hint of the absolute, cognizant that the golden moment may be slipping past and that soon it will be too late—are asking themselves these questions. The "fortuitous" circumstances which created Irvine Ranch are not really all that unique in California. In one way or another, the whole state is a laboratory for the future. "I have the mad hope," Albert Camus once wrote, "that these barbarians lounging on beaches may be modeling the image of a future culture in which the greatness of man will at last be discovered." "Mad" and "hope" are precisely the words for California.



"If this were the time of the Renaissance and California were Italy, one could predict that Irvine Ranch will be as well educated as Florence (Santa Maria del Fiore, left), as luxurious as Venice. . . ."

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NEW WINDS IN THE SOUTH, NEW SPLASH IN THE NORTH

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS

VOTING in Leo Rosten's poll for his book *The Washington Correspondents* thirty years ago, Washington reporters ranked the Los Angeles *Times* third among "least fair and reliable" American newspapers. Perhaps if more of them had read it—like Western news, Western newspapers moved eastward slowly, if at all— they might have ranked the Los Angeles *Times* above the Chicago *Tribune* as least fair and reliable. For among those who read it carefully, the *Times* was better known for intervening in the news than for covering it. When Rosten asked which newspapers the correspondents would most like to work for, the Los Angeles *Times* received not a single vote.

During this same period, Paul Smith was beginning a remarkable era in San Francisco journalism by trying to transform the *Chronicle* into *The New York Times* of the West. In one solid study of journalism history, Kenneth Stewart and John Tebbel called Smith's *Chronicle* "easily the worthiest paper on the Pacific Coast."

These bits of ancient history point a paradox. For today the *Times* of garish, hopelessly metropolitan Los Angeles is reputed to be the most improved newspaper in American journalism, a worthy rival of *The New York Times*, the Washington *Post*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The *Chronicle* of urbane San Francisco is playing in a different league; one critic has suggested that it take on again the name that it adopted in 1865: the *Daily Dramatic Chronicle*.

But these are superficial impressions—reputation rather than reality—and anyone who hopes to understand California journalism must examine the *Times* and the *Chronicle*. For better or worse, one or the other sets the tone for many Western newspapers.

Readers can make a career of examining the Los Angeles *Times*, which carries more advertising than any other daily in the world. It is so afflicted with giantism that a slight man could dislocate his shoulder just by hefting the Sunday issue.

George Is Through

LYNDA'S NEW ROMANCE

San Francisco Chronicle

FINAL

The End of A Romance

An Uncertain Measure of Tax Relief

Crusade

50 Seized

Milwaukee Cops Storm Ruins Of Negro Club

Eleventh-Hour Tuition Clash

S.F. Catholic Schools Race Program

***Chronicle* front page—"An evil genius comes to work early in the morning. . . ."**

There were 416 pages of Los Angeles *Times* on Sunday, August 6—during the summer slump. Most weekday issues run well over 100 pages. Under Norman Chandler, who was publisher until 1960, much of the stuff that was fitted between the ads was highly predictable. He seemed to run the *Times* like a bank, with every conservative in Southern California a major stockholder. His son, Otis, on taking over as publisher, loyally announced in a front-page editorial that "No changes are in the offing." Then Otis proceeded to make stark changes. (Contrary to legend, the changes began not with the arrival of *The New York Times*'s abortive Western Edition, but nearly two years earlier.)

The most evident change was a new political balance, which became so delicate that the editors seemed to be apportioning political news and political columns—conservative, moderate, liberal—with calipers. Richard Nixon, who had been warned by his old friends the Chandlers that he could not win, went into his gubernatorial race against incumbent Pat Brown in 1962 expecting the Los Angeles *Times* to give him the customary lopsided news coverage. According to one of his supporters, much of Nixon's bitter "last press conference" tirade after losing to Brown sprang from his dismay that the *Times* had played the candidates evenhandedly.

Otis Chandler has done much more that suggests that his father should have stepped aside much earlier. He and his editors have raided other newspapers, magazines, and even government, luring respected reporters with the prospect of wide publication through the Los Angeles *Times*-Washington *Post* News Service—and with handsome salaries. Although the exact figures are not known outside the company, it is widely believed in the Washington press corps that Los Angeles *Times* correspondents

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are the best paid in town. Some who work in other *Times* bureaus, as well as in Los Angeles, are said to have doubled their salaries by going to work for the *Times*. The result of this open-handed policy is one of the best staffs in the country. Robert Donovan heading an alert Washington bureau, Louis Fleming reporting perceptively from the United Nations, Robert Elegant analyzing Far Eastern affairs (sometimes with the irritating assurance of one who can read Mao's mind), Daryl Lembke explaining Northern California to bemused Southern Californians, Jim Murray writing the most inventive sports prose in journalism, Paul Conrad drawing the sharpest cartoons this side of Herblock and Mauldin, Jack Nelson in Atlanta and Ray Rogers and Jack Jones in Los Angeles exploring the causes of racial unrest—these are but a few of the luminaries on a large and able staff.

Clearly, Otis Chandler is trying to build a great newspaper. The political balance of the *Times* and its hiring policies make it equally clear that he knows how to begin. The great question is whether he knows how far he has to go. The *Times*'s excellent series on the John Birch Society suggests one dimension. The best of the early reports on the Birchers, the series came long after they were being widely discussed, and well after aged Tom Storke had exposed the society in his Santa Barbara papers. Another example springs from another proud achievement—reporting the Watts riots—which won the *Times* a Pulitzer Prize. When the riots began, the *Times* was caught without one Negro reporter. A few weeks after the riots, I visited the elaborate *Times* library and asked to see the clippings on Watts. There were dozens—but *none* prior to the riots. When I mentioned this later to a reporter who had joined the *Times* staff to cover race relations, he responded, "They didn't even know where Watts *was*."

The point, of course, is that too often the *Times* waits for events to occur. When news becomes "official," the staff reacts brilliantly. But a really great newspaper is more sensitive to its environment.

It is easy to suspect, too, that a newspaper which hopes to become great must do more with its editorial pages than balance a conservative name with a liberal name. Pitting tired old Henry J. Taylor against tired old Max Lerner is balance, of a kind, but it is also an exercise in exhaustion, A great newspaper develops columnists.

THE problems of the San Francisco *Chronicle* are wildly different. Is there a better anecdotal columnist than Herb Caen? A better political satirist than Art Hoppe? A better critic of modern music than Ralph Gleason? Is the *Chronicle* respected? The answer to each question is negative.

From the viewpoint of those who seek news from a newspaper, the best quality of the San Francisco *Chronicle* is the number of stories it runs from *The New York Times* News Service and the Los Angeles *Times*-Washington *Post* Service. There are clearly too few for its readership. The San Francisco Bay area has one of the heaviest concentrations of highly educated people in the world, thanks largely to Stanford, Berkeley, and a dozen other colleges and universities, not to mention complex industries which require employees with graduate degrees. Judging from campus conversations, the *Chronicle* is a disgrace. Chance remarks make it clear that Caen and Hoppe are widely read, but the student or professor who will admit that he likes the *Chronicle* in general is boldly nonconformist.

IT is difficult to understand why the criticism is quite so vehement. No other newspaper has a better sense of place and time than the *Chronicle*. As good as it is, the Los Angeles *Times* often reads as though it could be published anywhere. The *Chronicle* is distinctively San Franciscan. Most newspapers seem perplexed by changing times and manners; linked to the Best People of their communities, who are always adult and established—if not actually Establishment—they sniff at the young and unorthodox with that awful institutional clucking that reduces most editorial pages to absurdity. As often as not, the *Chronicle* seems to understand. Without condoning the hippies, without taking up the banner of the New Morality, the *Chronicle* supplies a reasonable perspective.

Although the *Chronicle* could clearly use another eight or ten serious stories to good advantage every day, its sleazy reputation is misleading. It is explained in part by Ron Haggart, a perceptive Toronto *Star* reporter who spent several months at Stanford early this year studying in a special Department of Communication program. Puzzled because all his professors considered the *Chronicle* a terrible paper, Mr. Haggart developed a half-serious theory that an evil genius comes to work at the *Chronicle* early in the morning when all the editors have gone home. His one job is to write the eight-column streamer for the street sale edition. "The genius takes this paper," Haggart explains, "often a beautiful and sophisticated paper, and ruins it with this one banner which, almost without exception, is maladroit, stupid, sensational, and silly. I have a sneaking hunch that my professors see those terrible banners on their way to class in the morning and reach conclusions from that traumatic experience not justified by the facts."

There is daily evidence that supports Haggart's idea. For example, one morning the *Chronicle* published an amusing story about a man who called in his friends to show them home movies of his vacation. The movies had just been processed, and he hadn't seen them himself. He darkened the living room, turned on the projector, and out came one of those stag-party dirty movies. In its home delivery edition, the *Chronicle* played the story adroitly—in a small, double-column box on the left side of page 1, sitting there as welcome relief from the major news of the day. But in the street sale edition, the innocuous little story was plastered under a huge banner which proclaimed across the top of page 1: PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE SHOCKER. The story was transformed from an amusing sidebar to a silly piece of empty sensationalism.

AGAIN, just recently the *Chronicle* splashed across the top of page 1: 'JOE SUPERSEX' TALKS. What he talked about was that he either was or was not the hippie known as "Joe Supersex"—he rejected the title at one point and claimed it at another—and that in any case he did not steal and give away a batch of poisonous pills, as charged. The stark focus on this nonsense nullified the fact that the *Chronicle* also carried ten solid stories on page 1, three of them from *The New York Times* News Service.

Whatever the Los Angeles *Times* and the San Francisco *Chronicle* are or are likely to become, they will not be challenged on home ground. Not only are the *Herald-Examiner* in Los Angeles and the *Examiner* in San Francisco published in the afternoon, which removes them from direct competition; they are like Hearst newspapers nearly everywhere. That is, they often hire able young re-

(*Continued on page* 107)

THE ONLY KNOWN eyewitness account of just what happened when James W. Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill on the American River near Sacramento on January 24, 1848, is in the diary of a Mormon pioneer, Henry W. Bigler. (*Bigler's Chronicle of the West*, by Dr. Erwin Gudde. University of California Press, 1962.)

Marshall, poking in the mud of a runoff channel being made for a sawmill, came across some metal nuggets. He sent an Indian to fetch a tin plate to pan some more of the mud, Bigler recorded, and then walked back to a construction crew exclaiming: "Boys, by God I believe I have found a gold mine!"

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Not Who Done It, But Why?

THOMAS BERGER, who wrote a strange sort of Western in *Little Big Man* (*SR*, Oct. 10, 1964), has now written an even stranger sort of mystery—*Killing Time* (Dial, $5.95). I first encountered Berger's name in *New American Writing* for the autumn of 1955, which contained a perplexing and fascinating story about postwar Germany, "Confessions of a Giant." This turned out to be part of a novel, *Crazy in Berlin*, which was published in 1958. A sequel, *Reinhart in Love*, appeared in 1962. After that came *Little Big Man*, which was more highly praised by the reviewers than its predecessors and sold more copies.

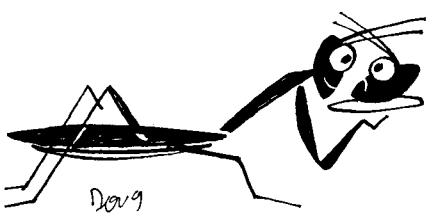
Reinhart in Love begins: "In a shed of unpainted boards, a kind of swollen privy, on a compound of like structures in a field of dirty snow somewhere in Indiana, an anonymous major after an eleventh-hour pitch for the Regular Army or at least the Reserve, bade goodbye to thirty-odd soldiers—among whom was Corporal Carlo Reinhart, 15302320, the oddest of the lot, take it as you would." That is the kind of guy Berger would be interested in writing about.

Killing Time gets off to as bloody a start as any mystery fan could ask for. Arthur and Betty Bayson, entering the apartment of Mrs. Andrew Starr, Betty's mother, discover the body of a boarder named Appleton, the nude body of Betty's sister Billie, and, under the bed, the body of Mrs. Starr. Mr. Starr, an alcoholic who is separated from his wife, accidentally appears on the scene in celebration of Christmas Eve, and policemen and reporters follow close behind.

Little Big Man was a kind of anti-Western Western; that is, its hero and narrator, Jack Crabb, who claims to be over 100 years old, violates every tradition of Western fiction in telling his story. So *Killing Time* is a mystery without any mystery of the ordinary sort. In the second chapter Berger introduces an eccentric young man named Joe Detweiler, who once boarded at Mrs. Starr's, and the reader immediately and correctly suspects that Joe is the murderer. (I am giving away no secrets, for Joe's guilt is announced on the book jacket.) The question is not "Who done it?" but "Why?" This is not answered until the end of the novel—if, indeed, it is answered at all.

Once he has given his concise account of the discovery of the corpses and has introduced Joe Detweiler, Berger allows his novel unusual freedom of movement. We meet policemen, reporters, former boarders, neighbors, and the like. One thing leads to another in the casual and sometimes astonishing way we are accustomed to in our daily experience. Some of the characters are developed at length, others drop out of sight almost as soon as they are mentioned. Two police detectives, Tierney and Shuster, run all through the book, and the former becomes a major figure. Another officer appears for only a few pages and then commits suicide offstage. One reporter tries to get a story from Betty Bayson, while two rivals work on the father. There is a striking change in Betty, who really finds herself; and even her namby-pamby husband acquires a little strength.

But the central character is Detweiler, who takes on larger and larger dimensions as the story proceeds. In the brief introductory passage we are told that the morning after the murder Joe got on a subway train and "began his work, which was out of the ordinary." A few pages on we read: "Detweiler's work consisted of helping people to make the most of themselves. He believed the great flaw in the accepted morality was the better-to-give-than-receive principle, as a result of which it was a rare person who knew how to accept a kindness, whereas the world was overrun with donors. So what he did to compensate for the imbalance was to travel about among the public and arrange opportunities for total strangers to befriend him." His performance of this program is ingenious, to say the least.



Joe is training himself to get the most out of every moment, but he has a higher ambition than that: "Detweiler looked forward to a time when he could Realize the packing of his clothes, Realize himself upon a train, every detail precise and perfect—fellow passengers, passing landscape, meals in the diner, braking into stations, accelerating out, noises and smells—Realize his arrival at the destination. He would be *there*, without having physically left *here*. Yet if sought here, he would be there in body as well. He would be able to translate himself into a new context, using only the mind." That he has so far failed to develop this power, which he believes will someday be exercised by all human beings, he attributes to his being easily distracted. Since sex is a major distraction, he has gone "to several private doctors and a number of public clinics, with a simple request: that his penis be amputated."

Joe is a nut, and when we meet his mother, who is a working spiritualist, we know that he comes by his nuttiness naturally. But the extraordinary thing about Detweiler, as almost everyone whom he encounters is compelled to admit, is that his arguments are likely to be unanswerable. Tierney, the detective to whom Joe makes his confession, listens "with a peculiar sympathy."

(*Continued on page* 83)

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From Arson to a Thousand Candles

From the Ashes: Voices of Watts, *edited by Budd Schulberg (New American Library. 256 pp. $5.95), to be published later this fall, is an anthology of poetry, essays, short stories, and television scripts drawn from the writers' workshop established by Mr. Schulberg after the violence in Los Angeles two summers ago. Piri Thomas, who has started a creative-writing workshop in East Harlem, is a poet, essayist, playwright, and painter. His autobiographical "Down These Mean Streets" was published last spring.*

By PIRI THOMAS

"FROM the ashes, voices of Watts"—what a beautiful realization of the Negro's cry for dignity, a cry not only from the mind but from the soul. This book is to me as close as the aorta through which my heart pumps blood to all parts of my body. It is a freedom cry, expressed in essays, poetry, short stories—the writings of suppressed people who having no alternative (this I know from my own experience) have been forced, yes, literally forced to react no longer as slaves but as men, with trumpets that blare out loud and clear: "Give us the same liberty that you have claimed for yourselves."

In a brief review it is virtually impossible to salute all those who are heard in this anthology of voices from the ghetto—the Watts Writers' Workshop, writers at Douglass House (named for the great Negro, Frederick Douglass)—voices that white Americans would do well to heed. Since 1965 membership in the Watts workshop has grown to more than thirty, and there have been some thirty-five additional applicants. Think of the contribution already made by this small group and how much greater America could be if their achievement could be multiplied by the thousands.

A short biographical sketch precedes each writer's selection in the anthology, and at times the drama in his history communicates almost as much to the reader as the composition itself. Although many themes recur, the overall screaming message is that poverty and denial of dignity warp, embitter, and destroy millions of lives. By some lovely miracle these "nitty-gritty" writers have been strong enough and articulate enough to write about not only their near defeat in life, but also their faith in ultimate victory.

The individuality of each is particularly evident in the poetry. Guadalupe de Saavedra, the son of Mexican migratory workers, concludes his poem, "The Shoe Shine":

> Someday you'll know
> But you won't like it
> Because things are going to change.
> So let me say it once more.
>
> I shore tanks yo', boss.

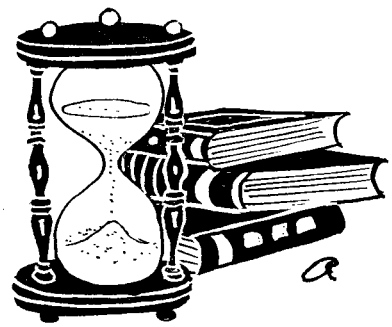
Johnie Scott attended Harvard College one year and then returned to Watts to write:

> You become a man when
> you stop all of those faces
> from coming out of your
> mouth and begin shaping your
> lips to sing the recognizable
> features of your own past,
>
> *and what you know is true.*

Jimmie Sherman's poem "Sammy Lee" conveys the same feeling of indignity that I as a dark-skinned Puerto Rican have known. And Blossom Powe's "Black Phoenix" captures the essence of this remarkable book:

> Of this black kind of Phoenix
> With trembling hands—
> Crying! Brooding! Trying somehow
> To create . . . a new mosaic
> From broken bricks and charcoal faces!

The young Negro poet Alvin A. Saxon, Jr., who frequently uses the pen name of "Ojenke," gives honor to the writing profession. "Some men satisfy their longings for a better world by escapism, some by defeatism, and some by coming to grips and defining these terms of existence responsible for man's conditions. The latter is my job as a writer."



The poem that brought tears to my eyes, and I mean real tears, was by Birdell Chew, a woman over fifty years old, born in Texas and one of the earliest members of the Watts Writers' Workshop. The poem, "A Black Mother's Plea," closes with these poignant words:

> Please do not give my son a reason to hate, so he will destroy himself while he is still a boy. Allow him a chance to fill his heart with love for all mankind, for he was conceived by woman from man, same as the Whites.

Harry Dolan has already achieved well-earned recognition as a writer and playwright. His short story, "I Remember Papa," echoes what I, growing up in Spanish Harlem, and many ghetto youngsters heard from the lips of their parents:

> "Be careful, boy, there are so many ways to fail, the pitfall sometimes seems to be the easiest way out. Beware of my future, for you must continue, you must live. You must, for in you are all the dreams of my nights, all the ambitions of my days."

At the same time, I really dug the humor blended with the stark reality of the nitty-gritty in Haley Mims's two short stories, "Passing" and "Maggie."

From the Ashes is a monumental work, not of fiction, but in its depiction of the agony and frustration and destruction that have stricken our land. Each of the eighteen writers here represented, along with the others who could not be part of *From the Ashes,* speaks from his or her own heart, yet it is one heart that gives white America another opportunity to listen to the voices of men and women who are determined even unto death that their heritage from America is not to be hunger, pain, sorrow, indignity, and the denial of their full rights as Americans.

A special tribute is due Budd Schulberg for his courage and perseverance in starting the Watts Writers' Workshop and keeping it going. I am sure it will be an inspiration to all such workshops now in existence and yet to be founded all over this country. As Schulberg so eloquently puts it in his introduction:

> His single candle may light a thousand thousand candles. And the light and warmth of these candles may help redeem and regenerate the core of the ghetto, that decomposed inner city, waiting either for a phoenix to rise from the ashes, or for bigger and more terrible fires.

Keep swinging, my brothers and sisters in Watts. Keep wailing! We're gonna reach the mountaintop yet.

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Dateline Watts: From the Ashes, a Solution

By ALLAN NEVINS

AS WE contemplate the wave of rioting and bloodshed in our cities last summer, we should remember that this is by no means the first time that racial violence has convulsed major parts of the United States. But in the past most of the violence and intimidation has been directed by ethnic majorities against one or another of the subordinate peoples: Negro, Chinese, Mexican, Indian, or Japanese. The violence s not new; its direction is. Today the angry minorities are but faithfully following the example that the majority long ago began teaching them.

This fact and some fundamentals concerning both the outbreaks and the possibility of removing their causes are brought home to us by a striking new compilation of protests from the Watts district in Los Angeles, edited and introduced by Budd Schulberg, under the title *From the Ashes*. These are the voices of the Negroes themselves, raised in grief, expostulation, self-explanation, and occasionally in anger or even in threats. Eighteen Negro writers, who never published anything before, here cry out in deep emotion and fiery sincerity.

When the Watts riots began, Mr. Schulberg had just finished writing a commentary on Nathanael West's novel *The Day of the Locust*. One character in this story was a Hollywood artist and art director whose masterwork was a canvas entitled *The Burning of Los Angeles*. On the hot August night in 1965 when television brought scenes of the Watts rioting into the room where Schulberg was entertaining some Eastern guests, he realized with horror that Los Angeles actually *was* burning. As a social novelist and a supporter of varied reform movements, he felt it his duty, both to the community and to serious literature, to act. He tells us that he realized, from the beginning, that this disturbance was not just a street riot, but a revolt—a revolt against a ghetto, a ghetto of life, full of intolerable wrongs. Schulberg sought a way to help. The means, he found, had a simplicity which recalls the counsel that Lincoln gave to a troubled people at the end of the Civil War, which had ended with guerrilla fighting, violence, and terrorism. A smoldering bed of coals in wide areas of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other border states threatened at any moment to break into flame. What Lincoln advised was the use of helpful private action. He suggested that neighbor should call upon neighbor in the disorderly states, that in these calls they should proffer their services and kindly cooperation. Thus a spirit of amity and mutual aid might spread from community to community.

This was precisely the course of action that Schulberg undertook. He secured a building in which he could talk to Negro youths and create a school for ambitious young Negro writers. Many were initially diffident, and some were hostile. But his evident good will won first a few and then more, while his expertise impressed them all. This was neighborliness at its best, with all the constructive values that Lincoln had called for 100 years before.

At Watts "they were living in a . . . hopeless situation, 'entrapped.' Schulberg swung open one door."

Schulberg reveals in his eloquent introduction some facts about the Watts ghetto and adjacent parts of Los Angeles that, until the disturbance, were little known. This ghetto was not physically repulsive. It had some wide streets with pleasant stretches of well-kept houses, green lawns, and occasional flower gardens. But, as Schulberg states, the neighborhood did not have a single motion picture house. The people could not see a film without going outside the area. Worse still, the district did not have even one hospital and was devoid of ambulance service. Babies died because they could not be hurried to proper care. Because of inadequate public transportation anyone seeking a job could not reach a possible employer without tremendous cost in money and time. People of Watts did not feel that they were living in a free and hopeful environment. As one of Schulberg's writers says, they felt they were living in a closed and hopeless situation, "entrapped."

Schulberg swung open one door. He helped a growing number of young people to find a mode of self-expression.

WHY could this example of constructive neighborliness not be followed by those who possess other types of skill? What Schulberg as a writer did to assist some in writing could be duplicated by different experts: a machinist could conduct classes in various technologies; a scientist could help young people take the primary steps in science; an artist could teach interested Negroes their first lessons in art. This example of neighborliness could spread, as Lincoln said neighborliness would.

Robert J. Donovan, Los Angeles *Times* Washington correspondent, stated on August 3 that an Administration leader had told him the government has not really penetrated the militant Negro youth movement. They do not know its methodology. Schulberg's book suggests a means of learning more about Negro psychology, and a method of raising Negro hopes and aims to a higher level.

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Man as a Cultured Creature

Rousseau and Revolution, *by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon & Schuster. 1,091 pp. $15), the tenth and final volume in "The Story of Civilization," begun in 1929, covers the period 1715-1789. The authors, who have traveled widely visiting the sites of events they have depicted, are long-time residents of Los Angeles. Orville Prescott, now retired, was literary critic of The New York Times for twenty-four years.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

—*Amos Carr.*

Will and Ariel Durant—"skeptical rationalists of a nonviolent sort."

"GOOD historians," wrote Horace Walpole, "are the most scarce of all writers, and no wonder! A good style is not very common; thorough information is still more rare; and if these meet, what a chance that impartiality should be added to them!"

There are other possible virtues a good historian might possess, but Walpole's minimum list is basic. Will and Ariel Durant quote it apropos of Edward Gibbon in *Rousseau and Revolution,* the tenth and final volume of their *Story of Civilization,* without apparent awareness that few contemporary historians display those virtues more admirably than they.

In 1929, three years after the publication of his enormously popular *Story of Philosophy,* Will Durant began work on *The Story of Civilization.* The first volume, *Our Oriental Heritage,* appeared in 1935; the concluding one is being published less than two months before Mr. Durant's eighty-second birthday. Mrs. Durant, who has toiled beside her husband on the whole majestic project, is officially listed as co-author on the title pages of the last four volumes.

The popularity of these massive books has been continuously gratifying to their authors and publishers. In this country the first nine volumes have sold approximately a half-million copies. More than five times as many have been distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club as dividends and as inducements to join the club. The series has been published in England and Australia, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Icelandic, and Hebrew, although not every volume is available in all these languages.

It would be impossible even to look at the spines of the ten Durant volumes without feeling awe before such productive industry, the labor of thirty-eight years. To have read the whole of all of them is probably more than most of their owners can claim. But many thousands of people have read all of some of these volumes, and much of all of them, with profit and delight. Several recent works of history have been more brilliantly written, such as Garrett Mattingly's *The Armada,* or Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August,* or Bruce Catton's *A Stillness at Appomattox.* But I know of no popular history that is so encyclopedic in scope, so brightly readable in style, and so humanely reasonable in point of view.

The whole purpose and excuse for being of the Durant series is to introduce intelligent readers who are not professional scholars to the civilizations of the past out of which our own tormented society has grown. To introduce and to popularize is not less worthy an enterprise than to unearth some hitherto unknown facts or to present some new and controversial theory. Many professional historians believe that it is, and some have looked down their noses at the Durants. The truth is that the art of history includes both kinds of writing and needs both. The scholar who delves into obscure archives is essential; without him ignorance would prevail. But the writer who can make history available to the general reader is necessary too.

The Durants call their work a synthesis of history. This is just. They do synthesize many kinds of historical information. Their chief concern, however, is with cultural history—the ideas, books, works of art that express the best of civilization. They write at some length about social developments, and more briefly about politics and economics; but their hearts are with the philosophers, writers, artists, and leaders who changed the minds of men or expressed their thoughts most eloquently.

So all ten volumes of *The Story of Civilization* are full of quotations, summaries, explanations, and critiques. They are also full of good stories, amusing anecdotes, and odd and fascinating facts that some solemn pedants have damned as trivial. Such matters are genuine history, even if they are interesting at first glance. Equally pervasive throughout the series are biographical and personality sketches ranging from a page or two in length to some so long that they are actually short biographies.

The Durants cheerfully admit that for political, economic, and military matters they rely on studies by others, the so-called secondary sources. But for the cultural area they read all the pertinent original works, see the paintings, statues, and buildings, and listen to the music. They have sifted an average of 500 books while working on each of their own volumes. Although genuinely steeped in their material, they do not peruse the most recent scholarly monographs; and, of course, they are not as authoritative about any particular subject or individual as the learned men who have specialized in them much of their lives.

So those who have studied the Industrial Revolution or the intrigues at the Court of Versailles, and even those who have made a hobby of some pet corner of literature or history may know more than the Durants tell them about their private specialty. But this is as it should be in a popular, introductory survey, even in one as comprehensive as this. Anyone can learn much from the Durants.

ONE reason why they are good teachers is their own vision of life and history. The Durants are skeptical rationalists of an undoctrinaire, nonviolent sort. Tolerant, kindly, disillusioned, they don't expect too much of men and their institutions. Yet somehow their reasonable doubts do not produce gloom. Cheerfulness keeps breaking in. Man's cruelty, bigotry, folly, and misery are not overlooked, but neither are his achievements, his aspirations, and his hopes. "There are happy moments in history behind the drama of tragedy, and beneath the notice of historians."

A few years ago Will Durant summed up his outlook on history: "Civilization is a stream with banks. The stream is sometimes filled with blood from people

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killing, stealing, shouting, and doing the things historians usually record, while on the banks, unnoticed, people build homes, make love, raise children, sing songs, write poetry and even whittle statues. The story of civilization is the story of what happened on the banks. Historians are pessimists because they ignore the banks of the river." This is the conclusion of a man who is obviously at heart an optimist, in spite of all the history he knows. Others knowing an equal amount are pessimists—perhaps because of their own emotional biases.

One of Will Durant's pleasures as a writer has been to drop cynical remarks and to coin aphorisms. Many of these are clever and provocative:

"A supreme and unchallengeable faith is a deadly enemy to the human mind."

"Man is by nature polygamous, and only the strongest moral sanctions, a helpful degree of poverty and hard work, and uninterrupted wifely supervision can induce him to monogamy.

"Religions are born and may die, but superstition is immortal. Only the fortunate can take life without mythology. Most of us suffer in body and soul, and Nature's subtlest anodyne is a dose of the supernatural."

"Beliefs make history, especially when they are wrong; it is for errors that men have most nobly died."

These examples of the Durantian philosophy are taken from several of the earlier volumes. Their number drops off in the last three, and in *Rousseau and Revolution* there are only a few. The decline in wit and general bounce is not a serious handicap, but it does mean that *Rousseau and Revolution* seems even longer than it is. The Durants admit in their introduction that "Unquestionably our integral and inclusive method has led us to give most of these volumes a burdensome length." This is most conspicuous with *Rousseau and Revolution,* which covers the shortest period of time in the series (from 1715 to 1789) and is the longest volume of the lot.

The result of this copious comprehensiveness is that all the volumes in the series can serve as reference books in which major topics and the lives and significances of great men can be looked up. It isn't necessary to read everything the authors tell us about Pombal's dictatorship in Portugal, the reign of Ferdinand VI in Spain, or the music of Christoph Willibald von Gluck. But it is a pleasure to read the Durants on the Old Régime in France, the reign of Catherine the Great in Russia, and the Industrial Revolution in England, this last an admirably concise treatment of a formidably complicated subject.

On all the key topics which properly belong to the years covered, such as the importance of the physiocrats and *philosophes* in France, the parts played by the enlightened despots, the ideas, religious beliefs, customs, manners, sexual morality, fashions, economics, literature, art, architecture, and music of the time, the Durants are informative and interesting. I think most readers will agree that they are less interesting about the course of civilization in the peripheral states of Europe—Portugal, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Italy (the eighteenth century was not the peak of Italy's curve)—than they are about the major countries where history was being made—France, England, Prussia, and Russia.

AND, as always, the Durants excel in the sketches of great men, their artistic achievements and their ideas. The two longest biographical essays are on Rousseau and Goethe. The authors find Rousseau less repulsive as a man than some do. Their analysis of his ideas, which were instrumental in producing both the Romantic movement and the French Revolution, is first-rate. About Goethe they are equally penetrating, although, like others, they find it difficult to convey to those who can't read German why *Faust* is a great poem.

There must be about 100 biographical sketches in *Rousseau and Revolution.* All are able; many are superb, entertaining as well as educational. Some of the best are those of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Mme. de Pompadour, Voltaire, Goya, Cagliostro, Casanova, Frederick the Great, Joseph II, Catherine the Great, Kant, George III, Burke, Fox, Joshua Reynolds, Burns, Gibbon, and Goldsmith. However, not everybody who was important in his own era and place seems important 200 years later, so a few of the sketches are a trifle dull.

The volume ends with the fall of the Bastille; the Durants say that in old age they cannot struggle with the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the nineteenth century. One sympathizes and understands. Their achievement is great, and insures them a prominent place among the writers of their own time.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THOREAUVIAN

Foraging in Thoreau's writings, on his sesquicentennial, Gilbert Byron of St. Michaels, Md., has turned up signs of the nature-lover's own foraging. All you need do is chuck each fruit and nut into its proper bin or, in quiet desperation, turn in nonviolent protest to page 84.

"We stewed these berries for our breakfast the next morning, and thought them the best berry on the mountain." ( )

"When chestnuts are away, I am inclined to think them as good as they . . . . I feel the stronger even before I have swallowed one." ( )

"Of course you will shake the tree first, if there are any on it." ( )

"A sort of manna falls in June, and in the meadows they lurk at the shady roots of the grass." ( )

"What more encouraging sight at the end of a long ramble than the endless successive patches of green bushes . . . fairly blackened with the profusion of fresh and glossy berries." ( )

"I find a few . . . which the farmer thinks is not worth his while to gather." ( )

"The dark purple _____ are the sweetest of the berries I have tasted." ( )

"I get a handful, dark purple with a bloom, as big as a good-sized grape." ( )

"They are of the form of a small lemon . . . and have a rich nutmeg fragrance." ( )

"I pick splendid great bunches of the purple ones." ( )

"They have neither the beauty nor the fragrance of apples, but their excellence is in their flavor." ( )

"I had gone out before sunrise to gather _____ fresh, dewy . . . much cooler and grateful at this hour." ( )

1. black walnuts
2. apples
3. mountain cranberries
4. Amelanchier (Juneberries)
5. white oak acorns
6. wild grapes
7. chestnuts
8. blueberries
9. wild strawberries
10. beach plums
11. huckleberries
12. peaches

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Bestiality Behind Bars

Tattoo the Wicked Cross, *by Floyd Salas (Grove. 351 pp. $5.95), shows the destruction of a fifteen-year-old gang leader's personal values in the brutal climate of a California prison farm. C. Michael Curtis has written essays, reviews, and comments for The Atlantic, National Review, and other publications.*

By C. MICHAEL CURTIS

THERE are two basic themes in prison stories: the brave man who resists, often at considerable personal cost, the corrosive pressures of institutionalized depravity, and the sexually ambivalent man—already alienated from the world at large—who finds that prison life, if hardly to his liking, at least offers an outlet for his proclivities.

Tattoo the Wicked Cross is an extraordinarily evocative novel that avoids both of these predictable themes while confirming the partial relevance of each to the prison experience. Its truth lies in its demonstration of how prison life, far from reinforcing the moral conventions of free society, denies their validity at the outset, and, for those practical men who grasp the logic of every situation, substitutes a value system which reduces all motives to the level of survival.

Aaron D'Aragon, fifteen-year-old gang leader and brawler, is sent to a California prison farm for juveniles, where Barneyway, his "sworn blood-brother," is already serving time. Aaron and his friendship for Barney are quickly and brutally tested by a powerful bully, who sexually molests Barney and threatens to do the same to Aaron.

Floyd Salas's juvenile hero is wedded to the conventional virtues: he believes it is necessary to protect his friend, though Barney refuses to defend himself or to join forces with Aaron in resisting the tyranny of "Buzzer," the sadistic cadet captain. After being beaten and violated, Aaron methodically works his revenge, measuring himself, finally, only in terms of what will bring him stature in the prison community.

The message is plainly that the Aristotelian virtues are not applicable to prison life. If anything, they emphasize its meanness and invite its predatory malice. And if prisons are a place to ponder the folly of antisocial behavior, how ironic that the alternatives should be so frankly alien, denying even the bitter satisfaction of nobility.

Floyd Salas's book is neither an anti-prison tract nor a refutation of the value of right-thinking. It has the troublesome authenticity of a tragedy well rehearsed. Salas is described by his publisher as a product of West Coast city streets, a juvenile detention home, a county jail farm, and a Salvation Army institute for children from broken homes. He won a boxing scholarship to the University of California in 1956, and earned an M.A. degree from San Francisco State College ten years later.

BUT the likelihood that Salas knows the milieu of his novel all too well is largely beside the point. What he has accomplished is a wholly convincing exploration of the oppressiveness of jail and the ambiguities of adolescent rebellion. Aaron's ethical posturing (defending the honor of his gang) gets him into jail, as well as into hopelessly unavoidable combat once he's there. Barney, who submits to the abuse he cannot repel, is both more and less dangerous—less, because he is willing to rationalize offenses to his dignity; more, because he can be made to care only about his own survival. With Aaron, a child suckled on honor rather than love, simple pride becomes egregious vanity. After he has turned his back on the values that connect him with his family and a sympathetic girl, he is lost to society.

What Salas has to say about prison life is plain enough; what he has to say about adolescent rebellion is clear by implication. His most disturbing intimation may be that we are well short, as a society and as individuals, of either the perception or the generosity needed to find an alternative way. *Tattoo the Wicked Cross* may be one of the best and is certainly one of the most important first novels published in America during the past ten years.

"One day the leaves fell and there he was."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 91. sliver, silver, livers.

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 77

"Detweiler's view of things," he recognizes with dismay, "had a logic of its own: if you accepted a loud radio as sufficient motive for killing, then you must admit the sense in enjoying the shadows on a carpet." Joe gets the best of the expensive, always triumphant, profoundly cynical lawyer who defends him, and the examining psychiatrists find him impervious to their methods of analysis.

I don't suppose that Berger is serious about Joe's theory of Realization, and he may or may not accept his views on Time. But he finds Joe sympathetic and inexplicably persuasive, as Tierney and the lawyer and others do. Like Carlo Reinhart and Jack Crabb, Joe has a cockeyed way of looking at the world, but this enables him to see much that is not apparent to men of more conventional vision. Berger has been called, by me as well as others, a novelist of the absurd; and so he is, but in a rather special sense. Absurdity does not rouse him to indignation, as it does Joseph Heller, for instance. Berger has a feeling that absurdity lends richness to life. He writes with gusto because he takes pleasure in the unpredictability of the human being. The characters in his books who are supposed to be sane are as full of remarkable possibilities, for good and evil, as those who are called mad. If time is, as Detweiler says, a river, all sorts of strange and fascinating creatures swim in it.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1259

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1259 will be found in the next issue.

HXCP FCNBI DI IU RAPPBL COCAMIP TBUTVB HXU UDP-HAP DI AI PXCP PXBG PXAMN PXBFIBVKBI SVBKBLBL PXCM HB CLB.

—VC LUSXBYUDSCDVZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1258

The obscure man's reflections may be as wise as the rich cheese-maker's, on everything but cheese.

—HENRY S. HASKINS.

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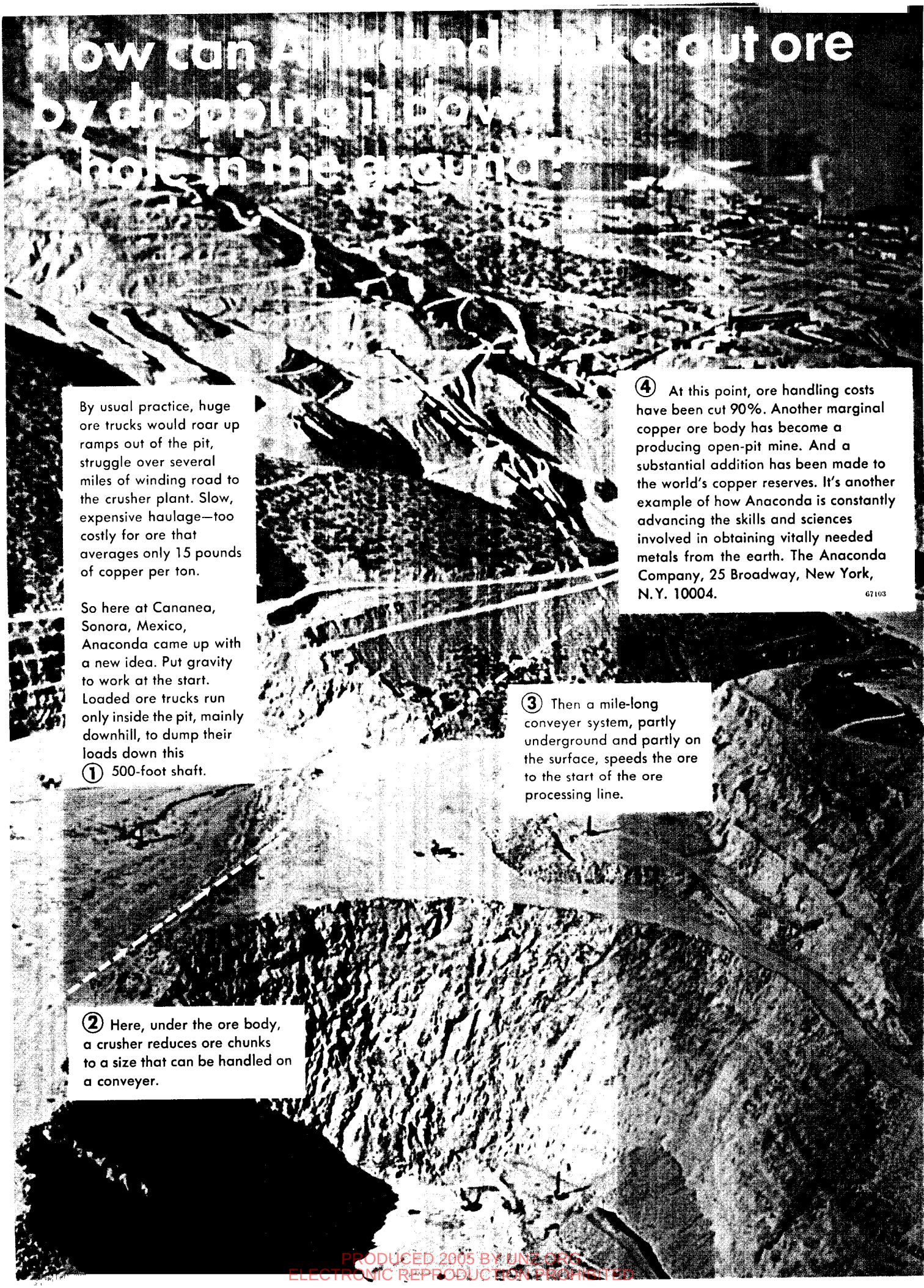

By usual practice, huge ore trucks would roar up ramps out of the pit, struggle over several miles of winding road to the crusher plant. Slow, expensive haulage—too costly for ore that averages only 15 pounds of copper per ton.

So here at Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, Anaconda came up with a new idea. Put gravity to work at the start. Loaded ore trucks run only inside the pit, mainly downhill, to dump their loads down this ① 500-foot shaft.

② Here, under the ore body, a crusher reduces ore chunks to a size that can be handled on a conveyer.

③ Then a mile-long conveyer system, partly underground and partly on the surface, speeds the ore to the start of the ore processing line.

④ At this point, ore handling costs have been cut 90%. Another marginal copper ore body has become a producing open-pit mine. And a substantial addition has been made to the world's copper reserves. It's another example of how Anaconda is constantly advancing the skills and sciences involved in obtaining vitally needed metals from the earth. The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

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Palmland Politics

Continued from page 24

Hale department stores, now in his second term as a Regent, felt that California had been "extremely generous" with the university, that the people had gotten their money's worth, that the university had had a profound effect on the growth of the state and it would be premature to curtail the present program." Quoting a Reagan campaign epigram, Simon countered, "Let's get out of the dream world." When the Governor took the floor he assured the assembled Regents and the chancellors that his Citizens' Task Force was doing research on expenditures, and that a more realistic view would have to be taken. "If I can hearken back to my former calling, it's like a budget for a picture. You budget the amount of money against what you think the box office will bring." At that the meeting recessed. "Geeziz," said an education writer in the press gallery, "he is comparing Hollywood with the University of California."

THE Governor took off his glasses. "The state spent $386 million more than its income in the last fiscal year and we have asked that cuts be made and belts tightened to bring the state back on a paying basis. I have had some conversations with administrators on other campuses—it may surprise you to know that I'm on speaking terms with some college professors—and they told me that the University of California got the jump on recruiting, that in self-defense the academic community on other campuses is striking back. In the furor over the budget some people in the universities have made unfounded political charges that did more harm than anyone to curtail recruitment. Those people did a great disservice to the university. I may be foolish in a lot of things, but I'm not foolish enough to set out in my first year as governor to destroy the great university of this state." The meeting adjourned for lunch and the Governor left in a flurry of aides and troopers, blowing a kiss to Mrs. Hearst on the way out.

While the political segment sought more control, the Berkeley campus—so bristling a bastion of the radical New Left—has lately simmered down of its own lack of steam. The San Francisco *Sunday Examiner and Chronicle* reported in an appraisal this summer that, on the Berkeley campus, once so militantly antiwar, the ROTC membership has tripled, and the Vietnam Day Committee has folded; on a campus similarly so occupied with civil right activism, there are no campus chapters of CORE, NAACP, or SNCC, and the Afro-American Student Union, the last one left, bars white students at most of its meetings. The Students for a Democratic Society, arch partisans of the New Left, now has a smaller membership than the Scottish Country Dance Class.

Governor Reagan, in his own academic day a big man on a small campus, attended Eureka College, a church-affiliated school in Illinois, the state in which he was born in 1911. He played football, was captain of the swimming team and president of the student body, but in the light of the Berkeley brouhaha, it was his freshman year that is most interesting. Eureka charged a tuition of $180 a year, which Reagan, with $400 saved from summer jobs, found hard to meet. Still, the tuition hardly covered the college expenses, and alumni gifts in those Depression years were slow in coming. The new president of the college announced a drastic academic cutback—a retrenchment so severe that faculty ranks would have been thinned, Eureka's rating would have slipped, and many juniors and seniors would not have been able to take courses which they needed for graduation.

The president had won the board of trustees to his plan but he had not consulted the students or the faculty. The students, with Reagan leading the freshmen, launched a strike, demanding the president's resignation. They refused to attend classes, but they continued to study, working out their own assignments with the help of a student committee. As the representative of the freshman class he was designated to sell the plan to the students. His recollection of his speech may fascinate future historians:

> I discovered that night that an audience has a feel to it and, in the parlance of the theater, that audience and I were together . . . .they came to their feet with a roar—even the faculty members present voted by acclamation. It was heady wine. Hell, with two more lines I could have had them "riding through every Middlesex village and farm"—without horses yet.

To make it even headier, the strike attracted wide attention and the newspapers descended en masse. The strike committee set up a press headquarters and a public relations office. After a week, the new president resigned.

After college Reagan spent the next six years as a sports announcer covering the Chicago baseball teams and the Big Ten football games. He followed the Chicago Cubs to their spring training camp on Catalina Island. It was during one of those trips to California that he made a screen test. Warner Brothers gave him a seven-year contract starting at $200 a week. The Screen Actors'

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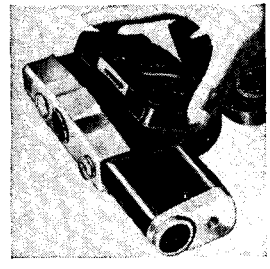

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Guild, even in those early days, strove to have a broad representation of actors on the board. Reagan, as a young contract player, was invited to fill a vacancy in that category. In 1938 he began a long identification with the Guild which was to change his life. He served six terms as president, becoming, as he avers, a dedicated union man. George Murphy, the song-and-dance man turned Senator who preceded him, convinced Reagan that their union was ridden with Communists—or as they once put it, with "strange creatures crawling from under the make-believe rocks of our make-believe town."

Reagan's political activism, his preoccupation with current events, and, above all, his dedication to the union are said to have been responsible for his divorce from actress Jane Wyman in 1948. Four years later he married Nancy Davis, daughter of a prominent Chicago neurosurgeon named Loyal Davis. In Hollywood to make her fortune as an actress with MGM, Nancy had been receiving Communist literature in the mail. Producer Mervyn Leroy sent her to Reagan, president of the Screen Actors' Guild, with her problem. Reagan carefully had her background checked for Communist affiliations and, finding none, invited her to dinner.

After they were married in 1952 the Reagans became friendly with Robert Arthur, a producer with Music Corporation of America. Arthur, who still works for MCA, and who describes himself as a black Republican, recalls his times with Reagan. "We had many discussions. We talked in terms of candidates and the degree in which central government imposes itself on all problems. My contention was that private enterprise could do it better."

Arthur had gained his political thinking through the Raskob family. John Raskob, Jr., was his closest friend. "I had met men who were hugely wealthy and yet were concerned with the country. I saw that problems could be resolved by these men rather than by the dreamers. 'It takes dreamers like Henry Wallace to dream about it,'" he recalls the senior Raskob's saying, "but it takes people like us to say 'How does it profit us, and what can we do about it?'"

FROM Guild president, Reagan moved on to become president as well of the Motion Picture Industry Council, and once represented thirty-one unions and management groups before the House Ways and Means Committee investigating tax matters affecting industry. Arthur recalls that Reagan designed a tax scheme for actors whose income fluctuated widely. "He flabbergasted me," Arthur recalls. "It was an absolutely brilliant approach. Washington turned it down, and Reagan came home disenchanted, feeling there should be more morality in government."

Reagan voted for Harry Truman in 1948. Although he says that was his last Democratic vote, a prominent California industrialist recalls sitting next to Reagan at a Stevenson dinner many years later. Nowadays, Reagan traces the change in his political ideology to the war days when he ran afoul of government bureaucracy in civil service.

In our San Francisco meeting Reagan told me: "All of us in service were hoping nothing like World War II would ever happen again. Nobody believed another enemy was waiting in the wings to take center stage. The Russians were an ally, and the attention was not on them. I did not believe that Communists were for real. They posed a great threat to the motion picture industry. I didn't go out to be a crusader or a witch hunter, but I was angered at how wrong I had been. I was dismayed at people who were so-called liberals.

"In the army I was in an administrative position. I saw the government at work and I saw its shortcomings. The Democratic party I had believed in before the war was no longer following the same philosophies." Once a World Federalist, he now found that this group "had also departed from its original concept." It had invaded national rights and the federation of sovereign nations had as an idea deteriorated.

During the Fifties, when motion pictures were in a lean period, Taft Schreiber, the MCA vice president, who is now among Reagan's inner circle of confidants and advisers, got him a job with General Electric. Reagan did the leadins for fifty-two weeks on the General Electric Theater and spent eight weeks a year touring for the company, making speeches to employees, appearing at banquets and gatherings in which General Electric was interested. He was paid $156,000 a year plus expenses. Since the contract was nonexclusive he never made less than $100,000 on the side.

DURING his eight years with General Electric Reagan developed, says Schreiber, "from an alert young man to a shrewd observer of the political scene." Chosen for the job because of his experience as a public speaker on behalf of the film industry, he often made as many as fourteen speeches a day, and he once figured he had spent 250,000 minutes in front of a microphone. From felicitous talks about Hollywood, Reagan began to branch out into such subjects as the "attempted Communist takeover of industry," and the dangers of what he has called "the swiftly rising tide of collectivism that threatens to inundate what remains of our free economy . . .and the government's face towards the controlled society."

His speeches sang out against government agencies that "own and operate thousands of businesses tax-free, rent-free, and dividend-free in direct competition with private citizens who must not only survive in the face of this unjust monopoly, but must pay taxes to

"You came just in time. You were beginning to look like a hippie."

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cover the losses incurred by these government-owned competitors." TVA was a prime target.

But to a number of influential, wealthy Republican businessmen in California, Reagan had inflamed the right people and had said the right things. His political sentiments were in the right place, he had vast experience before the microphone, and he was well-known. In 1962, while host on *Death Valley Days*, a TV show for Borax, Reagan changed his political registration and officially became a Republican. That was the year he took the platform for John Rousselot, who became the Birch director of public relations, and the year he was state campaign chairman for Loyd Wright, the Birch supporter who lost to Senator Thomas Kuchel, a Republican too moderate for Reagan. Two years later, as joint chairman of California Citizens for Goldwater, Reagan made what has been judged one of the best speeches ever delivered for the Republican nominee. In it he worked over the TVA, scored liberals for appeasing the Soviet Union, and declared the graduated income tax "immoral." It took only until April of the following year for the Friends of Ronald Reagan to call in the Spencer-Roberts Company, professional campaign managers.

Spencer-Roberts had handled the Kuchel campaign, and as well, though not as successfully, the Rockefeller adventure in California. Operated by Stuart Spencer, forty, a graduate of Los Angeles State College, and William E. Roberts, a beefy forty-two, who once attended UCLA and was active in Young Republican Clubs, Spencer-Roberts functions as chief of staff over a volunteer organization of workers. It creates committees, oversees advertising, establishes sites for campaign headquarters, prints posters and matchbooks—what Bill Roberts calls "the whole enchilada." For a time they wrote Reagan's speeches. Says he, "It is our job to know our party and who is doing what to whom. We know whom to talk to and know whom not to talk to in each county."

Reagan's brother Neil got the advertising placement contracts for McCann-Erickson, but a much more pivotal assignment went to Basico—the Behavior Research Corporation—operated by Stanley Plog, thirty-seven, a former trombone player for Horace Heidt and Freddy Martin, and Kenneth Holden, thirty-nine, a onetime merchant mariner. Both have Ph.D.s and are referred to as "doctor" by their staff of twenty-nine, among them psychologists, sociologists, political scientists, and statisticians. According to Plog, the "Creative Society" label under which the Reagan program operates was devised by the Reverend W. S. McBirnie, a Glendale minister who was introduced to Reagan through

Uncommon

The sweater and skirt. But such delicious and uncommon ones, designed not to feel sweater and skirted. The pullover is virgin wool intricately criss-crossed with embroidery pleating. The brief skirt is smooth and buttoned around the hips, pleated from there, in a wool shadow-box plaid. Navy/Apple Green, Charcoal/Goldenrod, Camel/Bittersweet. (The sweater matches its secondary colors.) Misses' sizes.

Sweater about $14, skirt about $19 at good stores and college shops. Shoes by The Villager®

The Villager®

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Henry Salvatori and Holmes Tuttle, a wealthy automobile dealer who is also in Reagan's kitchen cabinet. An ultra-right-wing cleric who was once a Baptist preacher in Texas, McBirnie now broadcasts a daily political oratorio over a sizable skein of Western stations. Lately Governor Reagan has begun to refer to the slogan as something he invented himself.

Reagan's Creative Society speech at USC in April 1966 was a declaration of his political philosophy, and from this speech and from long discussions with the candidate, Basico organized a program to make him consistent—as Plog says, "so he didn't come out like Goldwater, who sounded different at every whistle stop. His philosophy was very well worked out. He is internally consistent. He said things in line with the Creative Society, and we made sure they got articulated properly in state problems." Basico gave him a presentation on the sales tax, developed a program for him in agriculture, developed his basic proposals in primary and secondary education. It prepared a program for the budget, for senior citizens, and the Job Opportunities Board, designing it so its initials would make an apt acronym.

All this material was placed on cards which were then bound into loose-leaf notebooks, white cards for facts, blue cards for arguable issues complete with a selection of positions. Although Basico had worked for financial institutions, the aerospace industry, and done survey research, Reagan was its first candidate. Plog found him "terribly bright and terribly articulate."

Preparing for a speech at Berkeley, Plog's people gave Reagan a briefing aboard the plane on the details of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. "He walked into the hostile audience of law school graduate students," recalls Plog, and "he had them standing for him." Basico worked for Reagan for nine months. "We think in no small measure the success of his campaign was due to us," Plog told me.

To help develop his own philosophies, Reagan met during the campaign with Richard Cornuelle, a forty-year-old conservative who had once entertained dreams of socialized medicine but who had converted to strong conservatism. For a time, Cornuelle has written of himself, he was a "conscious and practicing, if not very effective Right-wing extremist." When Reagan and Cornuelle met at Lake Tahoe, a zealous unionist attempted to show that he had smoked out a secret summit session of reactionaries. But Reagan insists that they met openly at Tahoe and even attended a barbecue together.

"Good grief, Helen—I said I'd meet you under the clock."

Actually, Cornuelle had expounded his theories in a *Look* magazine article in 1964, which brought him an invitation the same year to visit Governor George Romney in Michigan. A disciple of Ludwig von Mises, the Austrian conservative who was his teacher at New York University, and of Friedrich Hayek, "who demonstrated that the Nazi terror grew out of the Bismarck welfare state," Cornuelle is an avid partisan of the independent sector, defined as that third sector of society which, apart from the public or government sector, and the private, or commercial sector, functions through a network of church groups, service clubs, unions, fraternal orders, and assumes responsibility for public welfare. Whether he realizes it or not, Reagan is now the beneficiary of the works of von Mises, who wrote *Omnipotent Government: the Rise of the Total State and Total War,* and *The Capitalist Society,* and of Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom,* which have come down to the new governor filtered through Cornuelle.

IT is perhaps interesting that when the nation's lieutenant governors convened at San Francisco this July, Cornuelle, who is now executive vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was one of the three speakers at a morning panel that discussed "Effective State Government: Responsibilities and Response." With his deep, honeyed voice and a bushy, leonine mane, Cornuelle made an impressive pitch for the independent sector. The luncheon speaker was Reagan, who arrived in a flurry of cameramen and lights to a standing greeting from the entire ballroom. A color guard in gleaming chromium helmets presented arms while the assemblage recited the pledge of allegiance. Reagan's speech, which had been written a day earlier by Nofziger, plunged into the values of the independent sector, a major plank in the Governor's Creative Society.

Nofziger, who is technically Reagan's "Communications Director," had worked for California's Copley Press since 1950, the last eight years as a national politics writer in Copley's Washington bureau. At forty-three, the oldest of Reagan's young advisers, Nofziger smokes La Primadora cigars, works in his shirt sleeves in a small office decorated with a dreary painting of a babbling brook. Nofziger's own political philosophy includes a distrust of big government, a resentment against a government which he says thinks it knows what is best for him. "I don't think you can equate material benefits with freedom. I'd rather have fewer benefits and more freedom."

William Roberts, Reagan's erstwhile campaign overseer whose firm picked Nofziger as press secretary, now consid-

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ers Nofziger both more conservative and more beguiled by notions of Washington than the Governor himself. While ambitious, Nofziger is also considered tough, and has been called Mr. Hard. When I first sought an appointment with the Governor on a certain day he told me, "Not a chance. This isn't the governor of Montana, you know. Matter of fact, I could probably get you an appointment with the governor of Montana easier. He's probably sitting around wishing he had someone to talk to."

If Nofziger is considered Mr. Hard, his counterpart, at least until late in August, was Phil Battaglia—Mr. Soft—a round-faced, freckled, young political amateur with brown eyes so large and so sad they seem like some atavistic hand-me-down from a dolorous Sicilian adventure in the long ago. Only thirty-two, Battaglia was president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles when he was spotted by activist businessmen, among them Edward Mills (organizer of Friends for Ronald Reagan and vice president of Tuttle's Enterprises), Holmes Tuttle, and the late Cy Rubel.

A series of lightning promotions moved Battaglia to state chairman of Reagan's campaign. Assuming the position of administrative assistant to the governor after the election, Battaglia moved his family to Sacramento. This summer he suddenly resigned, a development interpreted by some as an indication that Reagan will make an active run for the Republican nomination with Battaglia calling the signals.

Into the breach left by Battaglia stepped William Patrick Clark, Jr., thirty-five, like almost all other Reagan aides a political *novillero*. Like many

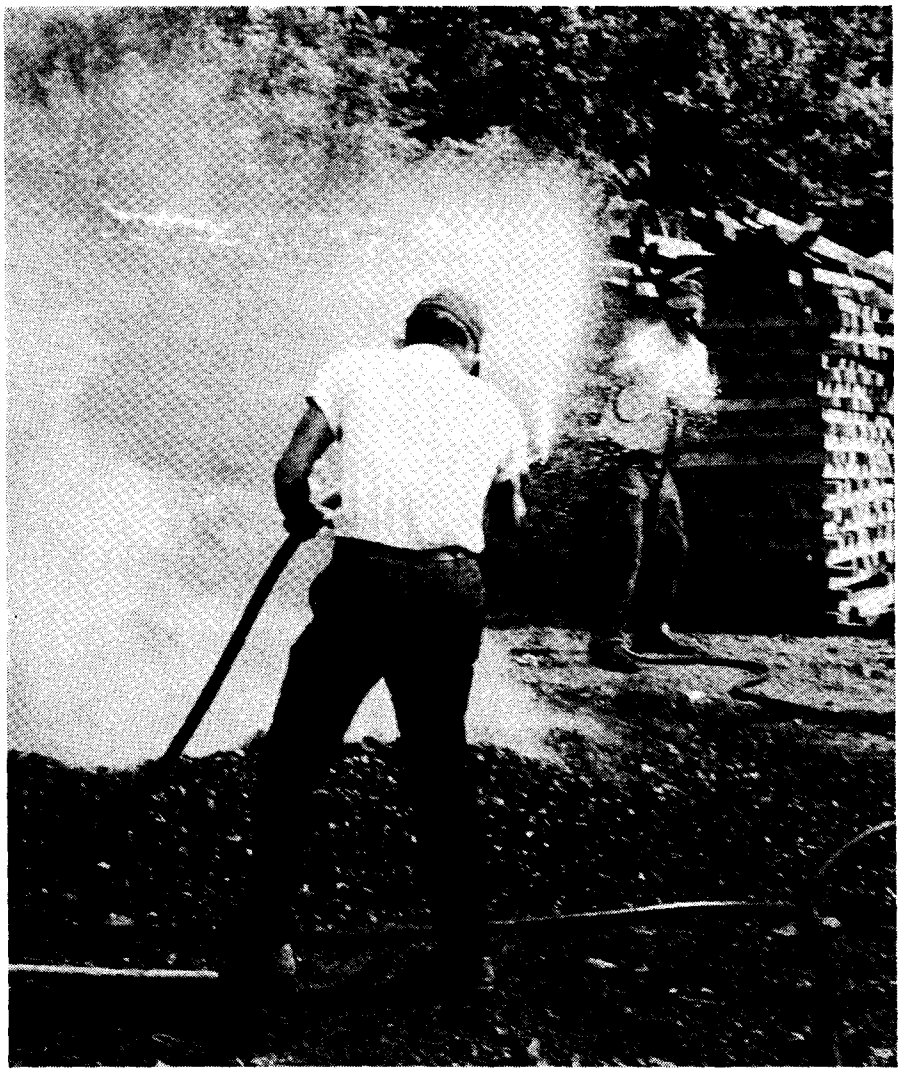
WIT TWISTER #26

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Now try this Wit Twister.

The moon was but a
— — — — — — — thin;
No — — — — — — — light its
spare arc gave.
The ghoul lured weary people in,
And munched their
— — — — — — — in his cave.

(*Answer on page* 84)



WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through vats packed 10 feet deep with this charcoal. What comes out is only the sippin' part, ready for aging. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it would be worth a water fight or two.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
DROP
BY DROP

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members of the staff, and like the Governor himself, Mr. Clark is a converted Democrat. A rancher and a lawyer, he dates his disenchantment with Governor Edmund Brown's regime to sometime in 1964. The following year he met Reagan, and for both it was admiration at first sight. After the election, Clark became the Governor's cabinet secretary. Although Clark is descended from a family of long-time California Democrats, his mother recently said her son had moved "so far to the right we can't even discuss politics." With this background and new-found ideology, Clark has become Reagan's second in command.

Although his popularity has suffered no erosion, none of Reagan's accomplishments in office has been as impressive as was his million-vote plurality in the election. But even that achievement has been discredited. Reagan ran some 200,000 votes behind Robert Finch, his own lieutenant governor. Sam Yorty, the maverick mayor of Los Angeles sounds a further tempering voice: "Reagan was the beneficiary of tremendous anti-Brown sentiment," he says. "Whether he would run that well today against someone who had not piled up all that resentment is unknown. Brown was running for a third term, and no one has accomplished that but Earl Warren, and Warren's vote-getting ability is completely misunderstood around the nation. Warren had three campaigns handed to him on a silver platter. When he teamed up with Dewey in 1948 they couldn't even carry California against Truman."

It is indeed possible that Reagan's celebrated vote-getting ability, projected on a national scale, might collapse. Writing in the *National Observer*, James Perry has noted that Reagan's critics liken him to Daniel Boorstin's definition of the human pseudo-event—"neither good nor bad but calculated on purpose to satisfy our exaggerated expectations of human greatness." The human pseudo-event, Mr. Boorstin has written, "is made by all of us who willingly read about him, who like to see him on television, who buy recordings of his voice and talk about him to our friends."

Sitting with the Governor in a hotel suite high above the Bay in San Francisco this summer, I talked with him of his pleasures as well as his politics. " I enjoy music, but I am not a musician," he said. "Mostly I like background music. I used to love the Super Chief. In the compartments there were buttons that brought you music, both popular and classical. I'd push the classical button." His reading runs to biographies, particularly political biographies, although he was hard put to mention an author who had moved him or impressed him. "My idea of the worst sentence would be to be holed up in a train with nothing to read," he said, finally. I asked him about philosophers and thinkers who had influenced him, but the pause was long and uncomfortable. "I'm a devotee of the *Federalist Papers*," he said at last. "And I liked Winston Churchill. He had a magnificent way of putting the scene in a couple of sentences. I now and then think de Tocqueville has something to say, but it is hard to keep from quoting de Tocqueville."

WHEN I had seen Mrs. Reagan in their rented home in suburban Sacramento earlier in the week, she had told me of her preferences for the new Governor's Mansion which will be built by public subscription. Plans drawn during former Governor Brown's administration, which included executive offices appended to the mansion, would be scrapped in favor of a California house in the Spanish Monterey style, she told me. When I mentioned Washington her wince was almost audible. "It is," she said after a long pause, "no job you wish on someone you love."

There was no visible recoil a few days later when I asked the Governor the same question. "No Shermanesque statements?" I asked. "I've never found anyone but Sherman who ever said that, so I figure that's his line," he answered. Not only does Reagan wave away any flat disavowal of the Presidency, he is appearing with frequency on both the Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley newscasts. His slick, minute and-a-half color TV spots, privately paid for and distributed free, take his messages directly to the people. The message can also be picked up and recorded by radio stations merely by dialing a number. Although the issues are supposed to be local, the national Cronkite show has aired several of the handouts. More significant was his recent appeal to Nixon delegates to withhold their support of the former Vice President.

In recent interviews and speeches Reagan is certainly pitching his voice beyond state borders. He told the San Diego *Union:* "There is no one quite like us, with a thousand different viewpoints. If we can prove that we can take care of our problems here in California, if we can do this thing, we can say to a lot of people back in the tired East: 'It works, this system of ours.' If we can give back to the people their courage, and their belief in this kind of government by the people, there is no state in the union which cannot bring off such a thing."

It is just that kind of Yankee Doodle oratory that "with two more sentences" might have them "marching on every Middlesex village and farm." The wine tasted by the young freshman orator at Eureka College so long ago may well be firing the freshman governor's blood today. Combed and slick and handsome, his image emanating from a million television sets, Ronald aboard his charger may well try to make his way from California to Camelot, rousing the villagers every inch of the route. Which way he has them marching after that is a question that makes for many a sleepless knight.

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Research

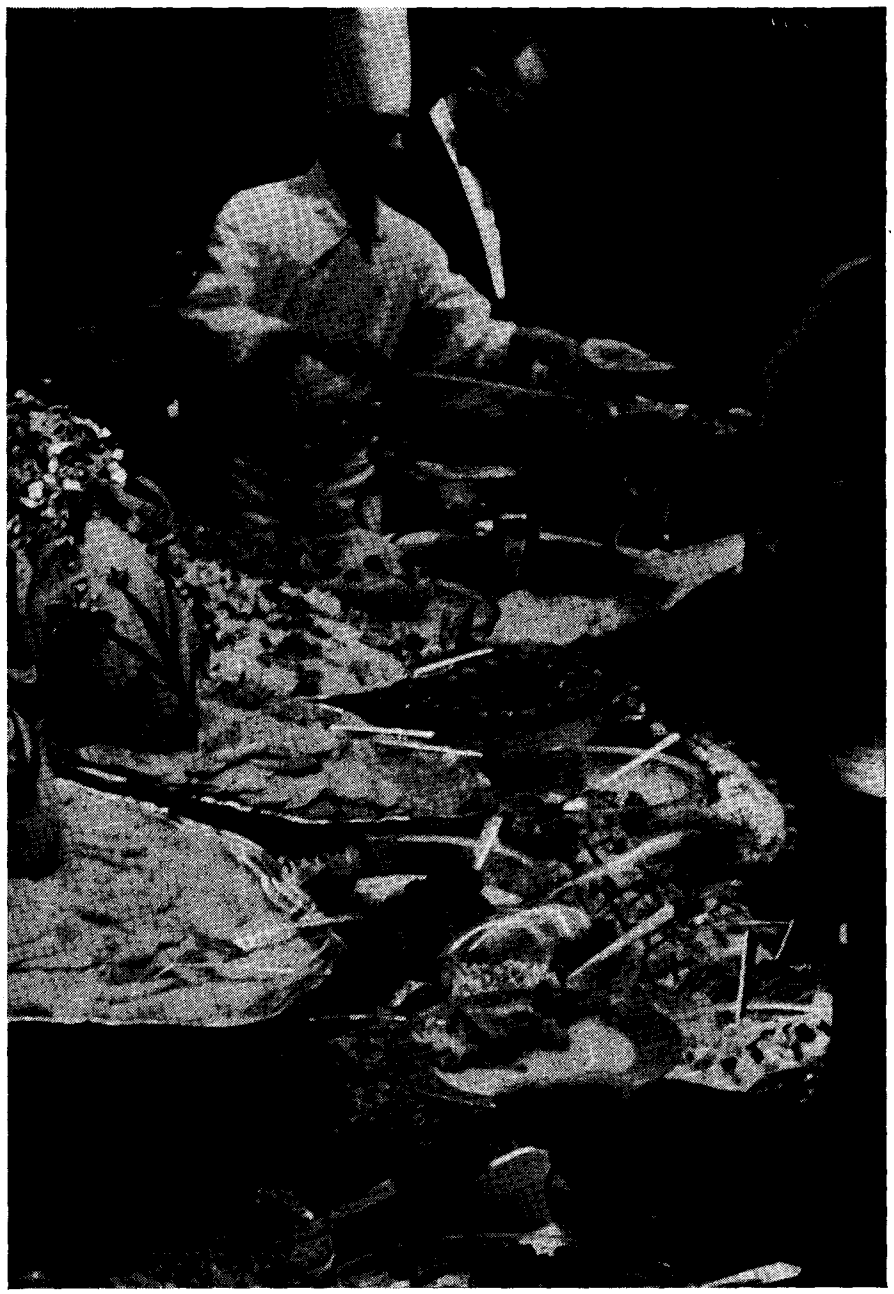
Continued from page 65

garten through high school graduation. In poorer homes, TV sets are employed as baby-sitters. TV ads that subtly incite children to nag their parents for toys and other things as status symbols are watched and heard by Negro as well as by white youngsters. Unaware of the juvenile blackmailing techniques involved, the Negro child absorbs an exaggerated image of the luxuries actually available to white children and thus falls prey to distorted intensification of his unhappy reactions to his own very real frustrations.

ASIDE from the already flagrant problems of the ghetto, and of traffic strangulation, Baran thinks plagues accompanying emergence of the future city will be privacy invasion, professional licensing of information-bank personnel, losses in real estate investment in the inner city, and tax drainage following on such losses.

Baran's intellectual speculations are not those of a solitary individual, working alone. Baran thinks in a multidisciplinary way that is unique to the RAND Corporation; his mind is crosspollinated by 550 other scientifically oriented minds on the RAND staff. Every other researcher in the institution is familiar with Baran's conceptions because Baran keeps everyone advised of them from day to day; he in turn is advised of everyone else's thoughts because everyone keeps telling him from day to day. Even the contents of incoming mail (except for letters marked "personal") are methodically shared, copies of letters sometimes being read by others before the original is received by the addressee.

For twenty-one years this singular elite corps of science, imitated often without ever being duplicated exactly, has worked primarily for the United States Air Force on research related to national security. The original contract, signed in March 1946, called for "study and research on the broad subject of intercontinental warfare other than surface, with the object of recommending to the Air Force preferred techniques and instrumentalities for this purpose." The breadth of the contract base has never been whittled down. The Clauser "design for a world-circling spaceship" emerged while RAND was still only a project, housed in a secluded hangar of the Douglas Aircraft Company. The four letters in RAND have been translated to mean either "*R*esearch *AN*d *D*evelopment" or "*R*esearch *A*nd *N*o *D*evelopment." The ambiguity springs from the unmatched freedom that Project RAND staffers enjoyed from 1946 to 1948 and have continued to enjoy since the RAND Corporation was formed in the latter



Put San Francisco on the tip of your tongue

What foreign foods do you favor? Perhaps a rack of French lamb basking in Bearnaise Sauce? Or tender chicken in tangy East Indian curry? A stroll through Chinatown might yield Chinese Black Mushrooms or Braised Almond Chicken, ordered from menus printed in Chinese characters (with English translations). Here, too, one can dine Japanese style, sitting on tatami mats nibbling Shrimp Tempura. This beautiful city, with its international pantry offers Russian, Polynesian, Italian, Swedish, German, Mexican, Armenian or Basque cookery as well. Simply come to San Francisco—and stay awhile. For a further look at some more of the delights of the city—write for a free, illustrated copy of "This is San Francisco."

San Francisco

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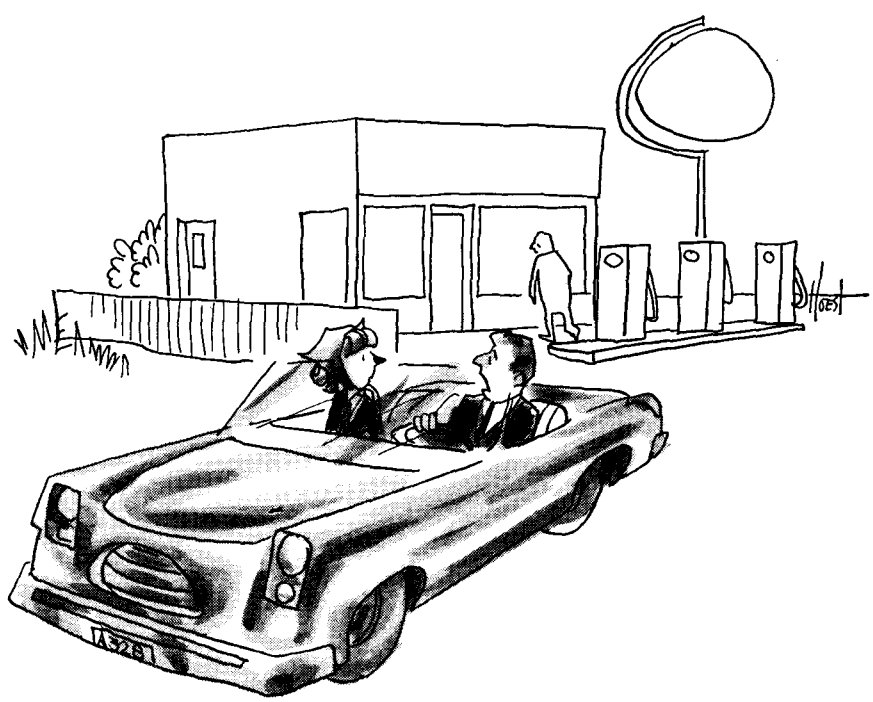
The record is not entirely clear about who did what and when to create this remarkable circumstance. But there seems no doubt that in 1945 two specialists in aeronautical research, Arthur E. Raymond and Franklin R. Collbohm, engineering executives at Douglas, went to the Army Air Force Commanding General of that time, the late H. H. ("Hap") Arnold, with a proposal for an unprecedented long-range approach to military research. The rationale behind their proposition was that development of the nuclear bomb and the proximity fuse and radar during World War II had irreversibly altered the nature of war. Never again would a slow defensive buildup like the one that followed Hitler's blitzkrieg of Germany's neighbors in 1939 be feasible. Future attackers would have to be fought off with whatever weapons were on the shelf at the moment of the first blow. It would be the responsibility of RAND to see that the weapons on the shelf were always the most deterrent ones conceivable to the mind of man. Only such an open-ended challenge to the imagination could hold within military confines the brilliant coterie of restless young men who were seeking occupation at the close of World War II.

General Arnold bought the Raymond-Collbohm proposition for $10,000,000, the expenditure of which he authorized for those kinds of research judged by the researchers themselves to be "in the best interest of the Air Force." Later the Air Force paid as much as $15,000,000 a year for the same loosely bound package of ingenuity and imagination. Any individual on the RAND staff could follow his own inclinations and count on getting his ideas into the record even if no one else in the place agreed with him. Only occasionally, when a long-shot inspiration called for financial support of a seemingly nonscientific character, would the far-out expenditure be challenged. This happened in an early test of what is known at RAND as "Delphi"—a method of long-range forecasting on matters that cannot be quantified by any mathematical system yet invented. The RAND people who thought up "Delphi" looked to the California racetracks for an operating model. When subscription fees for tipsheets on likely-to-win horses began to show up on RAND expense accounts, the "Delphi" experimenters heard some discouraging words from the RAND administrators. However, the discouragement did not extend to publication of the "Delphi" theory, and enough subsequent study has been done to suggest that "Delphi" may have a place in future assignment of research priorities.

THE Air Force gamble on RAND has paid off at enormous odds. A single RAND study of the cost of maintaining bombing bases abroad—as opposed to the basing of bombers at home—saved $1 billion. The real value of RAND work that led to development of titanium, the wondrous lightweight substitute for stainless steel, is probably beyond calculation. RAND systems-analyses that Secretary Robert McNamara introduced into the Department of Defense are revolutionizing administration of far-flung enterprises outside of as well as within



"By George, you're right! We got the trading stamps, the free soap sample, the contest coupon and free maps, but forgot to get gas!"

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government. The consequences of the RAND studies of Russian and Chinese economics and politics will still be felt in the year 2000.

Because of RAND's phenomenal success in solving complex military conundrums, it was inevitable that a certain number of RAND staffers sooner or later would ask whether the same techniques and skills might not be applied with comparable effect to the fantastically complicated problems of American civil life. Those researchers who had children in school or were otherwise engaged in public affairs of their home communities began discussing the question as individuals and then in small clusters. About two years ago these clusters coalesced informally into what became known throughout RAND as "The Futures Group." The Futures Group could not arouse the sympathy of Mr. Collbohm, who had served as RAND executive officer from the founding of the organization; but the group did command his respect because of the demonstrated ability of its members, and he encouraged one of them, Paul Armer, an automation specialist, to appoint six exploratory panels to recommend logical areas for RAND research on the domestic scene. Mr. Collbohm previously had announced his intention to retire at the age of sixty, and that age was almost upon him. He therefore instructed Armer to report the findings of the panels directly to RAND's board of trustees in November 1966. The trustees apparently concurred in the attitude of The Futures Group, for they chose as Mr. Collbohm's successor an assistant director of the U.S. Budget Bureau, Henry S. Rowen, who was known to favor The Futures Group's views.

WITH Rowen's accession to its presidency on the first day of 1967, RAND committed itself to invest up to three quarters of a million dollars from its own reserve funds in probing what Fred Ikle calls "the opening on the left." Ikle had been a RAND scientist before his appointment as Professor of Political Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Rowen brought him back to RAND to head RAND's department of social sciences and there carry the burden of proving that peace can be as adventuresome as war.

This decision has immeasurable implications for social scientists everywhere. Too many of them in years past treated the study of human behavior as an academic spectator sport which they could enjoy without becoming involved. Recently, events have been demanding that the gaming end—that the observers treat their research as serious business that can be applied to the dilemmas of modern living. Although the gamesters are resisting bitterly, the inevitability of change is evident in three happenings of the last six weeks.

First came the announcement that the Russell Sage Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation had joined in giving a half million dollars to the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton for the purpose of adding a new department of Social Sciences to the Institute, heretofore occupied only with study of the physical science and history. Next, the membership of the American Sociological Association chose as its president-elect (president in 1969) Dr. Arnold Rose of the University of Minnesota. In 1950, Dr. Rose was among a small group of dissidents who founded the Society for the Study of Social Problems in protest against the "inactivism" of ASA. Finally, the ASA's annual convention in San Francisco last August heard a challenge from ASA's 1967 president, Professor Charles P. Loomis of Michigan State University.

After observing that the Communists are adept at using natural disasters to promote changes in the social structure, Professor Loomis put this question:

> Every day there are disasters such as riots, famines, earthquakes, tornadoes, and war in traditional societies to which non-Communist countries such as the United States make huge inputs for rapid reconstruction, usually of the status quo. What if we sociologists stood ready with effective plans and procedures by which the situation . . . could be used to help the leaders of traditional society to change it into a modern society?
>
> Does this seem farfetched?

Later in his presidential address, through specific reference to contemporary disasters of the American ghetto, Professor Loomis made clear his intent to include the United States among the traditional societies in which episodes of violence offer opportunity for constructive change.

Having been born of an apocalyptic vision, RAND is literally steeped in disaster. And its unique contract with the Air Force was renewed for five years just last September. Within broad yet finite bounds, long-range research on housing, health, education, and race relations is valuable to the Air Force. The present RAND staff cannot be diverted too far, however. Ikle estimates (and Rowen supports the estimate) that RAND will need 100 new scientists, all broadly disciplined in social competence, to change the approach to American civil problems on anything like the scale of change RAND wrought in American military concepts. The hope is that RAND's "new look" will have special appeal to bright young men who are coming out of college fed up with war and war talk.

The cost of maintaining a scientist of RAND caliber nowadays runs between

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$40,000 and $50,000 a year. To get his 100 new researchers, then, Fred Ikle must be prepared to spend $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 annually. Who will put up that kind of money?

Federal government agencies charged with ameliorating, if not solving, the worst of America's social ills—the Department of Transportation, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Office of Education, the Office of Economic Opportunity—are all new and nervous. Their administrators can hardly be expected to jump at the chance to assume the sort of responsibility the Air Force assumed in originating RAND: that is, to guard the necessary research from interruption during a necessarily long time against political attacks arising from Congressional misunderstanding.

Ikle's way around a seemingly impassable obstacle has been to stage a summer-long series of seminars for key people in the pertinent agencies. Each seminar lasted several days. The bureaucrats learned the potentialities of multidisciplinary research methods while the RAND researchers learned the assumptions on which the action programs of the agencies are built. RAND will next study these assumptions to determine whether they are scientifically sound. Unsound assumptions may be open to correction, and the new assumptions may lead to program effects hitherto unattainable.

RAND is alert to the fact that it is approaching ground where others have been booby-trapped. Only a few years ago, former California Governor Edmund Brown gave $100,000 contracts to five aerospace corporations—North American Aviation, Space General, Aerojet-General, Lockheed Aircraft, and TRW Systems—in return for sophisticated answers to some of the very questions RAND is now considering: urban transport, crime prevention, social welfare, waste control, land use.

Sociologist Ida R. Hoos, of the University of California (Berkeley) Space Sciences Laboratory, working under a grant from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, examined the reports Governor Brown received upon completion of the above missions. The best she could say about them to the American Astronautical Society in Dallas last May was that this "first experience may turn out to have been merely an instance of poor workmanship or, perhaps, faltering steps in a direction that could ultimately prove worthwhile."

The Hoos paper has been circulating inside RAND for months. The effect has been to sharpen focus within RAND on what is really the fundamental question: How closely can civil government in a democracy approximate the swift decision process of a military machine?

Creators

Continued from page 33

Arts Commission by 25 per cent for the coming year; California proposes to *cut* its budget by 10 per cent, thereby effecting a vital economy of some $13,000. California obviously is no more in the business of subsidizing cultural curiosity than intellectual curiosity.

When one views the broad spectrum of the arts in California, one is struck by the enormous increase in the number of art galleries, suddenly mushrooming all over the state. The spectacular increase in the market prices of all kinds of art, as exemplified by the sale of such masterpieces as Rembrandt's *Titus*, has brought a public realization that culture could be profitable. The combination of improving one's finances, social status, and cultural self-esteem all at once is unbeatable. For let us not forget that the newly affluent Californian (the phrase is almost a redundancy), once he has acquired his second Cadillac, yacht, club memberships, and a second home in the country (swimming pools are taken for granted), looks for new and more durable status symbols. "Deck the halls with Mark Chagalls" is the slogan of California's new de Medicis and Rothschilds. There is something tangible and profitable about paintings and sculpture that is signally lacking in symphony orchestras.

IT is also the age of the edifice complex. "Billions for buildings and pennies for people." After some $25,000,000 had been raised for the Music Center, the Los Angeles Philharmonic went on strike for the lack of less than 1 per cent of that amount to protect the musicians' wages during the concert season that followed.

Whither is California headed, and what is it trying to say to the world? I do not think anyone knows, and I doubt whether many people care. Like the "Blob" in the horror motion picture that was a horror in more ways than one, Los Angeles is absorbing community after outlying community, and one day soon will stretch from the Mexican border to Santa Barbara and beyond, a monstrous slug wallowing in the fat of the land. Who in retrospect will be remembered? The writers, the composers, the movie stars, the bankers, the politicians, or the captains of industry? I suspect it will be the bankers and the captains. The weighty books of the great thinkers will be out of style.

A new California generation addicted to TV, surfing, sun-worshiping, fads of every possible variety, and the hot pursuit of new materialistic status symbols will have no use for Thomas Mann and his ilk. The insatiable TV monster will consume and eliminate its actors at such dizzy speed that today's idols will be tomorrow's forgotten men and women. Today's leading politicians will be defeated at tomorrow's polls. But the names of the bankers and the captains of industry, and their heirs, engraved in marble and granite, will be firmly encrusted on the façades of museums, music centers, hospitals, and the Taj Mahals of the prosperous saving and loan associations, which are the true new landmarks of California's cities.

"Howard, communicate something to me."

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Frontier Heritage

Continued from page 35

it, "The Purple Cow," and achieved a fame he deplored. The San Francisco *Examiner* published "The Man with the Hoe," by a hitherto undistinguished poet, Edwin Markham, who overnight became a celebrity—a canny one who thereafter copied out his poems in hand by the dozen and sold the manuscripts for a fee. Assisted by his "history factory," Hubert Howe Bancroft put together the invaluable twenty-eight-volume *History of the Pacific States*. In Southern California, Helen Hunt Jackson, originally of Amherst, Massachusetts, girlhood friend of Emily Dickinson, stirred the nation's conscience with *Ramona*, a pioneer novel in behalf of justice for the American Indian.

The old days were going, the new ones were coming in, bringing California writers, some of them well within living memory, who had their effect on other writers elsewhere. The two major ones, Frank Norris and London, died too young, at thirty-two and forty, but not before they had left a permanent mark on American literature—Norris as the university-educated, naturalistic predecessor of Dreiser, London as the rugged, life-hungry forerunner of Hemingway in the cult of courage, violence, and the revolt against the genteel tradition. He is still, as I have noted, widely read, probably more so than Norris, though three of the latter's novels, *McTeague, The Octopus, The Pit*, are in print and, in their huge, Zolaesque way, remain peculiarly effective if less intensely realistic than he meant them to be.

Although it is the way of many California writers to "go East" when they attain success, as Harte, Markham, and Mark Twain did, and William Saroyan and John Steinbeck in our time, more and more of them were coming to be permanently identified with their state. As Van Wyck Brooks has said, "for a generation George Sterling stood for poetry in California"—poetry in classic forms, the ode and the sonnet, not now in favor but with, as Brooks observes, "a note of real grandeur." One returns to Sterling's *The Testimony of the Sun* with pleasure for the same reason that one returns with pleasure to Tennyson, and such single poems of his as "Autumn in Carmel" still have a striking beauty. But perhaps he will be best remembered for the art colony over which he presided at Carmel-by-the-Sea, shared by authors of the caliber of James Hopper, an excellent short-story writer, and Mary Austin, transplanted from Illinois, who joined the new California school in 1903 with *The Land of Little Rain*. (Survivors of that day still recall the stocky little Miss Austin, in Grecian robes, writing in a tree.) To Carmel, as visitors, came London and young Sinclair Lewis, who sold him short-story ideas for $5 each, William Rose Benét and Upton Sinclair.

The older and younger generations overlapped, as literary generations are apt to do. Kathleen Norris, whose first novel appeared in 1911, was still writing in the Fifties. Her husband Charles, brother of Frank, a lesser writer in the latter's naturalistic vein, produced such effective novels as *Brass, Bread*, and *Seed*. The caustic Mrs. Atherton, in her ninetieth year capable of so lively a memoir as *My San Francisco*, and not quite so devoted to that city as she professed to be, made good use of early-day California materials in novels like *The Doomswoman* and *The Californians*. If there was something inadvertently comic about the author of *Black Oxen*, her pseudo-erotic, now-forgotten novel of the Twenties, declaring that she "never shared the enthusiasm for Frank Norris," she nevertheless entertained her fellow Californians through four decades in her role as self-appointed High Priestess of California Letters. After all, hadn't she known Ambrose Bierce and triumphantly recalled that she once humiliated him by repelling his advances in the vicinity of a pigsty?

While Mrs. Atherton still had twenty years to go, new lights were on the horizon. Although Robinson Jeffers's first volume appeared in 1912 (*Flagons and Apples*), he did not come into his own

MANY OF the pyrotechnics of California elections grow out of the institution of the initiative, a system of do-it-yourself legislating that Californians have carried further than any other state. By collecting signatures of less than 10 per cent of the electorate on a petition one can place almost any proposal on the ballot.

In the 1966 election, voters had about three times as many decisions to make about state laws as about state officials—there were only six major constitutional offices at stake, but there were seventeen ballot propositions. These called for voters' decisions on, among other things, how farmland should be taxed, how boxing and wrestling should be regulated, whether illiterates should be allowed to vote, and how pornography should be dealt with. Two such electoral decisions of 1964—nullification of open-housing laws and outlawing of pay television—were later held unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

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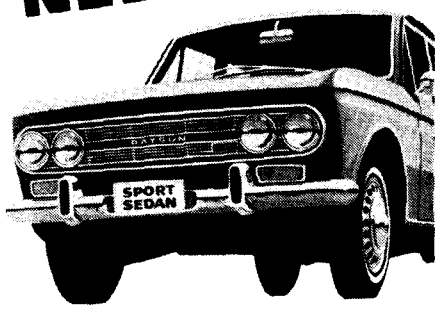

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until 1924 with "Tamar," followed the next year by "Roan Stallion." At once he was hailed, and justly so, as the finest poet in California history until then: a somber man, in his stone tower at Carmel, austerely brooding in classic and biblical rhythms on the vileness of humanity against the nobility of the natural, nonhuman world. Not far away, in Salinas, another talent, John Steinbeck, was developing. He was to become, unquestionably, the most distinguished California novelist of his generation.

Maturing as a writer in the Depression of the Thirties, Steinbeck wrote outside the angry, mechanized social protest school of the period, with a mingling of poetic compassion and a realism faintly touched with mysticism. The essence of the writer he was to be was apparent in his first important book, the short stories collected as *The Pastures of Heaven*. While he saw man as frequently weak, pathetic, and vicious against the beautiful background of the Salinas Valley, he —unlike Jeffers—looked upon him with a tender, almost sentimental sympathy and understanding: the exploited primitives in *The Pastures of Heaven*, the embattled strikers in *In Dubious Battle*, the ranch boy in *The Red Pony*, the hungry Joad family struggling toward a new life in *The Grapes of Wrath*. These, with other books, including *East of Eden* —a major if only partly successful effort— comprise a body of work unequaled by any native Californian, even London, with whom he has much in common: the eye for significant detail, the essential simplicity of life viewed as a social and biological struggle, the natural storyteller's gift for compelling narrative.

World War II's shadow was moving ominously toward us when a noise as of a firecracker rang out in Fresno. The firecracker was William Saroyan, who, if he was to be taken at his own word, heralded the impending rejuvenation of American literature. ("I am so innately great that, by comparison, others who believe they are great seem to me to be only pathetic, although occasionally charming.") His opening shot was *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, and if it did not exactly change the course of American prose it added delightfully to it. Only hopeless sobersides could resent the exuberant, impertinent, warm-hearted Saroyan as he went on and on in a kind of autointoxication of bathos, eccentric comedy, and flashes of genuine folk wisdom. If the firecracker now pops less often than he once did, it remains a fact that that there was no one like him. He would have been at home, I think, back there in the company of that other young man who could throw together a fantastic bit of comedy with the best of them—the young man from Hannibal, Missouri, who wrote about a frog.

Dance

Continued from page 48

operation has letterheads but no company." Charmoli described the impasse this way: "In Los Angeles, if you want to know the status of dance companies, it has to be said that we're just nowhere. It isn't just money that is needed. We need someone to guide a company, someone to stick with it. Someone with taste, talent, and a firm hand." But if ballet is at a nadir in Los Angeles, as far as a municipal company goes, the dance itself is flourishing on TV. Says Charmoli, "It's a dancer's paradise here right now. Everybody is working!"

In San Francisco, the theater dance situation is totally different. The San Francisco Ballet, one of the initial recipients of a Ford Foundation grant, is firmly established in a city that boasts a ballet tradition going back to 1933 (an opera ballet department headed by Russia's Adolph Bolm) and continued by the famous Christensen brothers—Lew (the director and chief choreographer), Harold (the teacher and school administrator), and Willam (who moved from San Francisco to Utah, where he has established a successful regional ballet).

The status and stature of the San Francisco Opera, in its ballet department, goes forward at this very moment, for Thomas Andrew, who is one of the best opera ballet choreographers in the business (the Metropolitan, New York City, Philadelphia, Santa Fe, Baltimore, and Hartford Operas are among his many credits), now heads the San Francisco Opera Ballet and has already done his dances for *La Gioconda*, with *Louise*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, and others upcoming.

San Francisco has, of course, other dance enterprises, among them a modern dance group and the controversial San Francisco Dance Workshop, an avant-garde enterprise headed by Ann Halprin that last spring startled New York with a program which included a totally nude dance involving both men and women. (Nobody got hauled off to jail. It was not lascivious, just bare.)

And if Los Angeles could lay some claim to "Miss Ruth" (not a native daughter but a frequent, and now constant, resident), San Francisco could lay full claim to Isadora Duncan, St. Denis's contemporary and one of the great dance innovators of all time. It was from San Francisco that Isadora set out to conquer the world and, in so doing, changed the course of the dance (including ballet) forever. And it was in Los Angeles that St. Denis, with Shawn at the helm of their school, introduced a revolutionary concept of dance training, one that fifty years later in that very city has evolved from "training" to "education" on the university level.

THE dance in California, despite a vacuum as far as a Los Angeles civic ballet is concerned, is burgeoning, and the ninety-year-old "Miss Ruth" is still burgeoning with it. She is making a dance documentary of her life in a movie being produced by William Skipper; she is planning a TV program on dances to the Psalms; she is currently choreographing *Rhythms of the Resurrection*, "in which I shall try to move with reasonable power and beauty," along with a dancing choir of women past fifty; and she will present a program of readings called *Evenings With the Prophets*.

With her "war paint" skillfully applied, she headed for her patio to dance for me and, referring to her new California productions, she chuckled, "You know how I handle cheesecloth? I'm famous around the world for making it look like $50 a yard!"

And into the California sunshine swept the First Lady of American dance, her historic draperies billowing behind her. She raised her arm toward a hill whose peak reached toward the sky, and I recalled the poem she had just read to me from a little pamphlet of her own verse:

Yesterday,
On a hilltop,
Lying under the bright, warm, and tender
Rays of the sun,
I found a way to die that pleases me!
. . . When I die, the Great Shining One
Will gather me with burning arms to His Heart,
And I shall dwell in the sun
When I die!

NONPARTISAN city and county elections, and a comprehensive civil service system, have left California more devoid of political patronage than probably any other state. But it has one anomalous remnant of the old-time spoils system. The elected state Controller can appoint about 150 inheritance tax appraisers, whose job is to evaluate estates. They do not have to be lawyers or have any other expertise. Their compensation is a percentage of the estates they appraise. On the average, they gross about $25,000 a year for part-time work—and are expected to contribute liberally to the Controller's quadrennial campaign fund. Controller Houston Flournoy, a former college professor, tried to get the anachronism abolished this year, but the proposal died in legislative committee.

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The Brain Banks

Continued from page 66

used extensively in nonmilitary applications by both government and industry. Perhaps the same systematic analysis and unfettered thinking that has been applied by RAND to military matters could be put to use in trying to solve the problems of poverty, education, race, and overcrowded cities.

At the Stanford Research Institute, work on the problems of the cities has already gone forward. Almost twenty years ago the Institute pointed to the automobile as the chief producer of smog. More recently, the Institute has carried out research on the correlation between education and juvenile delinquency, on ways to achieve a racial balance in San Francisco's schools, and on the poverty problems among Negroes in Oakland.

But the Stanford Research Institute and its many counterparts in California live by the contracts they can get, and most of these come from practical-minded businesses and mission-oriented government agencies. The Institute likes to cite ERMA, which stands for Electronic Recording Machine Accounting, as one of its principal accomplishments. ERMA was the first computer programed to read the funny numbers now on the bottom of all checks, to sort the checks, to keep track of the balance in each account, and to put out statements at the end of the month. ERMA was developed ten years ago for the Bank of America, and, now that the Federal Reserve System requires all checks to have sensitized numbers that can be read by a machine, ERMA has undoubtedly saved banks throughout the country from being suffocated in cancelled checks.

Other work done for businessmen by Stanford Research Institute's thinkers has included a study for Walt Disney which recommended locating Disneyland at Anaheim, California, surveys which advised the backers of both the Seattle World's Fair and Montreal's Expo 67 that the fairs would pay their way, a study of the possibilities of night-time horse-racing in California, and another study of the best bus schedules for bringing the most patrons from California to Harrah's gambling establishments in Nevada. Stanford Research Institute has not been on the frontiers of knowledge as often as RAND, but this is less a criticism of the Institute as it is a commentary on the kinds of thinking wanted by most government officials and business executives.

Except for books, and they are generally specialized volumes with limited audiences, nothing very tangible is packaged at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences. Ralph Tyler, who turned over the directorship of the Center last summer to former University of Minnesota President O. Meredith Wilson, believes that, in addition to stimulating interdisciplinary research, the Center has contributed to significant growth in the social sciences over the last decade.

While the Center for Advanced Study has disdained group activities, Hutchins's Center in Santa Barbara lives by daily dialogue. Each morning at 11 Hutchins rings a bell in the courtyard of the mansion that has been converted into the Center's offices and summons his resident thinkers for an hour and a half of talk about basic problems.

"We no longer talk about Church-State relations, corporations, or labor unions because we've exhausted those topics," Hutchins explains, "but we keep coming back to such matters as the press, political parties, bureaucracy, and education."

Some of the first meaningful discussions among representatives of various religions were held at the Center. The Center was also concerned about poverty long before the war on poverty became a federal program, and Michael Harrington wrote his book *Poverty in America* while at the Center.

"You sit and wait and every now and then you get a new idea," says John Cogley, an expert on religion who came to California with Hutchins and has recently returned to the Center after spending two years as religion editor for *The New York Times*. "Sometimes," adds Cogley, a short, intense man with unruly gray hair, "a guy will surprise even himself by coming up with a genuinely new idea. A man generally comes to a place like this with a frozen set of ideas. His first impulse is to set everyone else straight, but then he begins to find some values in the other fellow's position and soon absorbs enough from it to modify his own position. But no one ever seems to be completely converted.

"Maybe," Cogley concluded, "the think tank is a model concept that should be incorporated into other institutions. It might be good if the editors of *The New York Times*, or doctors, or families sat around and just thought and talked over their problems for an hour or so every day. You know, that's what Hutchins thinks democracy is all about."

New from CALIFORNIA

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Eucalyptic Dream

Continued from page 71

1934, the Catholic Legion of Decency was formed to apply economic sanctions against any picture it found objectionable. For the next three decades, the industry's Production Code Administration worked hand-in-glove with the Legion to avert such a catastrophe. New fears beset the industry when, in 1948, the House Un-American Activities Committee began its investigations to ferret out subversives on the studios' payrolls. Again, the studios responded in characteristic fashion, withdrawing from production any script that smacked of progressive thinking, and forming an unofficial blacklist that everyone firmly denied, but knew existed.

Thus, Hollywood has had a long history of schizophrenia—a private face and a public face, a private morality and a public morality. And this dichotomy is evident in all of its films. Small wonder that the standard reaction to European pictures is that they seem "more honest" than the domestic product. They are so simply because their production is rarely surrounded by the special codes and compromises that guide the executives of Hollywood's major studios. And they are so because their budgets are rarely so astronomical that they have to be made wholly palatable to millions upon millions of people. It is safe to say that no film has ever gone before the cameras in Hollywood that has not been flawed by one or both of these considerations.

Despite these flaws, however, Hollywood's movies capture to an extraordinary degree the look of America, the feel of America. Behind Doris Day, that supermarket may be the one you went to this morning. Over Rock Hudson's shoulder, that service station might be the one on the next corner. Europeans who arrive here for the first time are rarely surprised by what anything looks like; they have seen it all before in the movies. In this area, at least, nobody tries to alter the truth—and probably couldn't, even if they wanted to. As critic Otis Ferguson once observed, "The men and women, from both sides of the camera, were in so many instances a part of common life just yesterday that they haven't had time to forget it, dress it up, and bury it." Indeed, the studios properly pride themselves on the verisimilitude of their back-lot New York streets, Western streets, and rural American towns—and studio executives audibly grumble when an independent producer today exercises his option to take his cameras off to an authentic locale.

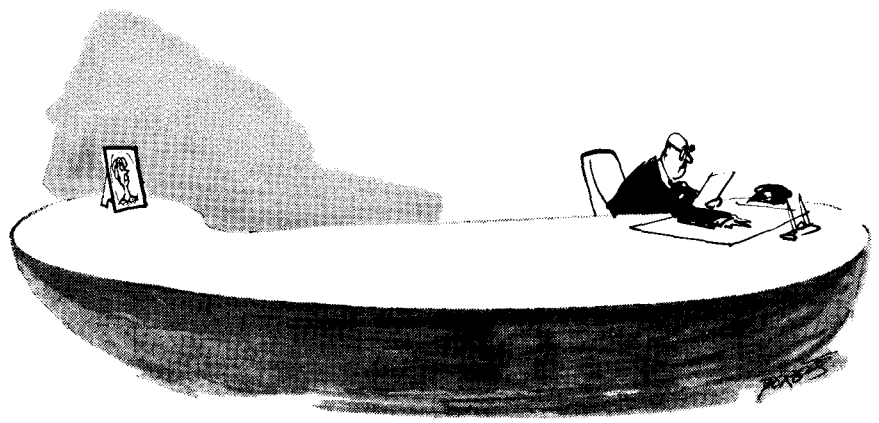
But if an independent goes on location merely for the look of a place, he is wasting both his time and his studio's money. What needs to be found on location is the authenticity that exists outside of Hollywood's state of mind—the kind of authenticity, for example, that Arthur Penn was recently able to instill into his *Bonnie and Clyde*. It is less a matter of place than a manner of thinking, a scraping away at the barnacles that have gathered over the last half century upon the hulk of the Hollywood industry. Francis Ford Coppola managed it nicely recently in *You're a Big Boy Now*; Arthur Hiller tried it again, not quite so successfully, in his upcoming version of Murray Schisgal's *The Tiger*, retitled *The Tiger Makes Out*. Neither adheres to studio standards of morality, nor to conventional studio attitudes toward Mom and Dad, or husband and wife. As a result, whatever other deficiencies these films may have, they offer a freshness and originality that stamps them as almost anti-Hollywood.

Indeed, it might be stated almost categorically that any break in the conventions must come from outside of Hollywood itself, completely away from the inhibiting influence of the studio mentality. Stanley Kubrick is a good example of an American director who, while still working for Hollywood companies, found that he could function best 6,000 miles away from them, in England—with films like *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove* to prove his point. The studios themselves seem to undergo some kind of sea change once they leave Los Angeles; MGM could never have made *Blow-Up*—perhaps the most genuinely innovational film of the past decade—on its Culver City lot, any more than Universal would have approved the searing *Privilege* for production at its Universal City facility. These are not what used to be called "runaway productions." Although produced for Hollywood majors, both represent breakthroughs that Hollywood can neither countenance nor comprehend. Meanwhile, the home lots are being used increasingly as the base for TV's endless round of situation comedies and spy melodramas, and these represent no change whatsoever from the routine B and C pictures that studded the studios' production schedules in Hollywood's more halcyon days.

For Hollywood has learned to live quite comfortably within its limitations. It has mastered a form of doublethink that enables it to grind out, week after week, for theaters and for television, a glossy, highly commercial entertainment that is without counterpart anywhere else in the world, a kind of picture that is known and readily recognized as the Hollywood film. Unfortunately, the great majority of Hollywood's most successful film-makers, who are neither rogues nor clowns, are successful precisely because they have acquired its values as their values—and see nothing wrong with the process.

"I like to make beautiful pictures about beautiful people," producer Ross Hunter once said. "If audiences want to see realism, let them look at home movies." Not all movie people are quite so drastic, but it is part of Hollywood's self-imposed insularity that the home movies these beautiful people choose to look at themselves are all too often their own. In the warm glow of Southern California's golden sun, harsh truths tend to dissolve into fantasies of goodwill (*In the Heat of the Night*), and deep-rooted social problems can still supposedly be solved by individual acts of heroism (*Up the Down Staircase*). If there is a war on poverty currently in progress, or a war in Vietnam, they have yet to appear in any of Hollywood's pictures—mainly because these cannot be "licked" by any of the studios' conventional formulae. Poverty and Vietnam just aren't commercial.

Hollywood, whatever its geographic boundaries, remains a state of mind whose principal export is a somewhat outmoded version of the American dream. Shaded from reality by eucalyptus and palm, caught up in a long tradition of compromised art and profitable fantasy, it has become a backward pocket in the swift current of the cultural revolution now sweeping through Southern California. One can only hope that, as the revolution is consolidated, Hollywood and its beautiful people will also be engulfed.



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Education

Continued from page 62

they see professors leave," said a Berkeley faculty member, "when they see research activities curtailed, then maybe they'll start to worry." In the meantime, the university has issued warnings that it will be unable to operate in 1968-69 on the kind of budget that was approved for 1967-68. And even a relatively minor cut of $900,000 in the university research budget may cause substantial damage in the loss of far more substantial federal funds. (Ironically, the university has to fight its budget battles without a president and with a Board of Regents dominated by a timid majority reluctant to engage in all-out battle with the Governor.)

"They have been willing to settle for too little," said Kerr. "They don't really know how strong they are, or how vulnerable Reagan is. If he wants to be President, he can't do it with a record of having damaged the university. In the long run, the university will survive, but if you wan't to be Harvard you're going to have to pay for it—in cash and in occasional expressions of unpopular opinion. The better the university is, the more independent and outspoken the faculty and students are going to be."

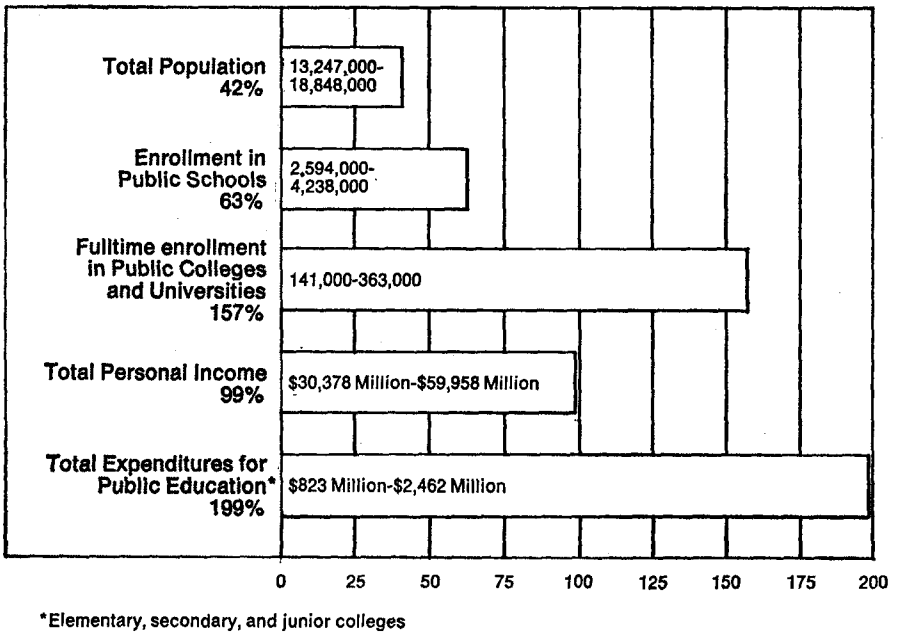
Kerr's assessment of the issues at the university applies to most of the other sectors of education as well. The choice for California at this point is whether it will try to be Harvard or settle for the average. It can become parsimonious in

its educational finance and in its stance toward academic freedom and growth, or it can continue—sometimes at considerable cost—to remain expansive and free-wheeling. But here the issue is not simply the training of children and young men and women; it is not simply jobs or the good life—the issue is the economy of the state as a whole. "Anyone who sets store by economic development," Galbraith said at Berkeley, "is proceeding in a highly perverse way when he attacks the modern university. Nowadays, it would, in fact, be safer if he went after the banks."

The state's real gold is in its schools and universities; it can easily flow to other parts of the nation. In California, education is the frontier; if it closes, there will be no other.

EDUCATIONAL GROWTH IN CALIFORNIA

All figures are percentage increases from 1956 to 1966



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Sound of Los Angeles

Continued from page 46

San Francisco Opera Company) than that enjoyed until the very recent past by the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

Walter Henry Rothwell, Artur Rodzinski, Otto Klemperer, and Alfred Wallenstein were the principal conductors of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra before the brief tenure of Eduard Van Beinum and the appointment of the orchestra's present musical director, Zubin Mehta. Relationships between Mehta and his orchestra are built upon mutual respect. Problems: Mehta's dazzling talents lure him all over the world, often at the expense of much-needed time to make his maximum impact upon the orchestra at home; also, his insistence upon conducting all orchestral and most concerto repertoire from memory tends to limit his repertoire, particularly of contemporary works. But his current tours with the orchestra to the East Coast last spring and to Europe and the Middle East this fall underline Mehta's oft-expressed commitment to Los Angeles for the next few years. His continued association with Los Angeles augurs well for its continued growth. Under the leadership of Gerhard Samuel, the Oakland Symphony has the best continuity of leadership, the most varied repertoire; it also happens to play very decently.

California breeds symphony orchestras with the same abundance as its citrus and cotton crops. At last count, there were twenty-five or more orchestras in California alone. A few, such as in Long Beach, Pasadena, and Sacramento, are basically training orchestras, with resident music teachers and advanced students grouped around a core of required professionals. These orchestras fulfill a valid function, since they prepare for, feed into, and complement the full-time professional orchestra. But problems arise when a community with the concert-giving potential of only six to twelve concerts a season insists on having its own orchestra, named for its own community. Overhead costs, the difficulty of enlisting the services of a qualified full-time conductor, the shortage or absence of adequate concert halls—all these tend to force the employment of a full roster of professional musicians, impose the necessity of minimum rehearsals, often force changes in personnel between rehearsal and concert as well as from concert to concert. What justification can there be for paying prorata costs of $8,000 to $12,000 for a concert by a pick-up orchestra, well though it may play (and some play very well), when the Los Angeles Philharmonic or the San Francisco Symphony can be engaged on a "run-out" basis for roughly half the cost?

Conclusion: There will eventually be many full-time symphony orchestras in California. But en route to this happy state, the major orchestras should first be used year round, and, in the process of encouraging the formation of new orchestras, several communities may need to combine their symphonic lust—and their buying power—until each can enjoy the luxury of its own all-professional orchestra.

One of the bright spots in California's music life is the pact signed recently by San Francisco and Los Angeles. With year-long operation possible under the new opera scheme, California may have found a formula which will allow it to compete in the world market for singers, as well as to involve itself in new and imaginative ventures involving young singers and fresh repertoire. A new group, the Music Center Opera Association, is handling the Los Angeles end of the pact. While the combining plans are being worked out, the MCOA will import the New York City Opera for a three-week engagement in November, and may bring Sarah Caldwell's American National Company and/or the senior Metropolitan Opera during 1968.

Los Angeles's glamorous new Music

Community Orchestras of California

Angel City Symphony, Los Angeles.
Beach Cities Symphony, Los Angeles County.
Beverly Hills Symphony, Beverly Hills.
Brentwood Symphony, Brentwood.
Burbank Symphony, Burbank.
Chico Symphony, Chico.
Claremont Civic, Claremont.
Claudio Symphony, San Jose County.
Compton Civic, Compton.
C.O.T.A., San Fernando, Pacoima.
Diablo Symphony, Diablo.
Downey Symphonic Society, Downey.
Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra, Fresno.
Fullerton College Community Orchestra, Fullerton.
Glendale Symphony, Glendale.
Hayward Symphony, Hayward.
Highland Park Symphony, Los Angeles.
Hollywood-Wilshire Symphony, Los Angeles.
Huntington Park Symphony, Huntington Park.
Inglewood Philharmonic, Inglewood.
Japanese Philharmonic Society of Los Angeles, Los Angeles.
Kern County Philharmonic, Bakersfield.
La Jolla Civic Orchestra, La Jolla.
Long Beach Philharmonic, Long Beach.
Los Angeles Doctors' Symphony Orchestra, Beverly Hills.
Marin County Symphony.
Merced Symphony, Merced.
Metropolitan Symphony of Los Angeles, Los Angeles.
Modesto Symphony, Modesto.
Monterey County Philharmonic, Monterey.
Napa Symphony, Napa.
New Community Orchestra, La Habra.
North Area Community Symphony, Los Angeles.
Ontario Symphony, Ontario.
Orange County Symphony, Orange County.
Pasadena College Community, Pasadena.
Pasadena Symphony, Pasadena.
Peninsula Symphony, San Mateo-Palo Alto area.
Redlands Symphony, Redlands.
Richmond Symphony, Richmond.
Rio Hondo Symphony, Rio Hondo.
Riverside Symphony, Riverside.
Sacramento North Area Community, Sacramento.
Sacramento Symphony Orchestra, Sacramento.
San Bernardino Symphony Association, San Bernardino.
San Fernando Valley Symphony Association, San Fernando.
San Gabriel Valley Symphony Association, San Gabriel Valley.
San Jose Symphony, Santa Clara.
San Leandro Symphony, San Leandro.
Santa Barbara Symphony, Santa Barbara.
Santa Clara Philharmonic, Santa Clara.
Santa Cruz Symphony, Santa Cruz.
Santa Maria Symphony, Santa Maria.
Santa Monica Symphony, Santa Monica.
Santa Rosa-Sonoma Symphony, Santa Rosa.
Shasta Symphony, Redding.
South Bay Civic Symphony, Los Angeles.
Southeast Symphony, Los Angeles.
Stockton Symphony, Stockton.
Tulare County Symphony, Tulare.
Ventura County Symphony, Ventura County.
Westend Symphony, Ontario.
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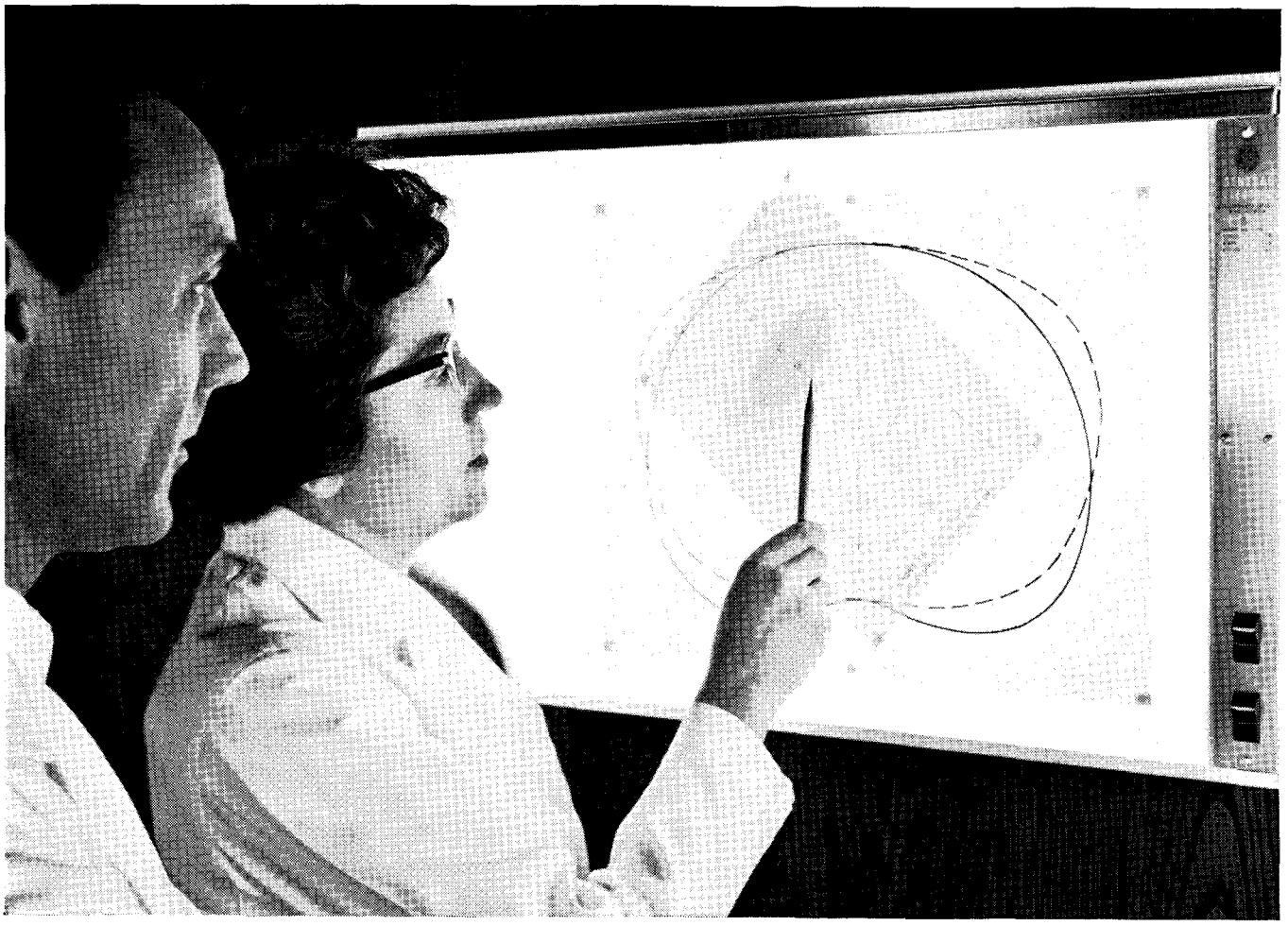

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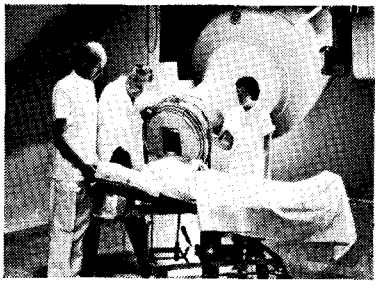

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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 6, 1968, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

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Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1967.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1966, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1967, to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1968. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1967 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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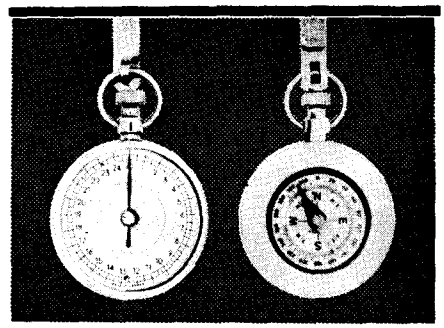
Center is now in full operation, with three theaters fully scheduled—the "big house," the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, with 3,200 seats; the Ahmanson Theater, 2,100; the Mark Taper Forum, just over 700. Only the Pavilion is large enough to accommodate both symphony and opera, and even opera has almost to price itself out of the market to enter the place. There is some talk of taking opera back to the Shrine Auditorium, which seats 6,000. Reasonable prices are possible only in the Shrine, yet the artistic results are invariably poorer than in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

Another major user of the Music Center in Los Angeles is the Civic Light Opera Association, whose operations reverse those of the proposed "serious opera" cartel. The Los Angeles Civic Light Opera produces four shows a year in Los Angeles, then transports them intact to San Francisco's Curran Theater as the San Francisco Light Opera Association. This makes all kinds of sense, except that it complicates the use of the Pavilion. It was originally planned that Light Opera should play in the smaller Ahmanson Theater, but its temporary use of the larger theater proved so successful that a return to the Ahmanson would doubtless displease both subscribers and management.

Climate, as well as the lure of employment in the motion picture studio orchestras, originally brought hundreds of professional musicians to California. Though the studios have disbanded their orchestras, the climate is still good, and there is still employment for several hundred orchestral musicians in free-lance work for radio, television, and motion pictures. Because of the nature of Hollywood background music then and now, there is a built-in inducement for instrumentalists, particularly string players, to play chamber music, long and often, as professional compensation. Someone recently hazarded a guess that on any evening all of the Haydn and Mozart string quartets would have been played at least once each somewhere in Southern California. Exaggerated though this might be, there are more scheduled chamber music concerts in Los Angeles during an average week of the winter season than there are in New York during a similar week. These include regular series sponsored by the South California Chamber Music Society ("Monday Evening Concerts"), the Music Guild, the Coleman Chamber Music Association, plus faculty, student, and guest artist concerts on at least fifteen college and university campuses. Professional choruses seldom attain the stature and following which enable them to give regularly scheduled series of concerts. An exception is the Roger Wagner Chorale, now sponsored by the Southern California Choral Music Association. This association, now a resident company of the Los Angeles Music Center, presents a series of at least six concerts annually in the Music Center Pavilion. The vitality and high professional standards developed by this ensemble have generated a strong following willing to subscribe to such a series.

As noted by Irving Kolodin elsewhere in these pages, several unique, well-planned festivals operate annually in California. The Ojai Festival, which takes place in the late spring of each year in the pleasant Ojai Valley near Ventura, has had such distinguished musical directors as William Steinberg, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, Ingolf Dahl, and Pierre Boulez. Musical fare has included many premieres as well as unusual works from earlier composers. Further north, California boasts a summer Festival at Stanford University, a Cabrillo Festival, and the Carmel Bach Festival. The latter, under musical director Sandor Salgo, has a first-class reputation for stylistic integrity and well-rehearsed performances of major Baroque works.

In April of 1964, then-Governor Edmund G. Brown appointed the California Arts Commission, with Dr. Abbott Kaplan of UCLA as chairman. Two years later the Commission published its first report, "The Arts in California." As a report of the Commission's preliminary surveys, the document had much to commend it. If it implied support for some suburban ventures which it did not have funds to encourage, and if it ignored some first-class urban ventures which it might well have considered, still the report was above average in both intention and promise. Apparently, however, this promise will not have a remote chance of realization. During recent weeks, the personnel of the Arts Commission has been completely overhauled by Governor Ronald Reagan. One can only note with concern that the Governor has removed most of the qualified professionals from the commission, replacing them with estimable citizens who have little or no professional reputation or ability. Whatever else the new California Arts Commission may be able to accomplish, it is hard to see how it can come to grips with the same issues which the first Commission identified so unmistakably. As usual, California moves ahead in its own mysterious way.



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Migrant Memoirs

Continued from page 21

tolerated in far more modest suburbs in the East.

It's no wonder, then, that land and buildings are expensive. For example, we sold a substantial house on 14 isolated hilltop acres, twenty minutes from downtown Hartford, before moving West. In California, for a price only slightly less than what we had sold for, we bought a smaller, less soundly constructed house of the same age on but a single acre. But then, the moderate climate makes practical construction that would be flimsy in the East. And the evenings and nights are almost always cool. Best of all, one can sit outside without slapping mosquitoes. As for winter, except in the mountains, one never shovels snow.

It seems to be a California habit to move to a new house every few years, even if one owns rather than rents. But the Californian's mobility hits you between the eyes in other ways. The contemporary state was built around the automobile. There is, for one spectacular example, the sprawling gasopolis that is Los Angeles. Its downtown core is 55 per cent freeways, parking lots, and garages.

Now Los Angeles is toying with the idea of a mass-transit system, before it chokes on its clogged freeway traffic. And since 1962 the San Francisco area has been struggling to complete an imaginative, modern, 75-mile-long Bay Area Rapid Transit system. But inadequate public financing, typical of an automobile-crazy people, threatens to shrink it to something that will not meet the need.

The transformation of rolling hill and primeval forest into cheek-by-jowl, one-story suburbs is likewise the product of the automobile's destruction of the city as man has known it since the Minoans. The chain saws, bulldozers, and earthmovers that devastate the countryside around every American city are naturally busier in California than elsewhere. Development projects eat up 375 acres of prime farmland every day. California seems determined to be in the forefront of the rush by the whole United States to pave itself from sea to shining sea.

In California there are some 10,000,000 autos on 171,000 miles of roads and streets. Of these miles, 2,000 are freeways of four or more lanes, and freeways grow by 200 miles every year. It's small wonder that the state now outranks even New York and Michigan in its concentration of motor vehicles in relation to population. Surely today's outsized, over-powered, soft-sprung Detroit models were designed with the vast and sunny California market in mind first of all.

Out of the automobile's exhaust comes smog, and it was, of course, California, notably Los Angeles, that invented smog. To be sure, recently the industrial complexes of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia have been scored as surpassing Los Angeles in polluting the atmosphere. Still, industry in Los Angeles County has spent $20,000,000 in recent years in an attempt to let people see the sunshine that had lured them there.

While other states are striving mightily to turn brooks and rivers and lakes into cesspools, California will not yield to them. Consider that sun-flecked blue gem among the peaks, Lake Tahoe. It is roughly 12 miles wide and 24 miles long. Already 150,000 people, including

Sidewalk serenaders, Haight-Ashbury.

more than 25,000 who live there all year round, may be found there on a single summer's day. At the present rate of growth sixteen lanes of superhighway will be needed to service the area by 2000 A.D. There are attempts to save it from becoming a sewer, but the outcome is still in doubt.

THE miraculously beautiful San Francisco Bay, which used to support an active marine life and offer a recreational paradise, is now mostly a dirty brown. Scum and the fluff of detergent line its tidal flats. Last summer, driving down from the North toward the Golden Gate, we saw this sign advertising a marina: LEARN TO SAIL IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY BEFORE THEY FILL IT UP. And they *are* filling it up. What real-estate developers don't do, garbage does. San Francisco is having trouble finding a place to dump the 1,500 tons of garbage it generates every day. And most of the innumerable communities that rim the bay have shoreline dumps that accept everything, including garbage. There is an evident rush to shrink the size of the bay and contaminate it in the process.

To turn now to less material things, it is to be noted that California again leads the nation by being the first to practice government by television. I well remember, from my days as a reporter in New York, the time when Al Smith and other brass-voiced orators began to have trouble competing with newer-model politicians like Franklin Roosevelt. For he came soft-spoken and ingratiating into every voter's living room via radio. Now even pear-shaped tones are not enough. The aspirant to public office must also have a television personality, preferably a pretty one.

California has such a personality in Governor Reagan. Earlier this year, before his total experience in public office had added up to three months, he already figured in the GOP speculation for 1968. He impresses one as a Goldwater in sheepish clothing; that is, he is instinctively right-wing. But instead of being abrasive, or putting his foot in his mouth, he wears a disarming, modestly apologetic manner that seems to say, "Look folks, I'm just an amateur, a former movie actor trying to straighten this mess out for you." The effect, complete with youthful appearance and white-toothed smile, is endearing.

Even Governor Reagan's admirers do not say he has displayed great administrative or leadership talent. His critics point out that he has tried to put over measure after measure only to be rebuffed, either by the facts, or the opposition, or by plain popular resentment. That much is only par for the course for an inexperienced governor. What is startling is that the Reagan score in public-opinion polls goes up as the reverses come in. Last May the voters approved of Mr. Reagan by a healthy 66 per cent in one poll. As his troubles mounted in June, the score rose to 74 per cent. The conductor of this poll, Mervin Field, said at the time that voter approval "is now being based more heavily on his personality and style, and less on specific actions than it was in the early days of his administration."

It is television that does this. There have even been special, two-minute tapes made by the Governor in advance of the budget presentation or other important events. These are electronic handouts. Often they go unedited, direct from governor to voter. Government by television, already a reality in California, could change the course of political history in the United States.

From here it is but a step to the fact that California has among its people a dense concentration of what that erstwhile Californian, Richard Nixon, once called the kooks and the nuts. Northern California, particularly the San Francisco region, maintains the liberal streak that has long been part of a politically schizophrenic state. But in the teeming empire south of the Tehachapi Mountains, centered about Los Angeles, an arteriosclerotic right wing rules the roost.

Another Field poll, analyzing the

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state's population, may throw light on this:

> Among the migrants to California making up three-fourths of the state's current adult population, the large majority came here after age sixteen, and of these, the largest number made their own decision to come—they weren't simply brought or sent here. This is a highly significant fact, and probably has a great deal to do with creating the atmosphere of restless mobility, receptivity to new ideas, and, of course, to the rise of offbeat social movements that characterizes California today.

Or as one of the *Ladies' Home Journal* articles puts it, "The frontier has always attracted the desperate and the unstable, and California, our last frontier, has more than its share of both types."

California has, to be sure, long been a haven for religious and other cults, one of which at beautiful Big Sur now teaches such things as Body Awareness. Not surprisingly, then, the state is the home of those drug-bemused dropouts from the world, the hippies. So, too, the modern American student, the do-it-yourself rebel against things as they are, has his beared archetype in post-Berkeley California.

All this and more has followed from the fact that an affluent society frees the individual from having to scratch for a living. The young man who no longer has to get up at 5 to do the chores dissipates his energy by raising hell on a motorcycle.

What does it all add up to? Perhaps it is simply the fact that California today, and presumably the America of tomorrow, are neither better nor worse, but merely more crowded, more gaudy, and less disciplined than what has gone before. The nation seems to be picking up speed as it breaks through the barriers of the past. One whose memories go back before World War I is aware of how much of the past had to be broken down. And perhaps it is only the years that now make the process seem to go too far and too fast.

Surely, for example, the Supreme Court is right in narrowing the definition of obscenity. But as it widens freedom for arts and letters, it at the same time makes it harder to stop the abuse of that freedom by Southern California's merchants of smut. In the same way, if the sex taboos of the past were not unnaturally strict, today's precocious youngsters might not have taken the forward step they thought they were taking in going back to barnyard sex mores.

It could be that today's excesses, flourishing as they do in California, will one day call up a reaction in the form of some new Puritanism. If so, it would be in character for California to be the first to preach it.

The Press

Continued from page 76

porters—some of them highly intelligent, nearly all of them aggressive—and then impose on them a view of journalism that seems to set up the flashy superficiality of Bob Considine, who is the greatest reporter of the 1920s, as the nonpareil. A few Hearstmen, like Syd Kossen of the San Francisco *Examiner*, manage to transcend the stereotype and supply a wider view of the world. Most either succumb, or, like Warren Rogers, who was for a brief time Hearst's best Washington bureau chief, move on to work that is more fulfilling.

The *Times* and the *Chronicle*, not to mention the other big-city dailies, have more to fear from the small-city papers, many of them in the suburbs of Los Angeles and San Francisco. All of them report their own communities far better than the metropolitans can, most of them have doubled circulation in the past fifteen years, and some have developed specialties that even the giants cannot match. The Redwood City *Tribune* reports teen-age life as well as any other paper anywhere. The Riverside papers feature the best local government reporting in California. The Sacramento *Bee* has no equal in reporting news of state government. Throughout California, an extraordinarily strong and varied journalism has emerged.

THE variety may be unequaled. At one end of the spectrum is Raymond Hoiles's Santa Ana *Register*—part of the "Freedom Group"—which is committed to the restoration of William McKinley. At the other end are the hippie papers, the Berkeley *Barb* (circulation 37,000), the Los Angeles *Free Press* (60,000), and the San Francisco *Oracle* (100,000). When readers tire of the Art Nouveau posters and sex-and-drug essays, the classified ads offer the kind of diversion not found in conventional newspapers: NEED A YOUNG GAL TO SHARE SLEEPING BAG WITH FOR 10 TO 14 DAYS MOUNTAIN TRIP IN HIGH SIERRAS, and SUBMISSIVE MALE WISHES TO MEET DOMINANT FEMALE.

Considered together, California newspapers support the notion that people get the newspapers they deserve. Judging by the political climate—which has produced Chief Justice Earl Warren and Congressional candidate Shirley Temple Black—Californians deserve everything from the best to the ridiculous.

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Nation Within a Nation

Continued from page 19

year or two, and then return to California permanently after another winter in their former home. "I'd forgotten what it was like back there," they will tell you.

But more important are the extravagant resources of California. To the visitor, California may mean Disneyland or San Francisco or Hollywood. Berkeley and Caltech and Stanford are one world to the scientist and educator, while to the real estate subdivider, Santa Clara and Orange Counties are Mecca. All these are man-made resources. But the oilman knows the offshore deposits that have made Long Beach wealthy, or the rolling brown hills where the Great Central Valley begins its climb westward over the coastal mountains, dotted with derricks and villages of rocker pumps. The cattleman finds his California far up the Central Valley and on the grazing ranges of the lower Sierra or in the noxious feed pans of Imperial Valley.

THE inventory of California's $4 billion annual agricultural production is the richest of any state, so varied and immense that it runs a gamut from artichokes to zucchini, from cotton to grapes. From California wineries come four of every five bottles of wine consumed in the United States. More than 200 farm products are grown on 8,000,000 acres of farmland, most of it irrigated by the most complex system of water movement ever devised. California has more than 400 different varieties of soil and, it sometimes seems, almost as many contrasting climates; they range north and south from the dusty Mexican border to the fir forests of the North, and up and down between Mount Whitney and Death Valley, the highest and lowest points of the first forty-eight states.

In such factories of the field, as elsewhere, the innovative nature of the Californian seems admirably paired with the challenge of his setting. Without water, he could not farm; he has brought water

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overland in aqueducts that range almost the entire length of the state. Farming has been mechanized to a degree unknown elsewhere, with nut trees shaken by pneumatic pickers and lettuce heads harvested by rubber hands.

RICH natural resources have been bolstered as a factor in California growth by the vagaries of history and by the federal dollar. Industrialists have learned to overcome their relative remoteness. With about one-fourth of the federal aerospace budget going into California, there is a wide sector of unhealthy reliance on Washington funding. But such spending has at least undergone a transition from the era when the West was regarded in almost colonial status; today federal money goes into California not only because of its natural resources but because of its brains and skills. Business and industry are distinguished by innovation, high risk, heavy federal involvement and not a little luck. California has usually seemed to be in the right place at the right time.

The California economy is, in fact, quite ebullient much of the time, and the Californian is obsessed with material success, perhaps in part because of his nature and in part to prove to himself and to those "back home" that he was right in breaking old roots. To most people material success is, after all, the simplest evidence that some good new life has been achieved. The Californian's obsession is nothing new in American history. But there are fewer restraining influences in the putty culture of California, and any obsession grows at an alarming rate.

California is still so young, after all, so belligerent, and has so much to learn, that one may shudder at the thought that it is a window on the future or that California today may be America's tomorrow. Rapid growth and vigor are not goals but symptoms. Newness and bigness should not be objects of search in today's society. In dedication and direction, California flounders like America, and with its flair for overstatement, the California lack of purpose can be monolithic. Yet we have seemed capable of almost anything in California. These unusual people in this extraordinary place come equipped with vigor and with dreams. In California it is not yet too late.

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Murder on the CBC

OBSCURED by the festive glitter of Canada's Centennial and Expo 67 is the desperate plight of our northern neighbor's artistic community. M. Charles Cohen, one of Canada's top television dramatists, wrote a letter recently to Robert Weaver, an official of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, who has long championed the cause of Canadian writing. "Six months in the life of an institution isn't much," the playwright said, "but six months in the life of an unemployed free-lance writer is tragic." The dramatist, who for twelve years has preferred the intellectual freedom of the CBC to the less expansive mental climate of Hollywood, doesn't know how much longer he can hold out.

Canadian actors and other television and radio professionals are also near the critical point for survival in their careers. Commercial broadcasters in Canada made glowing promises of indigenous programs when they obtained their licenses; but now they fulfill them with quiz shows, hockey, and football, while prime-time schedules are filled at bargain rates by American reruns. Canadian television once boasted at least thirty hour-long programs for anthology drama. Now only one prestige series—*Festival*—is left.

Some CBC officials are profoundly concerned about the drying up of outlets for serious television and radio drama. They look forward hopefully to new funds from the government for noncommercial Canadian broadcasting; but whatever they will get will have to be spread very thin—$130 to $150 million for French and English television and radio services, outpost broadcasting, and service to troops overseas.

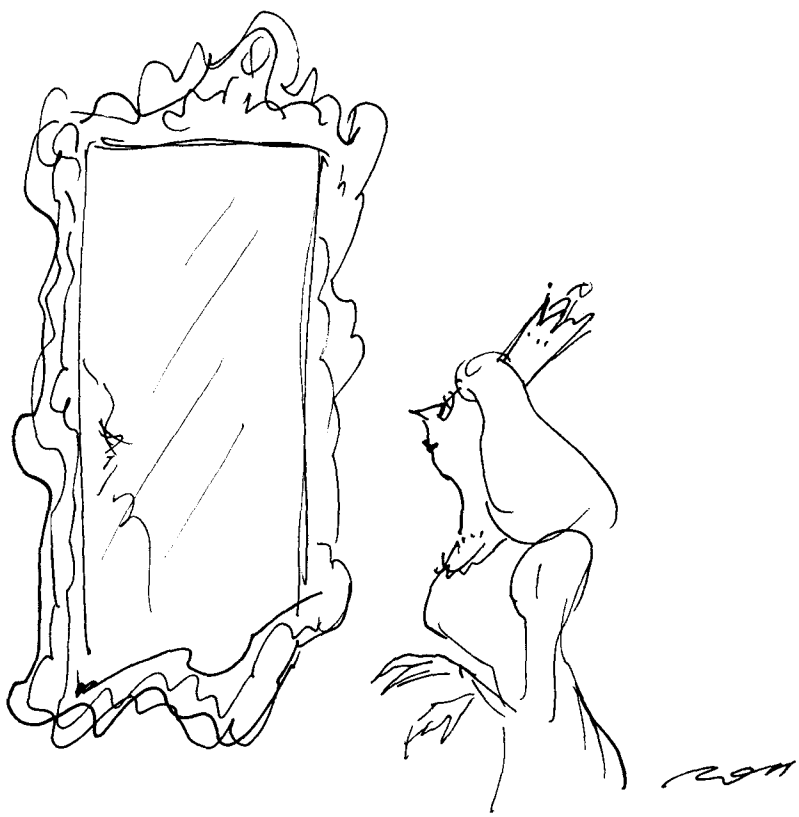
Along with havoc in Canadian markets, serious television writers face the unavailability of any income from American broadcasts. M. Charles Cohen is a vital talent whose work combines a sensitive idealism with slashing cynicism and an imaginative experimentalism in the use of television as an art form. *David, Chapter II* and *David, Chapter III*, two of his ninety-minute dramas, are biting probes into the youth and maturity of the post-World War II "sell-out generation." *The True Bleeding Heart of Martin B.*, a more recent television drama, is a sardonic satire on psychotherapy. The three works testify to the fact that Canadian writers and directors have continued to develop brilliantly television's technical capacities for drama to a point never reached in American TV's "Golden Age."

American network executives have viewed the plays, admired them, but pronounced them unsalable to sponsors, who are shielded from adult writing by the bastions of the Television Code. National Educational Television would like to show the expensive productions to American audiences but cannot afford the prices CBC demands in order to pay residuals to Canadian talent. A recently perfected process for transferring videotapes to film offers the playwright a faint hope of reaching the American theatrical market in art-film houses. But Canadian sponsors who might be tempted to support native talent on television simply can't find the economics justifiable. *The True Bleeding Heart of Martin B.* cost the CBC $107,000. Why should a Canadian sponsor risk attracting only a fairly limited audience with a serious drama at such high prices when, for about $8,000, he can get an American "happy" program that also cost more than $100,000 to produce?

THE irony of the attrition in job opportunities for Canadian television artists is that it comes at a time when public broadcasting (noncommercial) in the United States seems on the verge of a promising breakthrough. For thirty years the CBC has kept alive the spark of serious broadcasting on the North American continent. M. Charles Cohen, having had his unsatisfactory brush with Hollywood, came back to Canada because of this. In his twelve years at CBC, he said, no one "ever told me you can't touch that theme. Maybe it's been a dream world, but it's ending now. Working at the top of my energy, I could, in the past, produce only a fairly modest income here; but now it's been cut nearly in half. In Hollywood I could make twice as much as my Canadian top. What else do you do?"

Massive amounts of public money are needed to revise the critical trend; but, as a high CBC official said, "Most Canadians are not seized by the idea of cultural development." Canadians generally have long been worried lest they become altogether an American duchy. Government officials need to be reminded how important broadcasting has become to a nation's "image," at home and abroad. A healthy, indigenous Canadian climate for its artists is as important to the United States as to viewers across the border, who are witnessing "the last stand of the serious anthology drama in North America."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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The Case of Crowther

WOULD MOVIE reviewing be as much fun without Bosley Crowther? Mr. Crowther, who has long been the film critic for *The New York Times*, has a way, from time to time, of not only agitating film companies whose products he might mangle in print, but his colleagues as well—so much so that some reviews come out less as measured evaluations of a film than as counterblasts against the Crowther opinion. The current brouhaha he has caused has to do with *Bonnie and Clyde*, a film that recreates the brief and violent careers of a fabled pair of bank robbers and killers of the early Thirties. Crowther thoroughly disliked the film, and said so, accusing it, among other recent examples of film art, of making "slaughter seem a meaningless cliché."

Perhaps fearing that the Crowther review would slaughter the box-office chances of *Bonnie and Clyde*, several critics, avidly quoted by Warner Brothers, went literally overboard in their defense of the film—among them Judith Crist, who just loved every bloody minute of it, Penelope Gilliat, who insisted in *The New Yorker* that the movie "could look like a celebration of gangster glamour only to a man with a head full of wood shavings," and Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice*, who spent as much wordage on Crowther as on the picture. He accused Crowther of a crusade "that makes the Hundred Years War look like a border incident." One critic, Joseph Morgenstern of *Newsweek*, reviewed the film twice, blasting it the first time as a "squalid shoot-'em for the moron trade," and recanting completely the second time, claiming then that "*Bonnie and Clyde* knows perfectly well what to make of its violence."

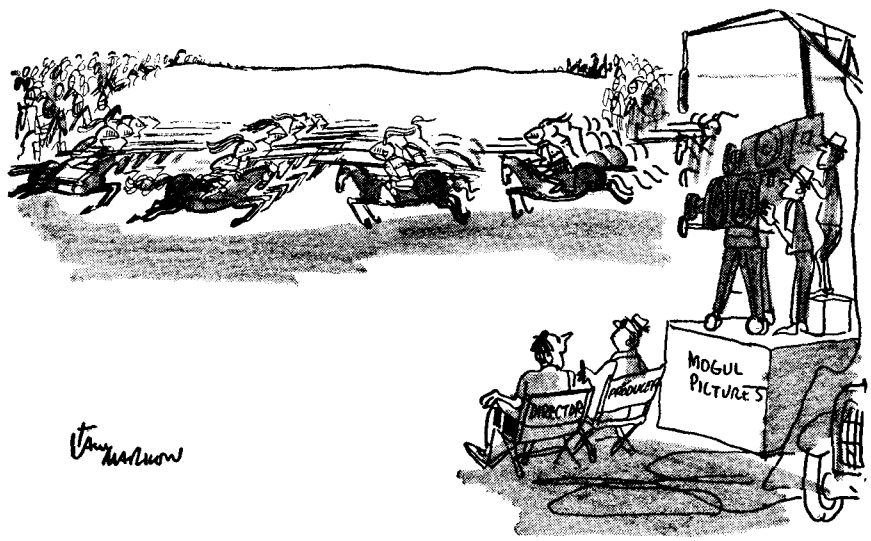
A good part of the public might be understandably confused about all this, since the picture, at this writing, has opened only in New York and Los Angeles. I have no intention of reviewing the film a second time, and, after rereading myself [SR, Aug. 5], I find myself exactly where I stood the first time. The film *is* unusually well made, it does have its probing aspects, and it *is* filled with vividly photographed violence. And, as I suspected prior to the opening of the picture, the customers *are* lining up in the above mentioned two cities to see it.

But is Crowther's point of view totally without justification? He is certainly only reporting the evidence of his eyes when he notices a wave of violence in films, and a surrounding much greater concentration on violence in much of the real world. And, certainly, it is a man of conscience who calls for restraint and balance in our entertainment media in the treatment of violent aspects of life. Where Crowther particularly irritates his colleagues—and a good many of his readers, judging by the largely condemnatory volume of mail that came to the *Times* in response to his diatribes—is in his call for "moral values" in films. This standpoint, to put it bluntly, is old-fashioned in critical circles. Only fuddyduddies like Tolstoy and other literary giants of the past would dare this kind of assertion. To talk about "moral values" smacks of censorship and control; it reminds of the treacly Production Code, of the Legion of Decency, of the mawkish Will Hays. But those would-be arbiters were largely concerned with sex, and Crowther would seem to be concerned with another kind of obscenity—the insensate treatment of his fellow man by man.

Where Crowther is vulnerable is less in his attitudes than in his tastes. He did write approvingly, to a degree, of the violence-filled James Bond series. And now he is attacking pictures of much more seriousness. There is an odd parallel here. Sex, while it remained in a never-never-land of fantasy, was relatively free of attack; when it encroached on reality, it became a kind of demon that had to be exorcised. Just so with violence. When it stays within the confines of fantasy, as in Bond movies, it is not particularly worrisome—no one believes it anyway. But if it seems real, a relatively accurate reflection of reality, then it might, it just might—so the reasoning goes—have repercussions on the so-called moron trade. Crowther—or Joseph Morgenstern No. 1— it seems to me, has every right to say this, to express his opinions and conclusions. His critics are guilty of creating a bogeyman when they think an opinion expressed honestly in *The New York Times* is going to bring on censorship or prevent the free flow of ideas. *The New York Times* hasn't taken kindly to the insensate bloodshed in Vietnam; still the bombers dump their lethal loads.

The problem, in the case of *Bonnie and Clyde*, really has less to do with morals than with art. Having gone so far as to attempt to throw light, in cinematic terms, on the psychopathic personality, the makers of the film took it upon themselves, whether they knew it or not, to present a meaningful vision. The light they have thrown, to any objective observer, must appear fitful at best. This is a failure of sorts. The writers, the director, the actors, weren't quite up to the task. For the probing of violence is a large theme, requiring understanding and wisdom. Facile, *Bonnie and Clyde* is; but let's face it, Miss Crist, Miss Gilliat, Mr. Morgenstern No. 2, *Crime and Punishment* it is not (I speak of the novel, not the movie), and, while it absorbs the attention, it hardly enlightens or illuminates. Sooner or later, the serious cinema has got to get serious. Attacking Bosley Crowther isn't going to help matters. He is not exactly Stokely Carmichael, or H. Rap Brown, after all.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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European Notebook

Continued from page 11

purposes of the book is to shift the guilt for the atrocities of her father's regime to his henchmen.

It is not surprising that as his daughter she would want to improve her father's image in history. But very few will accept it as anything more than a daughter's loyalty to her father. I don't think, for instance, that the guilt for the execu-

tion of her beloved uncle Aljoscha can simply be laid on Lavrenti Beria. It is understandable that it is virtually inconceivable to her to blame her own father for it, but at the same time there is no doubt that if Stalin had wanted to prevent the murder of the brother of his first wife, he could have done it. The daughter's perspective, therefore, makes Svetlana's book a dubious contribution to history.

* * *

THE OFFICE of the Delegation Generale of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North Vietnam) in Paris does not have the usual cold and impersonal atmosphere one is used to finding in Communist embassies. But it is pervaded by that peculiar, mysterious silence of the Orient. No one really says a word; one is silently motioned over steps and into a waiting room. Only one picture is on the wall, that of Ho Chi Minh. The First Secretary is courteous and polite, and, although he seems to be an avid reader of French, British, and American newspapers, there are many quite obvious aspects of American policy he does not grasp. His deepest concern is about the intensification of the bombing near Hanoi and near the Chinese border, but he remains convinced that his government cannot be bombed either to the negotiating table or into submission. He is clearly a very proud and self-confident man, and there is nothing in what he says that could lead one to think that the end of the war is in sight. —HENRY BRANDON.

Stretching

By David Wagoner

Leaving the road and crossing the hard shoulder
And walking on washed-out clay, having to zigzag
From sage to bunch grass to prickly pear to bones
A half-mile over the prairie to a butte
The size of a ruin (the sun is crackling sideways
As straight, as dry, as thick as the wind
That's fallen flat on the ground this evening)

In the wrong clothes, at the wrong time of day,
I come to the crumbling limestone foot:
There's no way up but up the pitching chimneys
Thirty rough feet to the crest. I climb them, passing
A disembodied rattle between rocks
Which means keep going or don't keep going,

And then I'm standing somewhere in Montana
South of Lame Deer, raw kneed, raw handed,
In a place I couldn't invent, in an old place,
On the sparse grass untouched by buffalo,
On table-rock half eaten by weather, the black-

And-white lark buntings skimming past stones
Heaped in a head-high cairn in the middle of nowhere,
Where someone came and waited once, then changed
Into wind and rain, into grass, sunlight, and dirt,

Which come and go, crossing each other out
In a heap as permanent as a landscape,
A place to be promised something bleak as years,

Where my hands and knees feel ready for a change,
Where giving up is perfectly natural,

Where giving back goes far as the eye can stretch.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1746

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English film, "Passport to _____."	65 145 92 199 52 40 124
B. Self-evident.	189 182 152 76 91 37 58 121 202
C. Disheveled.	151 98 129 148 166 32 23
D. Defamers; maligners.	80 24 190 175 73 17 194 106 186
E. Ceremony of Plains and Plateau Indians during late 19th Cent. (2 wds.)	35 141 185 158 84 99 127 7 115 167
F. See word O; Followed by with and wds. U and G. (3 wds.)	6 50 122 85 114 188 42 108 30 60
G. See words O, F, and U. (3 wds.)	137 131 112 16 11 102 150 206 177 20 86
H. Impairment of capital.	132 179 169 82 5 61 163
I. Hero of poem by Lord Byron (1819).	117 97 153 191 105 79 142
J. Kinship.	21 133 125 195 34 63 75 4
K. Standards.	41 171 103 118 18
L. Relating to a branch of applied mathematics that determines the shape and size of the earth.	147 77 2 100 26 15 88 164
M. Kurosawa cinema success.	170 134 48 208 81 87 156 12
N. Incidental and collateral opinion. (2 Lat. wds.)	67 180 33 161 198 138 149 130 22 62 56 53
O. Followed by wds. F, U, & G: 1907 song by George M. Cohan (3 wds.)	183 174 46 120 71 28 14 192 96 55 157 168
P. Absorption.	90 3 72 193 159 107 83 44 116 128
Q. Fine actress (Julia in "The Cocktail Party"): last name.	196 74 64 204 101 203 140
R. Gadgets, devices.	207 59 136 126 39 9 29 89
S. Definable members of an aggregate.	104 57 69 173 176
T. Protestation of poverty (2 wds. colloq.)	19 27 205 135 178 110 160 70 113
U. Followed by wd. G; See wds. O & F. (3 wds.)	47 146 162 66 200 209 184 95 1 38
V. Maiden name, author of "The Minister's Wooing" (1859).	54 109 139 25 155 187 144
W. Married name, wd. V.	8 197 93 43 201
X. Pertaining to a rounded elevation often having a corresponding depression on the opposite surface.	119 172 36 181 143 49 13
Y. Small waves.	94 10 68 111 51 31 154
Z. A loose wench (slang).	45 165 78 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 U	2 L		3 P	4 J		5 H	6 F	7 E	8 W	9 R	10 Y	11 G	12 M	13 X	14 O	
15 L	16 G	17 D	18 K		19 T	20 G	21 J	22 N	23 C	24 D	25 V	26 L		27 T	28 O	
29 R	30 F	31 Y	32 C	33 N	34 J	35 E		36 X	37 B	38 U	39 R	40 A		41 K	42 F	43 W
	44 P	45 Z	46 O	47 U	48 M		49 X	50 F		51 Y	52 A	53 N	54 V	55 O		56 N
57 S	58 B	59 R	60 F		61 H	62 N		63 J	64 Q		65 A	66 U	67 N	68 Y	69 S	70 T
71 O	72 P	73 D	74 Q		75 J	76 B		77 L	78 Z	79 I	80 D	81 M	82 H	83 P		84 E
85 F	86 G	87 M		88 L	89 R		90 P	91 B	92 A	93 W	94 Y	95 U	96 O		97 I	98 C
99 E		100 L	101 Q	102 G	103 K	104 S	105 I	106 D	107 P	108 F	109 V		110 T	111 Y		112 G
113 T	114 F		115 E	116 P	117 I	118 K	119 X	120 O	121 B	122 F	123 Z		124 A	125 J		126 R
127 E	128 P	129 C	130 N	131 G	132 H		133 J	134 M	135 T		136 R	137 G	138 N	139 V		140 Q
141 E	142 I	143 X		144 V	145 A	146 U	147 L	148 C	149 N		150 G	151 C	152 B	153 I		154 Y
155 V	156 M	157 O	158 E		159 P	160 T	161 N		162 U	163 H		164 L	165 Z	166 C	167 E	168 O
	169 H	170 M	171 K	172 X		173 S	174 O	175 D		176 S	177 G	178 T	179 H		180 N	181 X
182 B		183 O	184 U	185 E	186 D	187 V		188 F	189 B	190 D	191 I	192 O		193 P	194 D	
195 J	196 Q	197 W	198 N	199 A	200 U	201 W	202 B	203 Q		204 Q	205 T	206 G	207 R	208 M	209 U	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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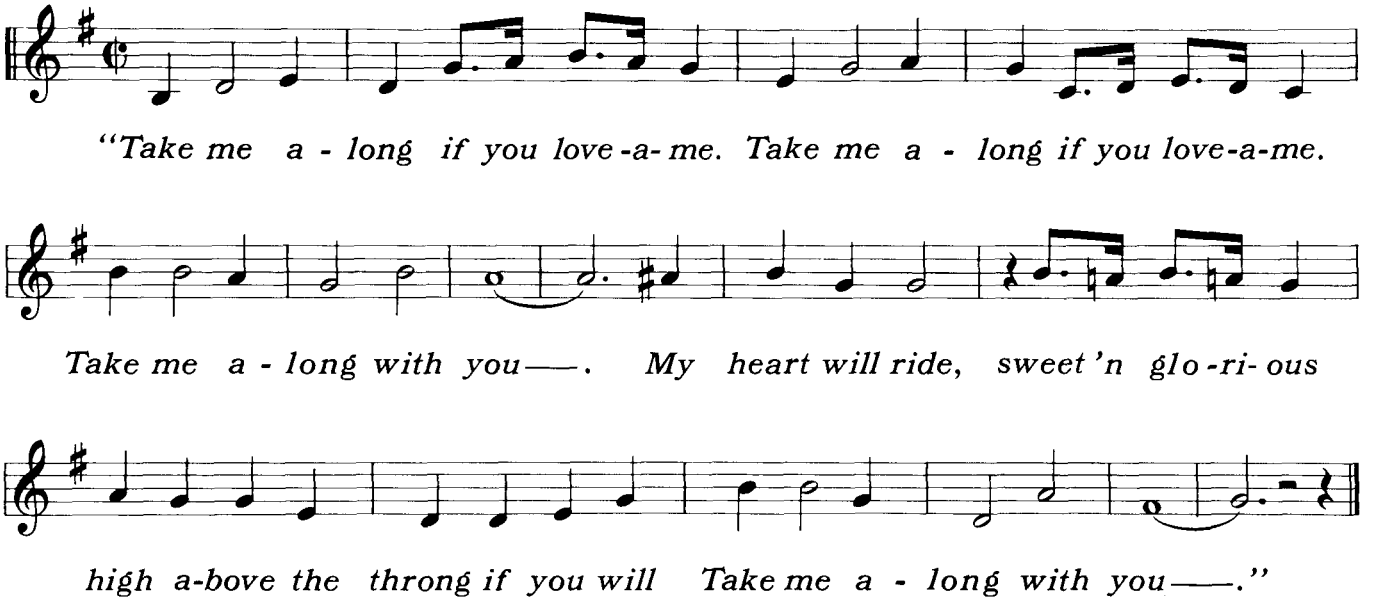
Our Song.

(To be sung to your husband before his next business trip.)

Take Me Along

From the Broadway musical "Take Me Along."

"Take me a - long if you love-a-me. Take me a - long if you love-a-me.
Take me a - long with you——. My heart will ride, sweet 'n glo-ri-ous
high a-bove the throng if you will Take me a - long with you——."

And this'll sound like music to his ears, too!
United's "Take Me Along" fare will save up to one-third of a wife's fare both ways.
We'll let you charge it with our credit card.
We'll give you side-by-side seating.
And what's more, you can even get reduced hotel and car rental rates on the weekend in many West Coast cities. So you can stay over and stretch your trip.
Why not try our song?
It's really a pretty sound idea.
First Step: Call United or your Travel Agent.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Dave, they're playing our song."

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